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LETTERS FROM ROME

VOL. II.



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LETTERS FROM ROME

ON THE OCCASION OF THE

ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL

1869—1870

BY THE

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IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

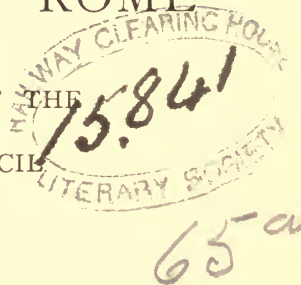
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LETTERS FROM ROME

CHAPTER LXIV

THE BISHOP OF HEBRON

Rome : Feb. 9.

I WITNESSED yesterday the assembling and the separating of the Council, the former as I stood on the Bridge of St. Angelo, the latter at the door of the Council Hall. There are those who think it undignified thus to look on, but it is necessary to sacrifice oneself sometimes. The Council is a fact of some importance, and deserves to be seen with the mind's eye, if not otherwise. The Fathers are now late to arrive, and are fast dropping off long before the sitting is over. At ten minutes to nine, under a most ungenial sky—not frost, because it rained, and little rain because it was so cold—half a mile of bishops and cardinals were rattling up with a roar of carriage-wheels ; the walking bishops, primates, and patriarchs drawing up every half minute into the doorways to escape immolation. Long after noon I entered St. Peter's. You hear the sound of declamation the instant you lift the door curtain, and there is not a corner in the whole church where you don't hear it ; but, of

course, it is sound without sense. But think of the case of these eight hundred gentlemen accustomed to spend their mornings quietly, or in receiving callers, or in useful work, being condemned morning after morning to four hours of vociferous Latin declamation! There were various voices, but all at full pitch. It was a quarter past one before the doors were thrown back, and all came out, grasping tight their bundles of *Schemata*, or what not, and looking very much like men engaged in a work they little loved, but from which there was no escape. If there were a score or two who might be Grand Inquisitors, all the rest were visibly on the rack.

The 'Little Catechism,' they say, is not yet over; but when it is disposed of the tug of war is to begin. Meanwhile the discussion on the Catechism will show which way the wind goes, for it contains Papal infallibility in the form of milk for babes. But as I write I hear that the difficulties of the discussion, the extreme weariness felt at these cut-and-dried speeches, and the impossibility of getting over the ground fast enough, have suggested a course probably long anticipated in the far-seeing Jesuit mind. It is that the Fathers shall send in written statements of their objections or observations, instead of delivering speeches; in fact, that this shall be a paper and not a *vivâ voce* discussion. If they will only be so good as to write what they want, or don't want, on slips of paper, and drop them into a box, then the cardinal legates and other Papal officials will consider their suggestions, as far as possible, and as far as is proper, in the amendment of the matter to be put to the vote. Such a course, uniformly adopted, would shut up all these troublesome speakers. The very natural

comment made on this plan is that it would put an end to what there is of discussion. Much the same may be said of another proposal, that the speeches shall be handed at once in manuscript to the shorthand writers, which would reduce their office and the Council itself to a sinecure. Another idea I can hardly think serious for helping the Council onwards is that it be divided into several sections, to take their respective subjects. The objections to such a course are too obvious to mention.

On Friday, Clifford, of Clifton, spoke three-quarters of an hour, *de Romano Pontifice*, very well, in a liberal sense. He is the first English bishop who has opened his mouth in Council. Strossmayer spoke on Monday, with his usual strength. His remarks upon the cardinals have set people comparing the bishops, who represent, I am told, the greatest extremes of wealth and poverty. While some are in palaces, surrounded by servants, and are the centres of circles, others are smoking their pipes all alone. But, as all are dressed uniformly, according to the regulations, this does not show out of doors. There is a vague report, I have heard more than once, of some great scandal in the Council—whether that some Father has spoken too freely, or that he has been too roughly silenced, or something else, we are left to imagine. Perhaps it is only the case of that mysterious Chaldean, of which so much has been said. By the by, it is asserted by the Vatican people, and denied by the French, that the French Minister here has had a long and angry discussion with Antonelli. It is not said distinctly what about, though it is easy enough to guess. The Austrian, Prussian, and Hanoverian people here all say there has been such a discussion, and add that the

French Government has made a strong demonstration on the lines of the Treaty of September 15 ; but when the chief personage concerned in the supposed discussion holds his tongue we can only conjecture.

While the utterances of the Council are few and far between—nothing, in fact, except the Creed of Pius IV. since the opening day—a good stroke of work is done by the best preachers Rome can collect from France, Germany, England, and Ireland. I wish that my time and physical constitution would allow of my attendance on the two latter, but in the present inclement season an hour's attentive listening in the atmosphere of a Roman church, which, large as it may be, is generally deep in the shade of still larger houses, would in my case be suicide. This has been a most unhealthy season for Rome, and there has been a sad mortality among our own countrymen and countrywomen as I hear, very often arising, it is to be feared, from the neglect of ordinary precautions. But to return to the preachers. One of the most eloquent is Mermillod, titular Bishop of Hebron, and Auxiliary of Geneva. He has been preaching from the popular pulpits of S. Andrea della Valle and S. Luigi de' Francesi, the French church. 'What did he say?' I ventured to ask a good listener :—

'The Church alone can establish unity, which cannot be established upon reason, still less upon force. The Church establishes liberty for the truth, which in her has its only source and only protection. The hierarchy is the basis and bond of that unity. It is the only unity there is that we can fall back upon when other unions, other ties, fail. The hierarchy is as it were the central

fortress, the backbone of the true social system. No fear from libraries, or all that books can do. They are ideas ; they are opinions ; they are paper. They are written and forgotten ; they commit nobody ; they bind nobody. Then, for patriotism, if it be true, it has no enemy in the Catholic Church, which favours and nourishes patriotism by all the means in its vast power. There is a church for every nation under the sun at Rome. The Catholic Church knows the necessities of all humanity, and offers a home for all. St. Peter's alone of churches belongs to all nations, and is the resort of all nations ; for all walk therein and feel at home there, even in spite of their national prejudices, or those which education may have implanted.'

These sermons, delivered by men of good figure, good voice, and good delivery, have a great effect ; and one hears every day of some lady or gentleman who may be expected soon to declare. Only yesterday, they say, a young English gentleman of twenty-two received his first communion from the Pope—name not given. When the season moderates I may at least become a listener.

Mermillod must have smiled at finding a ' good figure ' joined with voice and delivery as a requisite for effective eloquence. What he wanted in figure he more than made up with the brilliancy of his eye and the sweetness of his expression. He was one of those men who would undertake to fight a lion at a moment's notice, with scarce a chance of living to tell the tale. Geneva has always resisted the intrusion of any spiritual authority

derived from an external source, and, I believe, will only tolerate the English congregation as an independent body, not officially connected with the Church of England. But there were formerly Bishops of Geneva, and, of course, there is one still, in name at least, for Rome never abandons the ground she has once occupied. Mermillod was sent to Geneva to work his way into some position, from which he might advance a step further towards the re-establishment of the mediæval see. His titular see of Hebron must have had an occult reference to the 'Hill Country.' He did me much kindness, which, I regret to add, it was quite out of my power to return.

Since writing the above I see that Quirinus credits Mermillod, not only with enthusiasm, which is not a very measurable quality, but with singular powers of invention, illustrated in the phrase *tamquam os et organon ecclesiæ*, applied to the Pope. As for the phrase, I leave it to divines better versed in controversy, but I cannot think the above a just estimate of the man. Perhaps it required a certain amount of enthusiasm, and even invention, to undertake the conversion of Geneva to the old faith. The result was a foregone conclusion. The Genevese authorities walked Mermillod out of their little territory, with the threat of worse if he returned.

The above I wrote some months ago. My readers have now to congratulate me on the admission of 'Mgr. Mermillod, Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva,' to the Sacred College. I shall not be expected to take side with either the Genevese democracy or the Roman Papacy, in Mgr. Mermillod's life-long troubles, but I cannot forbear quoting the passages specially relating to him in Pius IX.'s Encyclical Letter, November 21, 1873.

After the forcible banishment of our venerable brother Gaspar, Bishop of Hebron and Vicar Apostolic of Geneva, so glorious for the sufferer and so disgraceful to those who put it into execution, the Government of Geneva, on March 23 and August 27 of this year, enacted two laws of the same tenor as the decree of October 1872, which was condemned by us in the Allocution before mentioned. That Government has claimed the right of reforming the constitution of the Catholic Church in the Canton according to the democratic pattern, and of subjecting the bishop to the civil power in the exercise of his proper jurisdiction, and the administration and delegation of his authority to others ; forbidding him to dwell in the Canton, limiting the number and boundaries of the parishes, laying down the form and conditions of the election of parish priests and their assistants, and the manner of their resignation or suspension ; assigning to laymen the right of nomination and the temporal administration and inspection of ecclesiastical affairs generally. Moreover, parish priests and their assistants who have not received permission (to be withdrawn at pleasure) of the Government were forbidden to exercise their functions, to accept any dignity higher than that conferred upon them by the election of the people, and were also forced to take an oath in terms involving actual apostasy. It is clear that laws of this kind are not only null and void by reason of want of power in the law-maker as being laymen and non-Catholics, but also, as regards their provisions, that they are so contrary to the doctrines of the Catholic faith, and to the ecclesiastical discipline enjoined by Pontifical Constitutions and the Œcumenical Council of Trent that they ought to be altogether rejected by us.

We, therefore, as required by our office, do, by our apostolic authority, solemnly reject and condemn them, declaring the required oath to be unlawful and sacrilegious, and that all those who in the Canton of Geneva or elsewhere having been elected according to the tenor of the said laws, or others like them, by the votes of the people and confirmation of the

civil power, shall venture to take upon them ecclesiastical functions, do *ipso facto* incur the greater excommunication especially reserved to this Holy See, and other canonical penalties ; and that they are to be avoided by the faithful according to the Divine command ‘as strangers and robbers, who come not but to steal, and to kill, and to destroy.’ (St. John x. 10.)

The following is the result thus far :—

Fribourg : July 16, 1890.

Mgr. Mermillod, the new Swiss Cardinal, was formally received by the President of the Swiss Confederation in Berne last night. This was the first time a Cardinal had crossed the threshold of the Federal Palace, and Mgr. Mermillod is the second Swiss Bishop ever elected to the Sacred College. He was received with all the honour due to a Prince of the Church. The members of the Federal Council refused to take part, however, in the grand reception accorded to the Cardinal to-day at his seat in Fribourg. The authorities of this town invited members of the States Council of Geneva, but they also declined. It will be remembered that eighteen years ago Bishop Mermillod was expelled from the Canton of Geneva for his violent Ultramontane preaching. He was, however, welcomed to Fribourg, which is perhaps the most rigid of the Catholic Cantons in Switzerland, and his formal entry to-day was made the occasion for a grand reception. He left Berne this morning by road, and the President and members of the States Council awaited his Eminence and conducted him to Fribourg. The route was crowded with people and handsomely decorated with arches. In the town a procession of 30,000 persons, consisting of ecclesiastical, academical, and civic bodies of the Canton, was massed, and, headed by the Landwehr band and a guard of 100 Swiss, marched to the Cathedral. The Bishop of Sion welcomed Cardinal Mermillod here, and the Provost of the College pronounced an allocution,

After the *Te Deum*, the Cardinal gave the Pontifical benediction. Subsequently his Eminence was entertained at a banquet. He expressed his thanks for the cordial reception accorded him not only at Fribourg, but by the Swiss Federal Council.

Paris : Feb. 9.

According to the last reports only one serious conflict has occurred, and this was in the Rue Oberkampf, where a barricade was removed by the Gardes de Paris. The troops did not make use of their arms. Some stray revolver shots came from the ranks of the rioters, and one police agent was most severely wounded. About a hundred ringleaders and others carrying arms were arrested. It is stated that ten strong barricades were still left during the night, chiefly in the Rue du Temple, Rue St. Maur, and Rue Oberkampf, and also on the Quai Valmy. They were formed by overturned carriages, omnibuses, and building materials. None, however, of those obstructions were defended by the rioters, who only smashed some street lamps. It is also asserted that the sergents de ville made a charge upon the rioters with drawn swords, in which several of the latter were wounded. A body of Chasseurs co-operated with the Municipal Guards to free the streets from obstructions. A rumour says that some shots were fired by the rioters, but not by the police. At 1 o'clock this morning tranquillity was everywhere re-established. The *Gazette des Tribunaux* mentions some attempts at throwing up barricades in the Quartier du Temple, stating, however, that no resistance was offered, and consequently there was no conflict. The latest reports say that the Quartiers La Villette and La Bastille were perfectly quiet, as also was the Faubourg St. Antoine. The news is confirmed that the greater part of the editorial staff of the *Marseillaise* has been arrested. Moreover, M. Valée, the printer of the journal, refuses to act in that capacity any longer.

CHAPTER LXV

THE BISHOP OF MONDOVI

Rome : Feb. 10.

I OUGHT to have told you more of what I saw and heard on Tuesday, for, as now appears, it was something out of the way. The voices were very loud ; the bell rang several times ; there was a false break-up ; the doors opened, the Swiss Guard, the servants of the bishops and cardinals—a host of them—and a considerable crowd of people all hastened to the entrance of the Council Hall ; the doors were closed again, and remained closed for ten minutes ; then out came the Fathers, all excited, some looking determined, most very uncomfortable. I did not write all this, because if nothing came of it I should have been presenting you with a mare's nest. But here is the explanation.

The speaker was Ghilardi, Bishop of Mondovi, the same man who some years ago preached in the Duomo at Milan, and gave such offence that a bomb was fired under the pulpit. His speech was a studied and very unsparing philippic against the leaders of the Opposition. The tone at first was that of a homily, paternal and unctuous, but Ghilardi soon followed a more natural vein. He told the Gallican and German chiefs that they were creating discord in the Council, and then pro-

claiming it to all the world. This, he said, was intolerable, and an end must be put to it. Such men were converting a most auspicious design into a scandal and cause of offence. He charged them with pride, with ignorance, with downright impudence—*impudicitia*—and, as far as he could venture to say it, with heresy. The objects of his attack found it rather too much for their patience, and exclaimed, in a great variety of languages, that they had had enough of this, and would listen no more. The Legate rang his bell several times, but each side took the rebuke as addressed to the other, and the more he rang his bell, the louder Ghilardi declaimed, and the more, too, did the French and Germans try to shout him down. They took to stamping on the floor, and to beating the benches—and I must remind you that among other privations the Fathers are sitting on hard boards covered with Brussels carpeting. Then all at once they rose up, as if to rush out of the Hall, addressing angry ejaculations to the Italian as they passed the pulpit, and it is positively asserted shaking their fists at him—more likely the bundles of *Schemata* I saw them grasping with something like a quiver of emotion.

At the appearance of the flying crowd between the inner and outer screen, the doorkeepers threw open the great doors, but by the time I had got to them, with everybody else in the church, they were closed again. The Legate had managed to recall the fugitives, though the declaimer went on, and did go on, they say, even when the Council, after a formal dismissal, was finally leaving the Hall. This I give as I am told, but of course it must occur to every Englishman that after Dupanloup and Strossmayer had been allowed to have their say, it

would have been at least wise to let Ghilardi have his. But scandalous as the scene is said to have been, they tell me that something worse is likely to happen before long. I described to you some days ago the sword of Damocles hanging over the remonstrant Fathers. It is over the Council itself that the sword hangs, it is freely whispered. I sent you the other day the text of an 'Infallibility' alleged to lie midway between the extremes held in the Council. The thing itself was simply a flying sheet without a name, and I should not have troubled you with it had I not seen it made something of in an English paper. It turns out to be a newspaper squib, and no more.

To-day, and not before, the 'Little Catechism' is introduced into the Council. The late discussions have been on the relations between the Pontiff and the hierarchy. His relation with the State—that is, with the human race generally and the entire creation—contained, as I understand, in the scheme properly called *De Romano Pontifice*, is to come on after the 'Little Catechism' is disposed of. It is asserted, and may perhaps be true, that infallibility is to be woven into the Canons *de Romano Pontifice*, but not to be introduced again in a *Supplica*, or *Postulatum*. This, however, is only a matter of form. The Jesuits are loudly proclaiming that infallibility is no child of theirs. All they asked was that it should not even be mentioned. I entirely believe them.

It has been whispered for several weeks here that there lay in the Vatican a Bull against the Fenians by name, which the Irish and American bishops here, and still more a good many Irish priests, were earnestly

beseeking his Holiness to send back to the place that it came from, whatever that may be. As the Bull might never appear, to allege its existence could only be running the risk of a stout and incisive contradiction. However, it has now made its appearance, and the aforesaid bishops are so frightened that they wish the Council may never end, and never cease to sit, summer or winter. It's all very well, they say, for the Pope to discharge paper Bulls against Fenians, but, unfortunately, the latter do not confine themselves to blank cartridge, and are not very particular as to the direction of their missiles. At New York, it appears, the Fenians are a recognised institution. They have their public parades, their competitions—like our Wimbledon—and their distribution of prizes. So Monsignor MacCloskey, Archbishop of New York, asks how in the world he is to be expected to present himself before all these men on a field-day, and consign them one and all to eternal perdition. There are things a man can do and there are things he can't; at least, bishops and priests think so, though Pius IX. appears to be of another opinion. Upon the whole, and taking a practical view of the subject, they say it would have been better to leave it alone.

Some of them go so far as to charge the Irish Cardinal and the English Archbishop with the concoction of the Bull, as a piece of toadyism to the British Government, done, as it appears, at others' cost rather than their own. The Bull speaks of Ireland and America; whereas it is notorious, they say, that every Irishman in London, particularly in Westminster, is a Fenian, and that every Catholic chapel would be half

emptied at the bare mention of the word. Then as for the cardinal, he sits in Dublin, surrounded by English troops, with a Viceroy always ready to pat him on the back, if he likes that sort of encouragement. Others observe that the Fenians really have at present no evil intentions, and that if they have a fancy for drill and target practice, so also have the English, with, perhaps, very little intention of ever shooting a live man. England, of course, Fenians are not likely to attack, for reasons best known to themselves ; and so long as they confine themselves to Ireland, and to their adopted home in the United States, they have a sort of right, it is argued, to indulge in a national pastime—not shooting, but talking and flourishing about it. There certainly is some reason in the argument that the wilful and intractable nature of the people renders this a case more for private treatment than for sweeping denunciation. Perhaps there is more reason in the fact that the Irish always have been at this sort of work, and most likely always will be upon one pretext or another. The Irish bishops ask why they are to be employed as peace officers to keep in order people whom they feel to have real grievances.

In deliverance of my own conscience I beg to suggest two answers to this line of defence, which I do not expect the Irish bishops to care twopence for. First, it is an understood thing that everybody who sets up to give good advice to his fellow-creatures does so not only at some risk, but even with the certainty that he will offend a good many, and make enemies. When the clergy tell people to be good, and all that sort of thing, it is not because the people are good already, for

in that case they don't want advice : it is because they are not so good as they ought to be, and on that account they will always be apt to take offence, and, perhaps, even retaliate after some fashion of their own. Not only every clergyman, but also every journalist, expects to provoke unpleasant antagonism if he does his duty at all honestly. So what right have the Irish and American bishops to complain if they are told to reprobate publicly and solemnly that which they really must feel to deserve reprobation? Of course, when the Pope himself tells them it is wrong, they can have no further doubts about it.

I must answer, further, that if people are not to be told what is right and what is wrong, there is an end of all things, as far as Rome, and, indeed, everything else, is concerned. The Pope, as we understand, claims a special commission for telling all the world what is true and what is false, what is right and what is wrong. It is only in the form and degree, and not at all in the matter, that his alleged commission differs from that claimed by every parson and every dissenting minister. Nay, the true and the false, the right and the wrong, are the things all the world is fighting, squabbling, scribbling, speechifying, wrangling, and abusing one another about. Are we to be told all at once that in one particular matter of rather serious dimensions there is no right or wrong, or at least that these characteristics had better not be recognised? There can be no exceptions if the rule is to be established. The Pope undertakes to put us all right. If he wishes to stand well with us, he ought to put his own house—that is, his own people—in order. The British Government has been trying to do

this, at some cost to English prejudice or self-esteem, and it is Ireland's turn to show a like renunciation of her dear little self. If the Irish bishops do meet with any mischief in the execution of their duty, they will win for themselves and their Church an amount of sympathy not to be gained by any triumphs or successes.

Six bishops spoke on Tuesday. There lies before me a list of forty-nine Fathers who signed Schwarzenberg's address to the Pope, praying for greater liberty of deliberation and discussion. The address was either not received or received in silence. As these things are conducted it might be hard to say which. There is a rumour of a similar address to be presented with many more signatures, and with a serious result likely to follow in case of rejection. The *Opposition Postulatum*, or address, in the matter of infallibility, was signed by forty-seven Germans, thirty-four French, against only twenty-four on the other side, thirty Americans, twenty-five Orientals, and some Italians and English, making up altogether 150. Ullathorne is said to be one of those engaged in drawing up the Canons, which are to involve the absolute supremacy and consequently practical infallibility of the Pope.

There was a good coat of snow on the housetops at eight this morning, and also yesterday morning, when there were two large patches of snow on the banks of the Tiber.

CHAPTER LXVI

PROPOSED ANATHEMAS

THE *Augsburg Gazette* had now published that portion of the Syllabus known as *Canones de Ecclesia*, proposed to the Council at Rome as the new dogmatic scheme. The following translation appeared in the *Times* on February 10:—

OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Canon 1. If any man say that the religion of Christ does not exist and is not expressed in any particular association instituted by Christ himself, but that it may be properly observed and exercised by individuals separately without relation to any society which may be the true Church of Christ, let him be anathema.

2. If any man say that the Church has not received from the Lord Jesus Christ any certain and immutable form of constitution, but that, like other human associations, it has been subject, and may be subject, according to the changes of times, to vicissitudes and variations, let him be anathema.

3. If any man say that the Church of the Divine promises is not an external and visible society, but is entirely internal and invisible, let him be anathema.

4. If any man say that the true Church is not a body one in itself, but that it is composed of various and dispersed societies bearing the Christian title, and that it is common to

them all, or that various societies differing from each other in profession of faith and holding separate communion, constitute, as members and portions, a Church of Christ, one and universal, let him be anathema.

5. If any man say that the Church of Christ is not a society absolutely necessary for eternal salvation, or that men may be saved by the adoption of any other religion whatsoever, let him be anathema.

6. If any man say that this intolerance, whereby the Catholic Church proscribes and condemns all religious sects which are separate from her communion, is not prescribed by the Divine law, or that with respect to the truth of religion it is possible to have opinions only, but not certainty, and that, consequently, all religious sects should be tolerated by the Church, let him be anathema.

7. If any man say that the same Church of Christ may be obscured by darkness, or infected with evils, in consequence of which it may depart from the wholesome truth of the faith and manners, deviate from its original institution, or terminate only in becoming corrupt and depraved, let him be anathema.

8. If any man say that the present Church of Christ is not the last and supreme institution for obtaining salvation, but that another is to be looked for from a new and fuller outpouring of the Holy Spirit, let him be anathema.

9. If any man say that the infallibility of the Church is restricted solely to things which are contained in Divine revelation, and that it does not also extend to other truths which are necessary in order that the great gift of revelation may be preserved in its integrity, let him be anathema.

10. If any man say that the Church is not a perfect society, but a corporation (*collegium*), or that as such in respect of civil society or the State it is subject to secular domination, let him be anathema.

11. If any man say that the Church, divinely instituted, is like to a society of equals; that the bishops have indeed an

office and a ministry, but not a power of governing proper to themselves, which is bestowed upon them by Divine ordination, and which they ought to exercise freely, let him be anathema.

12. If any man hold that Christ our Lord and Sovereign has only conferred upon his Church a directing power by means of its counsels and persuasions, but not of ordering by its laws, or of constraining and compelling by antecedent judgments and salutary penalties those who wander and those who are contumacious, let him be anathema.

13. If any man say that the true Church of Christ, out of which no one can be saved, is any other than the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church, let him be anathema.

14. If any man say that the Apostle St. Peter has not been instituted by our Lord Christ as Prince of the Apostles, and visible head of the Church Militant, or that he received only the pre-eminence of honour, but not the primacy of true and sole jurisdiction, let him be anathema.

15. If any man say that it does not follow from the institution of our Lord Christ himself that St. Peter has perpetual successors in his primacy over the Universal Church, or that the Roman Pontiff is not by Divine right the successor of Peter in that same primacy, let him be anathema.

16. If any man say that the Roman Pontiff has only a function of inspection and of direction, but not a full and supreme power of jurisdiction over the Universal Church, or that this power is not ordinary and immediate over the whole Church, taken as a whole or separately, let him be anathema.

17. If any man say that the independent ecclesiastical power respecting which the Church teaches that it has been conferred upon it by Christ, and the supreme civil power cannot coexist so that the rights of each may be observed, let him be anathema.

18. If any man say that the power which is necessary for the government of civil society does not emanate from God, or that no obedience is due to it by virtue even of the law of God,

or that such power is repugnant to the natural liberty of man, let him be anathema.

19. If any man say that all rights existing among men are derived from the political State, or that there is no authority besides that which is communicated by such State, let him be anathema.

20. If any man say that in the law of the political State or in the public opinion of men has been deposited the supreme rule of conscience for public and social actions, or that the judgments by which the Church pronounces upon what is lawful and what is unlawful, do not extend to such actions, or that by the force of civil law an act which by virtue of Divine or ecclesiastical law is unlawful, can become lawful, let him be anathema.

21. If any man say that the laws of the Church have no binding force until they have been confirmed by the sanction of the civil power, or that it belongs to the said civil power to judge and to decree in matters of religion by virtue of its supreme authority, let him be anathema.

This is neither more nor less than a claim to govern the whole world from the Court of Rome, and by the mouth and hand of the Roman Pontiff. As Rome was without the means of enforcing this claim, and could not even hold its ground at home without the aid of a foreign power that might any day be withheld, and indeed was soon withheld, the claim may now be regarded rather in the light of an audacious, and even extravagant theory, than of a serious practical demand. That demand, however, has been unreservedly and consistently made for many centuries, and it has been submitted to by a large and respectable part of the human race. The world has, therefore, to treat it seriously, and to hear what is to be said for as well as against it. Whether

for or against, there is much to be said—more, indeed, than can be imagined by people unacquainted with the controversy, however interested they may be.

The claim advanced in the above document can least of all be lightly treated by a Power that actually owns a greater number of subjects than Rome does or ever did, and that freely recognises the obligation to bring them all to her own religious faith and practice by all lawful means. The Roman claim may be said to have possession of the ground, and to impose what is called the *onus argumenti* on those who do not yield to it. If only to do justice to their own cause, the dissentients are bound to do justice to that which they have concluded against.

The Roman Empire, in one form or another, is all but coterminous with history, with civilisation, with the inhabited world. It is by far the most important fact, in the seriously critical sense of that word, under moral cognisance and within authentic record. It far surpasses all other national, imperial, and even religious records in its claim to our serious consideration. No other social unity can point to such appearances of providential design, to such contributory causes, to such prophetic preparation and miraculous inauguration, to such an amount of success by any common reckoning, to so much willing, hearty, and intelligent acceptance; in fine, to so large a place as factor in the making of the world—the world past and present—in its spiritual as in its temporal stage. It is an honour even to have had to protest against it, for it is an honour to have belonged to it; and they who refuse to be called Protestant, thereby decline a higher title than they possess

who stand upon a mere nationalism, or imagine a certain Catholicity. But we have at least to show reasons for our Protestantism.

The claim to dictate in religion and morals, in a broad sense, is one very familiar to the English, and to all self-governing peoples. It is advanced, quite as a matter of course, by all States in their own behalf, by all Churches, by all denominations, by all societies, to the extent of their interests, convenience, opportunities and powers. No one can be anywhere in this country without finding himself in the presence of persons, who, upon one ground or another, claim to dictate to him their own laws, opinions, tastes, and usages ; with only such differences as there must be where one is a chief, and the others subordinate ; or where one class is at an advantage in the comparison with another.

When Roman Catholics, even the most Ultramontane, are charged with absolutist principles, whether in Church or in State, they instantly retort by pointing to any number of cases, in which they that have the power actually use it, as Rome is charged with claiming to use it. Rome only claims what the world claims, they say, but not as the world claims, or for the same purposes. The world, they proceed to say—that is, the Civil Powers of the world—claims to rule the world for worldly, sensual, and, it is added, often devilish purposes. Rome, on the other hand, makes a counter-claim, on no mean authority, to rule the world for the world's present and eternal good.

If a man will not obey your laws, Rome says to the Powers that be, or recognise your authority, or treat you with proper respect, you do more than Rome ever claims

to do in its spiritual capacity. You imprison him, you fine him, you banish him, you exclude him from all society, you put him to death, you visit his offences on his family, posterity, and name. Coming down from the State to the individual, Rome is doing no more,—indeed not so much as many of you are doing every day of your lives upon very slight and even indifferent grounds. You ‘cut’ a man ; you drop his acquaintance ; you refuse to recognise his existence even if circumstances have made him your neighbour, and have made him dependent on your social recognition. You let it be known that he is under your ban ; you justify yourself by confessing your fears that social contact may lead to closer connection. You will not touch pitch lest you be defiled. You congratulate yourself on the success of your anti-social policy, if your neighbour decreases while you increase, and finally disappears while you hold your ground.

All this, forsooth, is common, allowable, and even commendable in your case, and from your point of view. You claim not to be called to a general account, for you are ready to justify yourself at every step of the procedure, and that is all the public are concerned with. You are not called upon to divulge a policy, or commit yourself to a principle, beyond your interest or your taste. So far are the rights of the individual carried in this country, that there are many very good sort of people—that is, good in their way, and as the world counts goodness—who would not hesitate to denounce a neighbour because he would, or would not, turn to the east at the recitation of the Creed.

Romanists see, indeed, and cannot deny, that there is

a good deal of mutual toleration. This they set down to indifference, sometimes perhaps with reason. Every serious believer, they say, persecutes when it is necessary for the defence, or for the spread of his faith—that is, of his own convictions. If a man does not persecute, they say, it is because he is not serious. If he has a domestic servant of another faith than his own, or deals with a trader of another faith, or votes at an election without regard to the faith of the candidates, it is because he is not serious. If he were serious, Roman Catholics say, he would make truth—that is, what he believes—his supreme rule and object.

Earnest Dissenters and earnest Church of England people say and do as Rome does. Practically, and to all intents and purposes, they anathematise those who do not agree with them. That they do not pronounce the anathema, and make it an act of religion, matters not. They do the thing itself, all the more because they do not formalise it, or think about it at all. Robbers and murderers do not generally make a religion of their acts, or invest them with pious and sanctimonious forms. They simply do them, and they do all they can to avoid recognition and escape consequences.

Such is the argument by which the Romanist justifies a systematic and open attack upon the religious freedom of the entire human race, beginning, of course, with those immediately in her front. It is the old *Tu quoque*, of all arguments the most easy both to advance and to reply to.

What if it were indeed true that Roman Catholics are not worse than other people, and their clergy not worse than their laity, and the Pope not worse than the

parson, the preacher, or the ordinary layman. That would only prove the depth and universality of the evil, and the truth of the old saying that 'power is not made for man.' By the testimony of the Romish advocate himself it is established that man, such as he is, will abuse power, and turn to evil that which is given him for good.

Not to enter into an interminable controversy, whatever St. Paul said, and whatever St. John said, their Master and our Master said more than once, and on the most critical occasions, 'My kingdom is not of this world,' a sentence that at once stops the triumphant progress of these twenty-one Propositions, from the audacious last to the insidious first of them ; from the fine point of the huge wedge to its rough end.

But in truth States cannot argue, and cannot even stop to justify themselves. They have to deal, as best they can, with necessities, often sudden, often urgent, often overpowering. It is with them a daily question of self-preservation—existence indeed. When the disturbers of the common weal choose to act like wild beasts, they cannot be reasoned with ; they must be met with the readiest and most effective weapon, whether it be compromise, promise, or some more presently effective device. No matter who they are, Romanists, or the very opposite, if they drive a State 'into a corner,' as they say, they are themselves answerable for the State taking perhaps the only course open to it in that extremity.

It has often been alleged, perhaps too truly, that the expectations embodied in these twenty-one Propositions were indeed manifest, not to say avowed, in the public demeanour and presentation of the early Church, and

that to this sad fact the Church owed its slow progress and its many persecutions.

The student of Christian history has to stop every now and then and ask himself how it could be that a wonderful revelation attested by miracles, and the still more touching evidence of martyrdom, accepted by philosophers, hailed by philanthropists, and served by the greatest men of the day, should be three centuries working its way to complete recognition at the great centres of thought and action, and take twice or even thrice that time in leavening large portions of the old Roman Empire. Is it impious to suspect that the spirit to be detected in the Canons before us early showed itself, and had something to do with this tardy and imperfect realisation of the Christian promises? When were Christians not contending for pre-eminence? When were they not hoping for a temporal kingdom? When were they not looking to the skies for the avenging bolt, and grasping the sword as the last argument of saints? When did not this fatal error give the enemies of the Church abundant cause to blaspheme?

No doubt the present terrible broadside of ecclesiastic artillery is directed against the provocative and stubborn mass of German rationalism, or whatever else its name. But here is a manifest hypocrisy. None knows so well as Rome that Italy has first to be won—to be converted, one might almost say. Rome has always rested her claim to a position among the Temporal Powers on the ground that she had to exhibit the example of a perfect Christian State, which, like a true leaven, should leaven the mass of virtual heathenism outside. That remains still to be done, and it

requires something more than a pompous string of ingenious but impracticable Propositions. If German intellect be rebellious, still more rebellious is Italian morality.

If necessity be often at once the condition and the apology of the stronger arm, that arm has to bear in mind that necessity may be equally the condition and the apology of the weaker. The long-suffering oppressed, or degraded, may at length have no resource but to assert themselves as best they can. Necessity reigns or rages, not in the forum or in the senate, still less in the temple, but in the open field, unless, may be, in the dark and cavernous defile. It owns no laws. All sides, then, rich and poor, strong and weak, priest and layman, Church and State, have to beware of the day when argument may become an empty sound, reason itself as child's play, and justice as hypocrisy, for Necessity has become the one lord of misrule, and none can forecast her deliverance. But who are they that let in this terrible and irresponsible arbiter of faction and controversy? None so much as they that push to the uttermost the pretensions for which they plead the highest authority.

Rome urges that these Propositions are only the theory, the only theory possible, of her Divine institution, and that every commonweal has a theory, and is forced to have one. The theory, she says, only affects her subjects—her spiritual subjects—and does not reach those who are out of her allegiance, from the simple fact that they have not yet submitted to it. Neither the willing nor the unwilling have any grievance; for the willing complain not, the unwilling have nothing to

complain of. But undoubtedly these Propositions constitute an offensive, indeed destructive weapon, of tremendous and continual efficacy in the hands of those who can use it, or have, as they deem, occasion to use it. It can do very much more than deliver once for all its biggest charge, in the form of a final anathema. It is a veritable volcano.

We have only to suppose the case of a priesthood, starting with much love for the Pope and little for any other power, wholly dependent on a credulous, wilful, and subservient people always ready to quarrel with any institution, or law, or anything that interferes with their own sweet will and pleasure. The people are told with a plainness that really leaves no doubt in the matter, that the government, the laws, and the dynasty under which they have the misfortune to be thrown are all 'anathema,' whatever that may mean. What it really means may be a question for scholars, but there can be no doubt of the meaning a man may put upon it if he likes, and if he has no other guide but a priest who is not much of a scholar, and is proud not to be one. Wherever there exists a population of this sort, the promulgation of this code puts it continually on the verge of revolt, and absolutely prevents the most honest and kindly intended legislation from doing its work in binding classes, and turning the hearts and minds of all to the things that are for their common good.

But even if anybody else regarded these Propositions as theories, mere *brutum fulmen*, indeed never to be taken out of the Papal stores, there is one personage who cannot possibly take so light a view of them. That is the Pope himself. He is asked—indeed he evidently

was asked on the occasion of this Council—to give the influence and authority of his name against the Fenians. How could he, with these twenty-one fundamental principles of the great Christian commonwealth before him? They certainly declare the existing constitution, rulers, and laws of the British Empire to be nothing better than a godless and utterly unwarranted combination against the only true Church and House of God. They certainly declare it lawful, meritorious, and even necessary to wage war with that anti-Christian Power by all the means that may present themselves. If Pio Nono, with these avowed principles, entered into the question at all, in consistency he was bound to give all his weight to the Fenians, or by whatever name the active Irish Opposition is called. Who shall say that he did not? He certainly was bound to do so, and he was guilty of a great inconsistency if he did not.

‘Great inconsistency,’ I repeat, upon the principles of the Roman Catholic Church, especially as formalised in these Anathemas. Of course potentates and governments are privileged to be inconsistent, for they can do no wrong so long as the seeming inconsistency is in obedience to some higher call—even if known only to themselves. What, indeed, is the purpose of all this terrible manufacture? It is to provide the Pope with a magazine of thunder-bolts, certain by their own laws, to hit the right mark and burn out the doomed scandal. But it is for the Pope to employ them at his discretion. We understand all this at home. All governments understand it. It is policy. The speciality in this case is that the policy claims a supernatural character, and is therefore more subtle, more unaccountable, more difficult to

be dealt with than policies like our own, and standing on our own level. Diplomacy itself, legislation itself, public opinion itself, all bear witness to the formidable character of a policy claiming a spiritual and supernatural character ; for certainly England would not allow any simply secular power to fill these isles with emissaries teaching and preaching everywhere that our laws and institutions, even our sovereigns, have no authority binding on the heart and conscience of man.

It was commonly believed at Rome that Cardinal Hohenlohe and his theologian kept up an unreserved communication between the German bishops at the Council, and the Bavarian Court, clergy and press. There were repeated rumours of the trouble they had to encounter at the Vatican, and how they escaped expulsion was one of the mysteries of the Council. Perhaps, after all, there was not much to reveal, and what there was did not signify.

CHAPTER LXVII

THE WEARINESS OF THE WORK

Rome : Feb. 11.

THE entire Papal choir is singing the song of Unity and Peace. The discords said to rend the Council asunder have no existence, it is said, except in the imagination of journalists and other enemies of the truth, who imagine what is convenient to themselves. Have not all these assembled Fathers sworn to the Creed of Pius IV.? Have they not all, by many spontaneous and uninvited acts, declared their absolute devotion to his Holiness, as the supreme teacher of faith and morals? Are they not all daily at the same altar, forgetting every cause of difference? It is true, and a very grand truth, that they represent different nations, different schools, different tempers, and various qualities of courage, prudence, wisdom. They might not always see things just alike, or act alike ; but it is those very diversities that make unity the more admirable. These men are agreeing to differ in superficial or secondary matters. After all, is not Dupanloup the Pope's own champion, and has Strossmayer expressed a single sentiment which the entire Sacred College would not reciprocate? If Ghilardi had been heard out, it is quite possible he would have

healed the little sore he kindly tried to cauterise. It is the settled conviction of the good people here that if every adverse eye, every adverse ear, every invincibly prejudiced or interested mind were withdrawn from Rome, the Council would be found the happiest of families. I am bound to do justice to the thoroughgoing loyalty with which the Papal shield is held over the character of the Fathers. It is absolutely impossible, we are assured, that any one of them, or any one of the many hundred privileged and sworn frequenters of the Council, can have betrayed the Pontifical secret.

How, then, did the actual text of any of the *Schemata* get out? The answers to this question are wonderful, and not even sought, for they circulate spontaneously through the mouths of saintly men. You will hardly believe me, but I am serious. Every Father has two copies, one of which is therefore waste paper. The arrangements of the Council account for a good deal of waste paper. The Germans have watched their opportunity, gone to the source, or rather to the issue of things, and achieved the feat which Æneas besought the Cumæan Sibyl to spare him. This is said without a smile. The second is stated with equal gravity and certainty. At the opening of the Council it was natural to speculate on the personal changes it was likely to suffer; and I think it was your correspondent himself who ventured the sad forecasts that the deaths would average one in ten days. Considering the extreme inclemency of the season, the great age of many of the Fathers, and the innovations on their customary manner of life, I marvel that there should have been so few deaths among them. Following, I suppose the scent

of this calculation, the guardians of the honour of the Council have discovered that, as soon as a Father is reported to be seriously ill, the vultures of the Press hover about his lodgings, in the hope of carrying off some of his papers. It is presumed they have been successful in some instances. Rome certainly protects her friends, and does not easily give them up. The hostility of the outer world she confesses freely enough ; but she hopes against hope for every one of her own children—and she had need do so for a good many of them here.

But what is the truth of this unity and this devotion of the whole heart and soul to Rome, thus asserted for the assembled Fathers? It is enough to reply that out of the whole 800 there are certainly not a tithe—not 80, I say—who would not jump for joy and sing a song of thanksgiving if they heard that the Council was suddenly dissolved this very afternoon. You know the evil thought that sometimes presents itself to the imagination of a schoolboy—‘What if the school-house were to be burnt down?’ These Fathers wish no calamity to Rome, but if by some special intervention Rome could only be reminded that she is mortal, and, still more, if she should find a little leisure necessary for the reconsideration of her Pontifical Code, they would be the happiest men under the sun. It is not the leader or the rank and file of this or that national section that prays for deliverance ; it is the mass of them—all, except the few who have been making this matter the meat and drink of their souls for the last dozen or twenty years, and who have vowed to make Rome absolute, or die in the attempt. The Jewish captives who dragged the huge stones of the

Colosseum through the streets, and hoisted them to their lofty beds, to make a place for impious and brutal entertainments, hardly worked more unwillingly than these men engaged in the construction of a fabric which is to reduce every one of them to ciphers. They loathe the work, and loathe their very selves while thus engaged. The expression of their countenances is that of men contemplating a terrible act. Every one of them knows that on his return to his see he will have to invent all sorts of plausible excuses and ingenious forms of speech, in order to palm off on his people, for a wise and holy deed, that which is really an insult to the understanding, the conscience, and the soul of man.

Just think of the Americans, whom I mentioned long ago as finding themselves already under moral torture. The last phrase about infallibility is that the English form is given up, and the 'American form' is to be proposed. An American phrase for infallibility! What can it be? But that shows where the shoe pinches. It is no longer States, it is no longer even nations—it is peoples, in their most mixed and democratic form, that Rome finds she has to deal with. States and Empires have been broken up—often thanks to Rome herself. Nations have been disintegrated and scattered. There remain motley accumulations of the human kind, waifs and strays from every shore, where man is a unit almost out of count. Rome addresses these, and tells them she is the supreme and only lord, master, teacher, for all things of heaven and earth too. This is the message her emissaries—bishops no longer—have to carry back to them; and we are now told naively that the message is to be couched in a form

specially addressed to the American understanding. How far the message which suits best the far West will also meet the tastes and habits of the far East I know not. But the truth is there is not one of the bishops, from any distance, who does not tremble and turn pale at the thought of what he is to take back to his people, and call a voice from Heaven. Is this a real and moral unity? Is it any unity except that of a common bondage? No one here, unless he be 'privileged' to say it, would dare to call it a joyful unity.

It may be as well to remind the reader that Parliament had met on the 8th of this month; and that on the 15th the Irish Land Bill was introduced by Mr. Gladstone for the more thorough union of England and Ireland; and on the 17th was the first reading of the Public Elementary Education Bill for England and Wales.

CHAPTER LXVIII

DIFFICULTIES OF THE FRENCH EMPEROR

Rome : Feb. 12.

WE have what we call a sirocco here ; very little wind, but a soft air and relaxed frame. It is very pleasant after all we have gone through, and just in time for the approaching conventional gaieties which Rome celebrates for the world, and herself despises. The Council did not meet yesterday or to-day. On Monday the Pope pays his private visit to the Exposition of Catholic Art, which he opens to the public on Tuesday. The Carnival begins on Saturday. May I venture to suggest to the fifty Fathers who have inscribed themselves to speak on the Little Catechism that they would economise time and strength by sending a short statement of the alterations they wish in the *Schema* on this subject to the *Times*? It would be an important contribution to the educational question, which I see has been announced from the Throne ; and it is not easy to see how these gentlemen are to get attention here in any other way.

But besides all that happens, or does not happen, behind that famous screen in St. Peter's—besides the approaching Exposition, the impending gaieties, and

the threatened infallibility—something else looms in the political twilight, too terrible even for Roman composure. I do not understand the Pope's own privileged, blessed, specially favoured, and specially endowed journal, and can see no signs of the spiritual gifts he has solemnly imparted to it. It indulges in the most indecent, and, I should have thought, too, the most unwise, exultation, at the difficulties which it supposes the French Emperor to be now contending with. Sovereign after sovereign, it reminds him, dynasty after dynasty, have fallen before the barricades. It is only a question of time, it says. When the barricade once rises between a French Monarch and his people he is doomed. Louis Philippe conquered at the barricades three times, and was conquered the fourth. The barricade is the throne of the people, and it always succeeds against the man who has no better throne than the people can give him. All those sovereigns against whom a multitude could arm themselves with eventual success were men who had not given their whole heart to the Pope. Such men are afraid of the Pope, therefore a greater terror assails them. Planted by human hand, they shall be rooted up. In the midst of a declaration worthy of a Hildebrand, one nevertheless comes upon words of double meaning, which suggest fearful suspicions. Is it possible the Pope is ill served, and even betrayed? There is a saying that wherever there are two priests there is at least one Jesuit, and that wherever there is a Jesuit there is a conspirator; but for every conspirator there is also another against him; and wherever there is a conspiracy there is sure to be an informer, and one who plays a double part. The writer

before me tells the Emperor, 'Had you given free admission to all the Pope may ordain or decree'—and he specifies the occasions—'you would not now be at Paris with barricades before you.' I agree with the ingenuous writer. 'Republican cannon you have need to fear, not those of a Pope and a Council.'

Again, I agree with the writer. 'If you had supported the Pope as you are bound in duty, you would not now be encouraging those who sow dissensions in the Council.' Nothing is more likely. Nor is anything more likely than that the composer of these witty ambiguities is now laughing in his sleeve at his own employers, and wondering whether they will see through his almost transparent buffoonery. Religion lives in the midst of hypocrisies; despotism is surrounded by hypocrisies; but when the religion and the despotism are one, then the hypocrisy becomes universal, portentous, and overwhelming. Rome reeks with unbelief, and worse blasphemy—the blasphemy of men who may restrain their flippant tongues in this or that holier or graver presence, but who hesitate at no profanity or treason whatever when they know their ground. These men can not only talk; they write, and they can act too.

This afternoon I hope to see the Exposition of Catholic Art in its last stage of preparation, and must post these few words. The post, by the by, closes earlier and earlier; the letter-boxes are now emptied at half-past three; why, it is impossible to divine. The *Times* of Wednesday, the 2nd inst., has made no appearance in Rome; I gather that it contained a copy of that so-called middle course on Infallibilism, which turns out to be a hoax. But things are substances or

shadows here according as they take, and what is something one day never existed the next. My only news as I close is that there is no news, and nobody here appears to want any. But we certainly are all much better here than we have been lately—that is, as respects our bodily health.

The last paragraph probably refers to the description of a Moderate party, in my Letter of January 24, vol. i. p. 365. We had several communications, one, I remember, in the form of a letter, from members of the Council, who did not wish their names to be given, simply because they had no wish to be the leaders of party, or to present themselves as butts for controversialists. There was no betrayal of the Pontifical secret, for ‘infallibility,’ we were frequently assured, was not yet in the Council. Our informants stated, what I have no doubt was quite true, that the great majority of the Fathers were ‘Moderate,’ that is, in favour of leaving infallibility where it was, as the traditionary doctrine and constitutional rule of the Roman Catholic Church. They that studied the matter had arrived, may be, at some definition which had established itself in their minds, and which they could not change for another in a day. In using the word ‘hoax,’ I must too readily have adopted the expression of some zealous Infallibilist. I accordingly paid the penalty of being held up in an archiepiscopal Pastoral as a confessed retailer of hoaxes. I was wrong in accepting the word. The Moderate party was not a hoax. It was the truth.

The Papal organs were now continually reading

homilies to the French Emperor on the instability of his Throne, if it was to have no other support than public opinion, which in his case was the power of the Paris mob. Was this an appeal to the Emperor's political sense? or to his religious feelings? or to those of the Empress? The one terror that haunted the Vatican day and night was, the certainty that in the case of the French force at Cività Vecchia being withdrawn—a contingency always imminent—there would immediately be a race between the King of Italy and the Republicans, which should first reach Rome, where the Pope's own little army would be found no match for either of them. Did the Pope and his friends really suppose that these daily or weekly admonitions would prevent the withdrawal of the French force, or at least stave off the evil day?

It should be fully understood that during the whole period of the Council the Papal journals were doing the diplomacy of Rome, as regards France at least. The Pope, acting under the counsels of his Jesuit advisers, would not allow the French Ministers to communicate directly with the Council, nor would he undertake to communicate to the Council any warning or opinion the French Government might think fit to send. Some interchange of views, however, there must be, and it was done in the journals.

Here were four parties contending for the possession of the city of Rome, viz. the Pope, the King of Italy, the Republicans, and France. They quite understood and appreciated one another—indeed had mutual likings and respects. But they were jealous of outsiders. Here is a little story I was told in 1857, and do not remember to have seen in print.

In 1849, when Rome was in the hands of the Republican Triumvirate, the French made two breaches in the wall not far from the Porta S. Pancrazio, selecting that point because in the case of shot taking too high a flight it would pass over the Bridge of St. Angelo into the Tiber, or the open ground beyond, without injury either to St. Peter's, or to the city of Rome. As a fact it did damage two of the Angels on the bridge. The Republicans assumed that one of these breaches would be the point of assault, the other a feint, but they could not guess which. They had a force of some hundred Polish refugees, on whom they much relied, as having had some fighting experience, besides being men of desperate fortunes. These they accordingly stationed between the two breaches, ready for the real attack wherever it should prove to be.

Immediately before the attack General Oudinot assembled his officers and gave them his instructions. Of course, these instructions involved that the two columns of attack were to unite as soon as possible. Once within the fortifications they would close in upon the Poles. Upon leaving the General, the officers were accosted by a subordinate member of the staff. 'What instructions has the General given you?' They answered straight. 'How about the Poles?' 'The General said nothing about them.' 'How do you interpret his silence?' He proceeded to interpret it for them. 'You are not to leave a man of them to tell the tale.' This they did completely and with gusto. A day or two after there was much curiosity in Rome as to the Poles. How had they behaved? Where had they gone? What had become of them? Nobody could answer the question.

CHAPTER LXIX

THE EXPOSITION OF CATHOLIC ART

Rome : Feb. 12.

THE Exposition of Catholic Art which the Pope opens on Tuesday, the 15th, can be easily found in the common maps of Rome. It occupies the great cloister of the Carthusians, behind the immense Church of S. Maria degli Angeli, and close to the temporary station which is the terminus of all the Roman railways. The cloister, the monastery, the church, and the station are all within the thirty acres of stupendous ruin formerly the Baths of Diocletian. They lie beyond an open and elevated region, destined to be new Rome, and laid out already for streets and boulevards. I may add that the site is near the Prætorian Camp. Within a stone's throw both of the railway station and the Exposition is Villa Grazioli, where Dupanloup lives and where Keats died. The Bishop of Orleans only shares the house with half-a-dozen other lodgers. The cloister, from which the poor monks are driven by the invasion of science and art, was designed by Michael Angelo, with Doric (or Tuscan ?) columns and arcades, and is a hundred yards every way, so that the whole space actually covered by the Exposition, exclusive of offices and approaches, is

10,000 square yards, or two acres and a quarter. In the centre is a fountain and four cypresses. Three of them are the original trees planted by Michael Angelo ; one of an immense size and hardly past its prime ; a second as large, but going ; a third once larger, but now a wreck. The fourth is younger by two centuries.

Round these trees a beautiful little garden has been laid out, with beds, walks, and an open-air altar for ceremonials. Round the garden, and radiating from the centre, are sixteen spacious and lofty halls, with a circular promenade running through them, receiving their light from above. Each hall is more than 60 feet long, about 50 feet wide at the end near the cloister, and 25 feet at the end near the central garden. A few of these halls are divided, with a view to more wall space. The four halls that communicate directly with the cloister have also doors and windows looking upon the cypresses. The whole structure has been brought well within the open space, and several yards clear of the cloister, so as to leave room for passages, refreshment-rooms, and gardens in the corners between the outer square and the inner circle. There are also refreshment-rooms, promenades, and space for everything in the surrounding world of ruins.

It will be seen that the plan is very simple ; but it has two great defects, if defects they be. All the halls are alike, and there is no such thing as a right angle or two parallel lines in the building, excepting, of course, the outer walls, which follow the line of the cloisters. Fontana made a plan which would have given more variety, and also more picturesque effects. It included a wide circular colonnade round the garden, four large

rectangular halls, and eight more as long but not so wide, and also four semicircular halls, each with a radius of 50 feet. The differences in favour of his plan appeal so strikingly to the imagination that the rejection of it has been set down to a want of Court favour. For my part, I cannot help thinking that the plan adopted, notwithstanding a certain monotony, is the better, and certainly the more convenient, of the two. The circular colonnade round the small garden would have had too small a radius for a promenade and too many side openings for any other use. It would also have wearied one at last of the fountain and cypresses. In the plan adopted, which is that of Professor Virginio Vespignani, the promenade has a larger radius, and takes people through the middle of the halls containing the objects exhibited. Upon the whole, the structure has a strong family resemblance to those of London and Paris, and the scene to-day did just recall the memories of Hyde Park and South Kensington. The exhibitors were all busy, some opening packages with fear and trembling, some conferring with very polite officials, some running here and there for counsel or aid, and one tall, elderly artist, in a frock coat, perched on steps, was delicately filling a crown of thorns. The Zouaves were working everywhere as if the fate of Rome depended on it. One poor lad was in a fainting fit as we entered, and remained so long insensible that I hope it was no worse with him. But there were not many things of great bulk.

As my friend and I neared the scene of action a large body of men were moving an immense block of white marble, containing at least 400 cubic feet, and

therefore weighing near 20 tons. As this operation is one of the marvels of old Rome—in the Colonna Gardens there is a block of marble from the Temple of the Sun, weighing more than a hundred tons—I was curious to see how it was done. The block was on a sledge, which moved over cross sleepers, the surfaces of both of them hardened and smoothed by use. Every hundred yards the men took up the paved road and fixed in the ground a very strong windlass. It must be slow work, and only possible with hard roads. We were disappointed. The block was not for the Exposition, but for a private studio, where it would be good for a hero or a saint 15 ft. high.

I don't know whether I have succeeded in bringing the Exposition building before you. Imagine the 'Tom Quad' of Christ Church at Oxford, with its cloisters as originally intended, and the area filled with glass roofs and wooden partitions. The halls are spacious and airy, the light pleasant and cheerful. It did occur to me that it was all promenade, and consequently all motion, and that there would be no retreat from the stream. I must also say that, for a month or so, I would advise anybody liable to catch a cold not to remain more than twenty minutes at a time in Michael Angelo's cloister, or more than five minutes in that most stupendous, most magnificent, and most perishingly cold of all cellars, the adjoining Church of S. Maria degli Angeli. Westminster Hall could stand easily under that enormous vault, and there would be room to drive a carriage round it. But, for the cold, it might be a cavern in an iceberg.

The Exposition is about half filled, and no more. They have had to wait for possible contributions, which

have not come, and will not. The programme is itself very restricted. This is a Universal Exposition of the Fine Arts, and of the Catholic industries, in their present state of progress, and so far as they have some special bearing on the Ecumenical Council. Of course the Exposition shares the fate of the Council, having no more friends, and at least as many enemies. At a very early day it occasioned a passage of amenities between Italy and Rome. The people here sent circulars to the clergy and others throughout Italy inviting them to send objects for exhibition. Thereupon the Italian Government sent counter-circulars, not exactly prohibiting, but quietly suggesting that Rome was notoriously selfish and dishonest, and was now also very needy. She did not want other cities to have any Art Treasures, and it was also certain the Exposition was only a design for getting them into her hands, when, beyond a doubt, she would ship them off to foreign countries, and pocket the proceeds towards the expenses of the Council. The Pope's people replied that the Italian Government was only true to its own character and practice in discouraging religious art; that notoriously it took no care of what it had, and that it had destroyed more than the barbarians ever had done in Italy. Everywhere the most beautiful works of art had been demolished, sold for a trifle, or thrown away. Libraries, MSS., and archives had been sold for waste paper; sacred images robbed of jewels and sent to the curiosity shops; the illuminations and arabesques cut out of the Missals, which were left to rot in corners; whole galleries of pictures had been sold by auction for a few sous apiece to persons who ripped out the canvas

and only wanted the frames. How all this may be I know not, for how could I pretend to say that on any given occasion it is Rome that speaks the truth, and not the other side? However, there is not much from Italy here.

The most conspicuous contributors are Lyons (I think first and foremost), Paris, Malines, Ratisbon, Tournay, Montpellier, Cologne, and the Rhine. There is a great show of church ornaments, sacred vessels of all kinds, candelabra, shrines, coffers, vestments, wax candles, and every kind of thing one sees in these churches; indeed, more than one sees at Rome itself. Collected as they are in the Exposition, they surfeit with their gorgeousness. There are models of churches—a very large and beautiful one of St. Peter's itself; there is a great number of splendid new works from the press of Didot and other well-known French and German publishers, with beautiful illustrations, and in magnificent bindings. But the rule of selection must have been relaxed sometimes, for there is a Greek 'Thesaurus' in nine volumes, 'Ptolemy's Geography,' 'Virgil,' 'Horace,' and 'Anacreon,' and books of maps. There is a 'Dictionary of the Fine Arts,' Gailhabaud's 'Ancient and Modern Monuments,' and—from Didot's press, I believe—a facsimile publication of a MS. from Mount Athos. There is also a French translation of the New Testament, handsomely got up, and very popular in France. The rule restricts to modern works; but there are some mediæval bronzes, woodwork, majolica, old German coloured glass, plans and drawings of the Catacombs, and, in fact, whatever is likely to interest anybody.

The Exposition was announced to illustrate the

progress of Catholic science as well as art, but, as nothing appears under that head in this building, I presume that it is to be looked for in due time from the Council Hall. The Roman journals, indeed, talk of a new discovery which is to make forgeries and interpolations impossible for the future. They say nothing of one for the detection of old forgeries and interpolations. There are a good many church mosaics, such as the medallions of Pope's heads. One thing every visitor will notice and examine. It is a 'Lord's Supper,' about two yards long and one high, in square tesserae, of a good size. The effect produced is miraculous. Though done with such inconvenient and intractable means, it has the delicacy and expression of a picture. The faces show through the hard lines of the tesserae as through a screen. Of course the work would defy any amount of damp. But I grieve to say, first, that the work is priced—very likely underpriced—at 160*l.*; secondly, that the marvel is one I should not care to possess. It does not strike; it does not please; it is only most curious and incredible. The Pope contributes three tiaras—that presented by Napoleon I., that by Queen Christina (of which I saw the first appearance in St. Peter's twelve years ago) and that by the Palatine Guards; also some chalices in rock crystal, and historic vestments and ornaments, such as the Dalmatic of Charlemagne and the cross lately presented by the Marquis of Bute.

It is necessary to hasten over the ground, for there remain the sculptures and the pictures. The former have one or two of the halls, and also share with the pictures the four hundred yards of cloister wall. We must bear in mind that the sculpture must be strictly

Catholic. The most striking objects are a set of pairs—the Wise and Unwise Virgins, Joseph and Potiphar's Wife, the Saviour and Judas, the Saviour and Pontius Pilate, and the Saviour and Pius IX. The Wise Virgin is not content with refusing her oil bottle ; she won't let the other even take a light of her. Potiphar's wife does not look so bad a woman as she ought, nor Joseph so good a man. Pilate reminds one of an Italian statesman whose portrait I have seen. In the remaining pair the Saviour seems straight from the Resurrection, while the Pope is in his most gorgeous vestments ; the Saviour is commanding him to strengthen his brethren.

To my own taste there is something very painful in the representation of the Saviour in the modern sculpture and paintings here. I hardly venture to describe it, still less pretend to analyse it. While it is less and less human than it is in the Old Masters, it is also less Divine, so that I don't know what it is coming to. Surely, better nothing at all than gaunt, drooping, long-drawn pictures, which as much as possible mean nothing. All Italians, and Romans among them, look at Madonnas with a real, though possibly mixed, admiration ; for the truth is, the Madonna of Art is a healthy, natural, simple, kind-hearted woman. Are artists and their employers afraid of the images and pictures of the Saviour being regarded with a mixture of feelings ? If so, that is a reason against any representation at all, not for giving a grim, ghastly, and scarecrow look. Associated with the fleshly realities one sees in many of these pictures, He seems anything but a partaker of our nature. Well, I must leave this ; but the representations I speak of happen to constitute almost half the sculpture.

There is a Saint, by the by, who has made his own bed, and lies upon it ; and it is a bed of thorns.

The pictures are chiefly modern, but there remain two sides of the cloister to be filled, and I foresee that the Roman Princes will have to contribute a good deal from their galleries to make up for the absence of Italy. There are a great number of large pictures representing Jesuit Fathers, and other holy—but sometimes very heavy and not very pleasant-looking—men, lifted off their feet during their devotions, and wafted to Christ on the cross, or upon a beam of heavenly light, or at least off the ground we tread on. There is a picture of martyrs in prison waiting their turns for death, which will please many who may be unmoved by the more ambitious subjects. The few pictures already there from the Old Masters I leave to the critics. There are half-a-dozen small pictures which I looked on with the more interest that I have wished to see the subject, and shall not. They are views of Monte Casino, the great Benedictine monastery between this and Naples, and no doubt they are put here to plead silently for the preservation of the monastery. There is a vast quantity of tapestry, good, bad, and indifferent, but good for lining walls, moderating the light, and keeping out draughts.

One thing I had forgotten—a most important personage. In all this glass, china, sculpture, and other fragile matters, there is the universal cat of the house. It is a most mischievous and active beast, and has done a fearful amount of damage ; what is more, it has a pocket like a Christian, and appears to be lavish of its money. Its name is Victor Emmanuel. It is stated, on infallible authority, that it has bribed the servants of the

Messageries Impériales, and the servants and porters of all the railways and all the packet companies trading to Rome—nay, the very carriers and carters in the city itself—to handle as roughly as they can all the packages directed to the Catholic Exposition. Under its instigation they have turned these things upside down, rolled them along the ground, thrown them down from piers and luggage vans, drenched them with salt water, and irreparably injured most of them. The floors of the Exposition, so I read, though I saw it not, are strewn with broken arms, legs, and heads, the victims of this creature's malice. A box of glass, worth 200*l.* in Catholic Germany, having to pass through the dominion of this formidable monster, upon being opened here was found to contain nothing but a worthless *debris*. Nobody doubts who has done it all. But one cannot help asking,—How is it that the special powers which have worked so many miracles for Rome, on any or no occasion, have failed her in this emergency? Why did they not lift these boxes from the ground, waft them over all obstacles, and even carry them through the air to the Holy City? Why have they allowed the enemy of mankind to do all this mischief? Is he in the Exposition, as some say he is on a still holier floor, in the very *sanctum sanctorum* of the Council, breaking everything to pieces there, and turning everything upside down?

This reminds me of another subject. It is a model of the Memorial of the Council of the Vatican, now in the course of construction. It is a tall and handsome design. Round the base are four angelic figures—one holding the cross, another the ball and cross of earthly and heavenly dominion. The two others have open Bibles on

their knees, which, however, they are not reading, for one is gazing at something above, and the other at something below. At the top is a handsome young girl, somewhat strongminded, holding a sword, with which she has just decapitated an ugly monster with a long tail still writhing and turning the sting towards her, and with the usual claws and bat's wings. A dozen heads, though separated by the one successful stroke, still show in death their wonted fires of envy and malice. Two are human—that is, two heads, for the sculptor has not hit on the idea of two faces on one head. One is the head of a philosopher ; the other, enveloped in a light fold, is the English ideal of a widow, but meant, I suppose, for Sin. It is said that at the present pace of affairs the Memorial will be finished long before the Council has done its work, just like the Boulogne pillar to commemorate the invasion and conquest of England. To say nothing of modesty, would it not be common prudence to put off the execution of the Memorial till something has been done at least ostensibly worthy of it ?

CHAPTER LXX.

SOME STATISTICS.

FROM the *Times* of this date (February 12) I insert here some statistics which cannot be denied to have an important bearing upon the value of Decrees emanating from a Council professing to be œcumenical. They must, however, be taken for what they are worth. England, for example, should be the last to restrict the value of its own example and utterances to the measure of its own population. Rome claims to have a calling, an authority, and a power, to convert and unite the whole world. She alone fosters that hope and pursues that design. She requires an enormous staff—an army of bishops. They have a right to attend a General Council. It is true that Italy can boast no prince-bishops, no men surpassing royalty in their revenues, their state, and their hospitality. After all Italy is a poor country. Nor is she able to encounter the German theologians on their own field. Though quite in the front upon science, and in some branches of art, she does not care for Greek literature, and one history is enough for her. She believes herself a Child of Promise, and that promise is to conquer and rule the world. Whether she has forfeited that promise, or sought its attainment so ill as to render it a curse rather than a

blessing, is another question. But with this burden still pressing on her, and this goal still in view, she is not to be judged by common rules, if only because she will never consent to be so judged.

When the German and French prelates pointed to the immense population, great wealth, and high culture of their dioceses, the Court of Rome had a ready answer. Whose fault is it that you have so few shepherds for such enormous flocks? Not ours. Rome never consented to the extinction of a bishopric, and would only allow it to fall into abeyance in the presence of an overpowering tyranny or an utter desolation. Have more bishops and then you will have more voices in Council. We are not bound to follow you in a course which aims at the destruction of the whole flock by the diminution of the shepherds.

A letter from Rome supplies the following interesting facts respecting the proportions between the members of the Œcumenical Council now present at the Vatican and the Roman Catholic population of the countries they represent :—

Italy-- Prelates in Council, 754 ; Population, 200,000,000				
Papal States	143	} 276 {	700,000	} 25,000,000
Kingdom of Italy	133		24,300,000	
France	84			38,000,000
British Isles—				
England	13	} 35		6,500,000 ?
Scotland	2			
Ireland	20			
British America	16			1,372,000
United States	48			8,000,000 ?
Austria	48			22,000,000
Germany—				
North	10	} 19 {	7,100,000	} 12,100,000
South	9		5,000,000	
Spain	41			16,000,000
Belgium	6			4,800,000

It would be irrelevant to our purpose to follow these statements with respect to the minor States of Europe, or to those of Asia, Africa, America, and Australia. We only wish to observe the following striking particulars :—The Italian prelates in the Council are nearly one-third of the whole number, though the population of Italy is barely one-eighth that of the whole Roman Catholic world. With respect to Italy itself the population of the Papal States is more than thirty times as strongly represented in the Council as that of the Italian kingdom. The prelates from the Roman States constitute more than one-fifth of the Council, though the population of those States is to that of the whole Roman Catholic population as 1 to 285. At the rate of population the Italian prelates ought to be 95 ; they are 276. Those of France ought to be 128, they are only 84. Italy has three times as many representatives as she ought to have, France has scarcely two-thirds of what she ought to have. Again, Italy is six times more strongly represented in the Council than Austria, though the Roman Catholic population of both countries is nearly on a par. Germany, North and South, with nearly half the Roman Catholic population of Italy, has only 19 representatives in the Council. Those of Italy are fourteen times as numerous. Great Britain and Ireland, with a Roman Catholic population about one-sixth that of France, have nearly half as many prelates in Council as France has ; while the United States, with a Roman Catholic population little more than one-fifth that of France, send considerably more than half the number of prelates sent by France ; or, in other words, the United States are nearly three times as strongly represented in the Council as France is, and five times as strongly as Germany. Not taking into account the minor Roman Catholic communities, which might easily be ranged in equal proportions on either side, we have the Council divided into two great factions : that of the Ultramontanes—Italians, British, and Anglo-Americans, consisting of 340 prelates, and representing a population of 40,000,000 ; and that of the anti-Ultramontanes,—French,

Germans, and Austrians, a population of 70,000,000, represented by only 151 prelates. These 70,000,000 of French, Germans, and Austrians constitute more than one-third of the Roman Catholic population of the whole world. Were they to be fairly represented according to the rate of population, their prelates ought to be 260. Were they represented in the same ratio as the Italians are, their prelates ought to be at least 772 ; and were they to be admitted in the same proportion as the people of the Papal States, their prelates ought to be 1,430. The consequences of this enormously unequal distribution of Roman Catholic dioceses are that the Italians, the English, and the American prelates, the majority of whom are more Papist than the Pope himself, have it in their power to oppose four, and even five, votes to one against the French, German, and Austrian prelates, the vast majority of whom are bent on resisting unreasonable Papal pretensions. Were votes to be weighed rather than counted, there is little doubt but the Liberal or Rational party in the Council would be nearly a match for the whole servile faction ; and were the flocks to vote instead of the shepherds, the defeat of the Papacy would not be for one moment doubtful ; as the Pope could only hope for a certain number of Ultramontanes in France, England, and America ; whereas, the majority, not only in France, Austria, and Germany, but even in Italy, would be for resistance against Papal pretensions.

CHAPTER LXXI

THE LITTLE CATECHISM.

Rome : Feb. 14.

THE Council has got into a state familiar to modern legislators. The Opposition are resolved to make speeches and are now in the way of it ; but if they make speeches there must be speeches in reply, to which they don't object, unless they are touched rather too hard. But, meanwhile, nothing is done or likely to be done. Here is how matters stand in the tenth week of the Council. The Little Catechism¹ is on to-day, and fifty-seven Fathers have inscribed themselves to speak about it. All are most anxious to speak. Five speeches a day are the utmost that can be delivered or listened to with patience at one sitting, and there are only three sittings a week ; nor would it be possible to have more. So as matters now stand there must be eleven sittings—that is, a month's work—on this small affair. But all this speaking would be no more than preliminary—that is, as it were, on the first reading of the Bill—because after it the Catechism will have to make a second appearance in an amended form, and the discussion will be reopened, unless the Cardinal Legates

¹ The so-called Little Catechism was designed and described as ' One Catechism for the whole Catholic Church ; ' and of course, as such, intended to supersede all other Catechisms, indeed all other courses of catechetical instruction.

attempt to cut the knot another way, when they know what to expect. If there are fifty-seven speakers on the first reading, there will probably be some on the second, and, perhaps, after all, a dissatisfied minority.

But while these eight hundred Fathers are brought to a standstill by a Children's Catechism, the world goes on at rather a faster pace than usual. Governments are changing, and men denounced at Rome, justly or not, as revolutionists, are taking their place at the head of affairs. At this very moment the Court does not know in what quarter its worst danger lies, whether at Paris or at Vienna, its prospects at Florence, at Madrid, and some other places having settled into a hideous certainty. In the midst of all this there comes the dire intelligence that the Austrian Legislature is about to impose the obligation of Civil Marriage. The obligation did I say? Rather the oppression, the tyranny, the burden, the useless form of Civil Marriage, as the *Unità* calls it.

Matters are getting desperate. So this morning, it was whispered, an independent Father was to move that the speeches, instead of being delivered, should be taken as having been delivered, laid on the table, printed, and circulated among the Fathers. Of course there is some sense in this, if the Council is to do something; not if the question is whether it shall do something or nothing. The Opposition are resolved to do nothing beyond the requirements of use and necessity. It is neither necessary nor useful to proclaim again to the world, and even reduce to a vast code, the enormous pretensions which have been the ruin of the Church, by bringing upon it an odium it could never soften, and involving it in disputes which it always enters with its hands tied. Such

is the attitude of the world ; such of Rome ; such of the Opposition to-day. Time is becoming very precious, and I have just mentioned how time was to be saved. The expedient is recommended here as being American, and it is asserted by the Pope's people that members of the American House of Representatives lay on the table, and send down to their distant electors, long speeches which count as if they had been delivered, though never heard by mortal ear till read a thousand miles from Washington. The device may be very pretty, and highly recommended, but it does not suit the French 'book,' or the German either, and accordingly it has been threatened for some days that if this proposal be made, and carried, at least a hundred Gauls and Germans will declare discussion stopped, the Council closed, and their business here at an end.

There is a panic among the tale-tellers. Two shorthand writers, it is said, have been committed to the care of the official corresponding to our Serjeant-at-Arms. Several days ago, it was reported, has been denied, but is still asserted, a theologian in the suite of Prince Hohenlohe had been arrested and sent home. 'A bishop must have told all this' is the comment made by bishops themselves upon what they read in the Italian and German papers ; and as bishops themselves are above all suspicion, it is inferred that their theologians, or secretaries, must have betrayed them. Either the little affair there was to have been in the Council yesterday was prevented, or it has been hushed up ; for nothing yet transpires, and the Pope's people are radiant with hope. It is true that twenty more Fathers have put down their names to speak on the Little Catechism,

making a total of seventy-seven ; but the number may render speeches impossible, and necessitate written statements instead, which is just what the Council wants.

I see some of the French bishops have petitioned for another hall, in which they can hear and understand ; and they say they are now in jeopardy of assenting to what they have no knowledge of. But the tide of feeling just now is towards peace, union, despatch, and a quick return home. The Fathers are not only homesick, but specially sick of Rome. Most of them are ill-lodged, in mere prophets' chambers, small, dark, dull, cold, ill-furnished, and uninteresting. For air and warmth they have the dirty winding streets and lanes of mediæval Rome. Their francs and dollars are going fast, if not gone long since. Even cardinals groan over the monotony of the Council—the same boring stuff day after day : talk, talk, talk, and nothing more. They are fortunate, however, for most of them understand a little of what they hear. More than a score of Fathers have just asked to leave ; others would if they had the courage.

All know and feel that the Council must sit until it has done something, and the Jesuits are resolved that, in whatever it does, there shall be contained some decided augmentation and definition of the Papal authority. They hold their victims in a cage, and watch the birds that lead the others. Under some mysterious suggestion, every now and then, the Pope sends for a man and, with his own unexampled persuasiveness, conjures him to avoid them that cause divisions, and to save the Church from scandal. Whether he has got round Dupanloup or not, neither I nor the Bishop of Orleans would be able to say, but the calf which is to be killed

for him is already in the stall, and others besides Dr. Ullathorne expect to assist at the music and dancing on the happy occasion. Of course I can only repeat what I hear. The prevailing idea is that, it being evidently impossible to do the proposed work in parliamentary fashion, a royal road may be found to it all in a total surrender of liberty.

Then, 'Is not infallibility the theory of the Roman Catholic Church? Why shrink from it? After all it is nothing. It is a word. It is a thing in books. Who ever hears of the Immaculate Conception now? That question was settled fifteen years ago—happily, for we have done with it, and shall never hear of it again. It will be the same with infallibility. So let it be voted, and let's have done with it.' I assure you that every word I have put within inverted commas is quoted from Roman Catholic lips, and flies about in Roman air. The word 'infallible' may not be used, still less the obnoxious phrase 'Personal Infallibility,' fathered here upon the English Archbishop; but when the Fathers see they can escape from this city by the use of a few words, which may mean anything or nothing, they will accept it as a heavenly intervention. Then the Pope is such a good man, so amiable, so kind, so sincere! It is impossible to deny him anything. It might be the death of him. His Holiness says, so I am told, 'Before I was Pope I *believed* in his infallibility; now I *feel* it.'

The politics of Rome are full of consolations, which are sometimes well founded. If Rome has no sovereigns on her side, she may have none against her. If they are against her, the people may be for her. If there are no powerful sovereigns, they can do her no damage. If

the sovereigns are not perfectly agreed with their people, then they have to look about for help. It is the very instinct of sovereigns to sympathise with that which is constant, loyal, and affectionate. Rome now asks triumphantly, Whom have France and Austria to look to, unless it be herself, her clergy, and her faithful people? What she feels herself she thinks they must feel, and since these Emperors are no longer the men they were a few years back in the Senate, or in the Forum, she concludes they must appreciate all the more their undiminished, perhaps growing, place in the Church; that is, in the Catholic soul. There is a very steady calculation here that neither of these Emperors will go out of his way, or be very forward to control the only living power which still cherishes the tradition of absolute devotion, unthinking loyalty, and unconditional obedience. In our own country, the less the king was loved by his parliament the more he loved his Church. Kings must love and be loved; the Church is in the same case, so they have a natural affinity. You, in London, must know better how all this stands at Paris, but the people here are reckoning upon it, whether wisely or foolishly, and are beginning to speak of the new phase of French politics as if it were a Divine intervention for turning the heart of the Emperor towards the Council. The army at Civit  Vecchia is only a material affair, and material questions are always found subordinate, and eventually even inconsiderable.

It is undeniable there has been a great change this week, and that the Pope is not feeling quite so much like that perverse and uncomfortable saint in the Exposition, lying on his bed of thorns. Thus far there has

been a dreary past, but we are told the winter night of discontent is past, the barren wilderness will still smile, and since men must and will do something, the less they have done the more they will do. Only two American bishops signed the Address for Infallibility, but the Jesuits reckon confidently on every one of their votes for their own more subtle form of the same doctrine. Every time the said Americans emerge from their dismal cloister here into Roman society they return to their couches less sad, and less wise. Then there are plenty of people here who, since the Papal fanaticism cannot be checked any other way, wish to see it defeat itself by going too far. Infallibility, they say, will put Peter in the pillory, by which I hope they mean no more than that the successors of the Prince of the Apostles will thereby bring upon themselves some of the rebukes which he did. The people who say this sort of thing are as much bound to Rome as the Pope himself, but they see that a more moderate tone of spiritual supremacy is necessary, and that as the Court will not come down to it gradually, they are content that it should fall headlong, by some act of folly, to the lower and safer level. I hear, on good authority, what, if true, must mean something. It is that all the printed papers laid before the Council are to be recalled, and others substituted for them. Another death is announced, that of Gil y Bueno, Bishop of Huesca e Barbastro, in Spain. The Prince Bishop of Trent has what is described as apoplexy of the head and tongue, and is in danger.

Vienna : Feb. 13.

The *New Free Press* of this morning says :—‘We learn from a re’iable source that Count Beust, acting upon an understanding with the governments of other great Powers, is preparing a manifesto protesting against the Papal Syllabus now under discussion at the Œcumenical Council.’

Rome : Feb. 14.

A telegram of the 13th has been received here from Constantinople announcing that the Turkish Government was disposed to recognise the withdrawal of the great majority of the Armenian community from the authority of their Patriarch, Hassoun, the latter being considered too weak to stem the encroachments of the Court of Rome in matters concerning the secular privileges of the Catholics of the East. The Holy See is somewhat uneasy as to the result of this movement, fearing a schism of some importance might arise.

CHAPTER LXXII

FRANCE AND THE VATICAN

From the *Times*, Feb. 14.

WE have reason to believe there have been of late frequent communications between the Court of the Tuileries and that of the Vatican far from favourable to Papal pretensions. Besides the ordinary channels of the Nuncio at Paris and of the French Ambassador in Rome, the rulers of France have at present other means of conveying many a hint to Rome respecting their views and the exigencies of their position. The Papal Government, we are told, has been clearly informed that, whatever reverence France may feel for the spiritual authority of the Holy See, she cannot, as a constitutional country, entertain any sympathy with the narrow system of absolutism upon which the Temporal Power is conducted. The Pope is strongly urged to go back to his own schemes of 1847, which announced the secularisation of the Administration, municipal institutions, popular representation in a *Consulta*, Council, or Chamber, a Free Press, and the establishment of a Civil Guard. It has been further signified to His Holiness that, in volunteering these suggestions, the Imperial Government does not in the least intend to make the continuance of the French troops in the Roman States

conditional upon the Pope's compliance with its friendly advice, as the recall of those troops is with the Emperor's Government a settled purpose, and it is naturally felt that such a resolution need not immediately alter the condition of affairs, the French flag being as able to guarantee the integrity of the Papal territory from Toulon or Paris itself as from any point on the Papal coast or frontier.

There seems to be little doubt as to the anxiety the Emperor Napoleon has long felt to wash his hands of this unfortunate Roman business altogether. It is one of those points in his policy in which the Emperor has been least able to follow his own impulse, and in which, consequently, his conduct has been most liable to the charge of inconsistency. If there is a man in Europe intimately convinced that it is not good for a Pope to be a king, that the true interests of religion, no less than the exigencies of human progress, render it impossible for the same hand to wield the sceptre and the crozier, that man must certainly be he who bore arms against a Pope nine-and-thirty years ago. Nine-and-thirty years ago the Pope leant for support on all the Roman Catholic States. At this moment Rome relies for existence on France and the French sovereign alone. Possibly in the opinion of that sovereign the solution of the Roman problem must needs be adjourned till the close of the present Pontificate. During the lifetime of Pius IX. the Emperor possibly conceives that he has done enough. The final demolition of the Temporal Power after Solferino, could not have been accomplished without violence, which the Emperor would either have to perpetrate or to sanction—violence to an aged man on whom he found by experience no other argument

than force could make any impression. The Emperor thought of the helplessness of former French rulers—one of them his own uncle—in their dealings with other old Popes at Valence and Fontainebleau. He had struck as heavy a blow at the Papacy as he thought any man could safely venture to deal. He would leave the rest to time ; and the forbearance of one who had achieved and could achieve so much prescribed the same line of temporising policy to other people of more impatient temper.

But although he had no faith in the vitality of the Temporal Power, although he anticipated and actually compassed its downfall, Napoleon adopted towards it the same system he has often pursued towards other adversaries—he allowed it a chance. On his bringing the Pope back from Gaeta in 1849, he undertook to screen him from foreign aggression on condition that he should allay home disaffection. It seemed natural at the time that the Sovereign of France should count for something in the Pope's councils. He endeavoured to recall the ' Benevolent Pontiff ' to the Liberal ideas proclaimed by him on his accession to the Apostolic Chair. In his letter to Edgar Ney he himself drew the limits of those concessions on which he conceived the Pope's subjects might justly insist, and to which his Holiness's Government could safely consent. To what extent the Emperor deceived himself on that score—whether he really fancied the Papacy and the faintest shadow of Liberal principles would be compatible with each other, it would be idle to inquire. It is enough to state that twenty-one years ago he made the concessions summed up in his letter to Ney conditional on any support

France might engage to lend to Rome ; and that it is always in his power to revert, as he seems now disposed to do, to those conditions. Since the Ney letter was treated with contempt, Rome and the world have gone through momentous vicissitudes—Solferino, Castelfidardo, Mentana, the Council. The Emperor has never withdrawn his demand for good government. The Pope has claimed more loudly and more arrogantly than ever his full and independent right to misgovern his subjects. The exorbitant pretensions of the Œcumenical Council are now widening the gulf the Pope's long obduracy to good advice had opened between himself and his Imperial Protector. With his own soldiers doing duty at the Vatican gates, it seemed hard the Emperor Napoleon should be made virtually answerable for infallibility, for anathemas, and other obsolete rules and dogmas which would be absolute impieties if they were not in our days egregious absurdities. The real or apparent connivance of the Emperor at these extravagances became more glaring since, by the change in his home policy, he made himself more emphatically than ever the promoter and defender of those civil institutions which the Pope and his Council seem insanely bent on trampling under foot.

The Council and its Ultramontane faction have brought matters to a point beyond which the Pope and the Emperor could not go together. Hitherto the Emperor might seem to serve two masters at Rome because he was in France itself distracted between two parties, compelling him to waver between rash advancement and insensate reaction. But now the men of progress have carried the day, and the Emperor could

not cast in his lot with a retrograde Pope in Rome without raising suspicions as to the earnestness of his Liberal intentions in France. The Emperor's position in Rome has become untenable. He may not, perhaps, withdraw his troops from Rome at once, and without exacting from the Italian Government such securities as may preclude the necessity of a second Mentana. He may deal leniently with the Council, and avoid interference with its acts till he sees what chance his own bishops have of holding their ground against the servile or fanatical multitude of the Ultramontane party. France, it is true, has little to fear from Rome or from the Council for her own liberties; but she has to guarantee her honour from the charge, and even from the suspicion, of her willingness to sacrifice the liberties of other nations. She must clear herself of all participation in the vagaries of the Œcumenical Council, of all complicity in the disorders and iniquities of the Pontifical Government. Even in his worst days of personal rule the occupation of Rome was the one sting of remorse which the Emperor found it most difficult to blunt; it was the blot in his policy for which neither the 'logic of events' nor his duty as the 'saviour of society' supplied a sufficient excuse. A complete change has now been effected. In his present ministers the Emperor Napoleon has found statesmen who pride themselves on being 'honest men,' who must feel that if the occupation of Rome ever was, it has now ceased to be, consistent with the honour of France, since what was formerly only a divergence between the views of the Pope and those of the Emperor has now become a diametrical opposition.

CHAPTER LXXIII

HOW VOTES CAN BE MULTIPLIED

Rome : Feb. 16.

THERE are various accounts of the treason in the Council. A letter to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, it is said, was intercepted in the Post-office and opened. According to the Roman Catholic code of morality to open a letter is as great a sin as to betray a secret, and both are said to entail minor excommunication. However, in this case the result seems to prove that the writer of the letter has no just ground for complaint. It was found to contain a copy of the *Schema*, or Schedule of Propositions then before the Council. On the margin there were observations which were also found in Prince Hohenlohe's copy of the *Schema*, so the Prince's theologian, a German, was expelled from Rome. This is one story. The next may or may not be another version of it. Some German or other was evidently telling tales. On what precise ground I know not, it was assumed that he must be one of the *Assignatori dei Posti*, the officials who place the Fathers, and who had to conduct them to their seats in the earlier sittings. Four of these officials were suddenly suspended. Three of them were sent for afterwards and told their cases were under consideration. As their consciences acquitted them, and

they knew they were in good hands, they took it all as a blind. So it turns out, for while the three butlers are at their butlership again, the baker has been sent home. They do say that he was an acquaintance of Strossmayer's. You see in a matter like this, where there has been a secret process to protect the 'Pontifical Secret,' what I send you may be the merest leakage of the fact.

I hear to-day, again, that it is an understood thing, and thoroughly realised by all the Fathers in the Council, that if they will accept the Pope's infallibility they may be released by Easter; but that, if they will not, they are to be cast into the 'burning fiery furnace' of a Roman July. They all see that something must be done, and something will be done, and that all they can hope to accomplish is, that it shall be as little bad as possible. The Italians are hoping, and almost praying, that infallibility may be proclaimed in its most astounding, preposterous, and blasphemous form. Not a day passes that I do not hear from that quarter jokes on the subject far too strong for the English taste. The people who are not hoping, but praying, and that very anxiously, are the nobles of the old *régime*, the adherents of kings and grand dukes. 'It's very hard upon us,' they say, 'we must profess to believe all this, but we don't and we can't; and this is all we get for sacrificing our fortunes and prospects to religion and loyalty.' The very best men in South Italy are saying this, and, poor fellows, they have indeed to 'beg their bread in desolate places,' for nobody pities them. I pity them, but I am nobody, and my pity is worthless. Truth used to come out in pasquinades, but poor Pasquin has

been put under the surveillance of the police, and his jokes no longer see the light, except with an *Imprimatur*.

The Pope, I have observed before, is the best resource of Roman policy. As such he is most obliging, and most infallible. When everything else fails, he is brought to bear on the rebellious or hesitating subject. Whoever refuses to do or say what he is asked to do or say by the Holy Father in a personal interview, has committed the unpardonable sin, and is on the Black Book of Rome for all time. No wonder that, in the midst of such terrors and seductions, 'the faithful are minished among the children of men.' To be home and out of all this is the one craving of all this mitred crowd. Even if it must be by a sin and a folly, which, done to-day, memory will try to hide to-morrow, these poor people only wish to escape. Both yesterday and the day before a Father took courage to rise in Council, and ask when infallibility was to come on. Of the proceedings of the Council I have, indeed, little to tell you. There is a rumour that one proposition was made respecting the Little Catechism which startled the Fathers, who rejected it very summarily; but for the present I can only excite curiosity; I can do nothing to allay it. But if you wish to realise still more than you do now the atmosphere of Rome, I can give you a new illustration. There are people who say that the sudden melting away of the Opposition is only a *ruse* to throw the Jesuits off their guard. That I cannot believe, for they were never off their guard, and never will be. Nobody is off his guard here, so far as I see; but nevertheless time, and the seasons, and physical strength are important elements in the question.

The Opposition have a policy which will bear a few vicissitudes, if the chiefs only stand to it, and have a few gallant men about them. Here is their Thermopylæ. They say they have gone as far as free agents and good Catholics could go in accepting the Regulations, made 'as they are by the Pope's men, and in the Papal interest. But by these Regulations they will abide, and insist on others abiding. What they apprehend, and what they seem to have good ground for apprehending, is that when the Council has discussed a *Schema*, or Schedule of Propositions, and sent it up to the committee for amendment in accordance with the discussion, upon the reappearance of the said *Schema* in its alleged amended form, it may be found not really so amended, and, perhaps, an altogether different thing. These last words express the worst of their fears. The Jesuits don't mend ; they substitute. If one device won't do, they try another, which may be radically as objectionable as the first. The Opposition say that in the case of any absolutely new matter they will insist on re-opening the discussion, and, of course, on seeing that the discussion is attended to.

As I have explained in former letters, it will be impossible to do all the work before the Council in the way prescribed by the Regulations within this year or in ten years. There must be compromises, or delegations, or what the Court, perhaps, most desires, a general commission of the whole matter to the Court itself, assisted by standing congregations of the Fathers, and dispensing with the attendance of the rank and file. By the by, this 'rank and file' reminds me of the Oriental bishops. We are bound to respect them. They come from the

home of our faith. It is the East that teaches the West to believe, and which is taught very little in return. Doubtless most of these men have made large sacrifices for their religion, and, anyhow, they are committed to it, and stand stiffly to their little differences. But facts should be known. The great fact, first of all, is that the bulk of the Christians in the East are, under one denomination or another, strongly and bitterly opposed to Rome, and look on her as their greatest enemy. But the region is most prolific of doctrinal differences and of distinct rites, to which the people cling with even more tenacity than to their peculiar dogmas.

The result is, that in the same region, and even in the same city, or bit of a town, or mass of ruin that once was a town, there may be any number of archbishops and bishops, of various 'rites.' Wherever it is possible—wherever zeal, influence, or money can do it, Rome has a bishop, an archbishop, or even a patriarch, in these places, for each of the 'rites' in vogue there, to catch its traditional devotees. There are of course also the prelates of her own rite in the same places. Thus Rome has for one 'rite' or another a patriarch and an archbishop at Constantinople and Scutari; four patriarchs and a bishop at Antioch; a patriarch and two archbishops at Babylon; an archbishop and three bishops at Aleppo; an archbishop and a bishop at Cæsarea; two archbishops at Diarbekir; an archbishop and a bishop at Karputh; an archbishop and a bishop at Mardin; an archbishop and a bishop at Heliopolis or Balbec; and two archbishops at Sidon. She has also bishops at many places I must confess never to have heard of in those regions. I have not

reckoned here, to the best of my belief, any of the bishops *in partibus*, many of whom derive their titles from the East. This desire to keep a hold on the East is very natural and most excusable ; and England, which is always looking that way, can find no fault with Rome. But there is something else beside patriarchs, archbishops and bishops, denominations, rites, and ceremonies, and that is, the Christians themselves, if any, thus ostensibly represented.

Some objections were taken to this enumeration. They were worth perhaps about as much as the enumeration itself. After the lapse of twenty years I have now compared it with the official Description of the Catholic Episcopate compiled on the occasion of the Council. The only correction I have to make as to numbers is that six of the Fathers hailed from Antioch. In several other instances the prelates were archbishops or bishops *in partibus*, some with grand titles, but simply Vicars Apostolic as regarded the sees under which their names were found, and where it was to be presumed they exercised episcopal functions in one rite or another. At Aleppo, for example, Rome had an archbishop for the Armenian rite, one for the Greco-Melchite, one for the Siro-Maronite, and for the Latin rite a Pro-Vicar-Apostolic with the title, *in partibus*, of Patriarch of Jerusalem.

It has been admitted in a former chapter, with very little reserve, that Rome, having regard to her unique position, and exalted aims, has no choice but to send

her missionaries wherever they have a chance of doing her work, wherever life is worth a year's purchase, wherever truth has to be preached or error combated. Supposing a missionary, there must also be a bishop, for he is a necessity of the Church, in the eyes of Rome. If other religious communities send out missionaries who are not expressly bishops, it is either because they think a bishop unnecessary, or that a priest is as good as a bishop, or that there is no such thing as a bishop or priest in the matter. Rome must be true to her own belief, and fulfil her own destiny, which is to establish the Church universal, according to a certain ideal, for which she claims primitive, apostolic, Divine authority.

Vienna : Feb. 16.

It is asserted that Count Beust, on his own responsibility, has made a most earnest representation to the Holy See respecting the twenty-one Canons recently voted by the Œcumenical Council, and has lodged a formal protest against any practical consequences which might be drawn from these or similar votes of the Council.

Munich : March 15.

It is stated on reliable authority that the Austrian Ambassador at Rome has received instructions from his Government to support the demands of France, though Austria does not intend sending a special representative to the Council.

As our readers are aware, the number of the *Augsburg Gazette* in which were published the proposed *Canones de Ecclesia* was seized by the Roman authorities. The *Augsburg Gazette* now announces that 'the Roman authorities have not confined themselves to this measure of punishment. One of our oldest and most esteemed correspondents has been the

object of a still more rigorous proceeding. Dr. Albert Dressel, a *savant*, a Catholic native of Magdeburg, but for upwards of thirty years resident in Rome, and who has long since become Roman by ties of friendship and relationship, has for some years been a correspondent of this journal, and the moderate character of his communications has never afforded any ground for complaint. This gentleman received on February 4, from the Marquis Pio Capranica, Secretary-General of the Roman Police, an order to quit Rome. This order, it was said, proceeded from the Pope. Dr. Dressel was accused of being the author of hostile articles concerning the Council which had appeared in the *Augsburg Gazette*. Neither the denial of the doctor nor the interposition of the Prussian Ambassador has availed to protect the aged gentleman, who is nearly blind, from this act of oppression. In justice to our honourable correspondent, we declare upon our honour and conscience that Dr. Albert Dressel has not written any of the letters respecting the Roman Council.'

CHAPTER LXXIV

OPPOSITION MELTING AWAY

Rome : Feb. 17.

IN my last two letters I have told you of a great and sudden thaw in the Council, which seemed to be fast melting into infallibility. All is explained. On Sunday, the 6th inst., the Pope's own Commission or 'Congregation' of 26 Fathers (12 cardinals, as many archbishops, and two bishops) concluded to accept the Petitions, or *Postulata*, for the reduction of infallibility to a dogma, one of these petitions—that is, the one that has received most notice—being that ascribed to Archbishop Manning. On Tuesday, the 15th, the Pope and the cardinals had a meeting to decide upon the kind of formula to be proposed. This formula was to be completed last night, and is to be distributed in the Council as soon as possible. The language of the formula, it is stated, is studiously moderate and in-offensive. It carefully avoids 'infallibility'—that is, the word. It will not separate the Pope from the Council or the Church, as the English archbishop has been charged with doing, and is anxious to show he has not done. In fact, whatever lies beneath, there can be no

doubt the style is to be as silken and fleecy as the nature of the subject will allow. But I doubt whether it is started very favourably when it is described as being in perfect harmony with the proposed string of anathemas the public are now in possession of. It is true that a string of anathemas is thought no more of here than a necklace of Roman pearls, or corals, or mosaics. Our own grandfathers did not think the worse of a man for cursing himself and everybody about him the whole day long. But, somehow or other, that same string of anathemas will not now go down in our country, nor will the new doctrine announced to harmonise with it. But now you have the programme.

It is expected that as soon as the Little Catechism is disposed of—and they say this can be done more speedily than was imagined—the dogma of infallibility is to be projected into the Council for immediate and full discussion. Hundreds of Fathers, they say, will want to speak upon it, and there will be a lively debate. We are left to conjecture how far it will answer the policy of the Court to let this debate go on for ever. It is stated, on the one hand, that the Court would let the Council exhaust its excitement and its talk in the spring, separate in May, and meet again to decide calmly in the cool month of October. On the other hand, there are some who expect confidently that the dogma, now declared to be rendered perfectly innocuous, will be carried by acclamation on or by Lady-day. Should this come to pass I adhere to my old opinion that the Fathers will then be allowed to go their own ways. But, meanwhile, these are signs of the times. The other day there were twenty-four applications from

bishops anxious to revisit their sees. Their cases were well considered, and the result was that ten obtained leave, but were also told they need not return in October. This looks like weeding the Council of its impracticable elements, and reducing it finally to the malleable stuff with which anything can be done.

There are some considerations that will present themselves to the least initiated observers. Supposing a discussion in the spring, a vacation in the summer, and a return for discussion in the autumn, the Fathers will certainly bring to this last and most important stage of the work some new influences and personal impressions from their own countries not uniformly favourable to Rome. Will it not be like allowing a jury to separate and enjoy themselves as they please between the first putting their heads together and the actual verdict? If the Pope finds his men in a pleasant mood in April or May, is he likely to run the risk of their being not quite so pleasant in October? What is he to gain by it? Upon the whole, I incline to think this great consummation is nearer than some expect, and that Pius IX. is not so rash and presumptuous as to place the salvation of the human race on the chance of his living another year. All know that whatever he takes in hand he does with all his might; and, what is more, he does it quickly. I must repeat, that if the Fathers do their duty on Lady-day, they will most certainly be allowed to keep their Easter at home.

As the dogma has yet to appear, the Fathers are wise to hold their tongues. That, however, has been their case all along, and the Opposition—we must still use the word for want of a better—complain that they

are obliged to fight the air against a certain, but unseen danger. In truth, it has been a duel in the dark. There has been this difficulty, and there is still. But it is stoutly maintained that the French and German anti-Infallibilists, anti-Opportunists, Liberals, or whatever we are to call them, are as staunch as ever, and that there is no labefaction or liquefaction on that side—not, at least, in the heart of the party. Dupanloup's admirers are doing their best that he shall continue to be worthy of their admiration, for they are circulating his writings gratis, together with Gratry's, through all the French-speaking countries. But you may remember the exclamation of the old orator when he found himself somewhat over-applauded by a not very discriminating audience, 'What foolish thing have I said?'

People now say it is a miracle there should be any resistance, any party, any common understanding at all, when the difficulties are considered; and that we should not be hasty to censure or despise what is in fact a necessary looseness of formation. There is no chief; there can be none. There is no whipper-in; there can be none. There is no name or party cry; there can be none. There is no organisation; there can be none. There is no uniform or flag; there can be none. The wonder is these people hold together at all, and that there is still that which we can at least talk about, and of which the Council still has fears. But what is there, or rather what is there not, opposed to these courageous and still determined people? First and foremost there is a huge dead wall, the Pope's army of petty or purely nominal bishops, to which even your useful and striking statistics of Saturday, the 12th, hardly do full justice.

It is impossible to make the slightest impression upon them, and every one of them here is as good as a Darboy or a Dupanloup. You see that we are asked to suspend our judgment on the present inaction, and to take comfort in the fact that nothing whatever has been done, and that not a sentence is even near promulgation.

The Pope opened the Exposition this morning, with the usual procession of state carriages and dragoons, and was favoured by the weather. The comparatively desert region was populous with clergy, from cardinals and patriarchs, to seminarists and monks, visitors of all nations, and people of all sorts. Strangers coming out of the railway station must have wondered to find all the world there. I heard it remarked that there was no cheering, but it is to be considered that every good Catholic throws himself on his knees the instant he sees the Pope, and every inch of ground on which this devotion had to be done had just been macadamised with the sharpest marble, granite, and limestone. You can't expect a man to cry *Vivas* while his knees are being cut to the bone. After two postponements, the first for a fortnight, then for two days, the Pope disappointed most of the English visitors by arriving ten minutes before the appointed hour. However, they saw him depart.

Rome : Feb. 17.

The Pope inaugurated to-day the exhibition of articles used in Roman Catholic worship. An immense crowd was present at the ceremony.

Angers : Feb. 17.

L'Union d'Angers of to-day says that Count Daru, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, has not sent a diplomatic de-

spatch to Rome, but has addressed a private letter to Monsignor de Merode, stating that his own devotion to the Church does not admit of a doubt, but that acts of imprudence might render the task of the French Ministry a difficult one, and that the Government to which he belongs is bound to take public opinion seriously into consideration. According to this account, Count Daru proceeds to say that the Œcumenical Council, by certain acts, would run the risk of raising a bad feeling in the French Chamber of Deputies, and he therefore recommends the Court of Rome to exercise prudence, and expresses a desire that the Council should adjourn in order to give time for calm views to prevail.

CHAPTER LXXV

COUNT DARU

THE relations of France with Rome were forced upon the attention of all visitors during the sitting of the Council, whether they took much interest in it or none at all. The presence of a large foreign army, and the comparative absence of it, are conspicuous facts. Twelve years before this Rome was in the military occupation of the French. The Romans had then only just repaired the damages done by the siege, and by the capture of the city from the hands of the Republicans. Upon one pretence or other the French were then making an appearance everywhere. I heard as well as saw. All day long their trumpeters practised in and round the Coliseum. Twice a week, seven or eight thousand, horse, foot, and artillery, went through the city to be reviewed somewhere near Ponte Milvio. Every day a regiment was paraded in the Piazza of St. Peter's. I have related elsewhere that upon my leaving St. Peter's with four ladies, and engaging a fiacre, the driver instantly dashed into the very middle of a line of French infantry marching up towards St. Peter's, compelling the officer to call out a 'halt,' and the soldiers to break rank. The officer swore hard, but still louder laughed the Italian driver, who with a freight of

English ladies was prepared to defy the world. Every day I saw French soldiers carrying, or escorting, immense quantities of bread, meat, vegetables, and wine, at a time when even a well-informed *cicerone*, or a cardinal's footman, thought a morsel of cat's meat an excess not to be often indulged in. Most of this was now of the past.

True, there was an army at Rome, and it naturally included a certain remainder or tail of the army I have been speaking of. It was just a sufficient force to keep Rome open, and prepared for re-occupation, should that be found necessary. At this time the entire forces, Roman and French, looked a very theatrical affair, though no doubt a comfortable assurance of safety to the Pope and Council. A French legion was at Cività Vecchia, for all practical purposes as near France as it was to Rome. Its presence there was significant of changed circumstances, and changed feelings. The state of things at Paris was not only menacing, but defying all calculation which is worse. During the sitting of the Council that city was in constant turmoil. There were two changes of Ministry. The Imperial institutions were no longer on trial, for they were now condemned, and the Emperor was only considering how much he could give up without entire self-immolation. The extreme Republicans were hopeful, and of course founding their chief expectations on the ruin of all other parties.

The clergy, including some of the best and ablest bishops, were proud of the national semi-independence they had now long enjoyed, and which a distinguished Englishman of their communion has pro-

nounced a more dangerous error than Anglicanism. They were now in a strait. They were not the men to see in Roman weakness a French opportunity. They wished to see Rome stronger, and themselves not weaker. It is difficult to understand how any ecclesiastic could really wish to present himself daily to all sorts and conditions of men, after publicly committing himself to a long string of most offensive provocations to mortal and irreconcilable feud.

While such was the case of the Emperor, and such the case of the French metropolis, and such the case of the clergy, there were two other elements in the question of not less gravity, and not less terrible to those who can see perils ahead.

There was the old racial incompatibility, the long rankling jealousy, the ripening feud between France and Germany, always leaving one party the better, the other the worse, in the endless account of injuries received or challenges made. At this time France had to accept, or return, what she could not but deem as insults and rebukes; and even if the Emperor had been himself disposed to accept them, that would have been construed by half France as a confession of weakness, which they were ready to avail themselves of, for their own ends. In fact the Emperor had to make the old choice between war abroad, and war at home: the one beginning, as he and the people about him supposed, with a military promenade into the centre of Europe; the latter, in a tumult at his own palace gates, to be decided in an hour.

But the one element most prominent at Rome, most discussed, and held to be most critical, was the

Empress. It was known that she was taking a woman's view of the whole situation. She had the utmost confidence in France, but it was the France of the old Bourbons, the France of the Noblesse, of the Clergy, and of Rome. It was then commonly said that she saw no other escape from home difficulties, and no chance for either the Emperor or for the Pope, but in a war with Germany. I presume that all this town's talk had some foundation. I cannot, however, remember to have heard of any particular utterance, or document, committing the Empress to any opinion on the matter.

The chief feature of the French crisis was vacillation, indecision, uncertainty, and by consequence, instability. The Empire was all on a totter. There was evidently something rotten in the State, and this rottenness, as it proved, had consumed the whole interior, and France was by this time an outside show, as the French themselves were the last to find—the Germans the first. It was no longer even a Hector the Germans had to encounter ; it was the aged Priam, who could only cast a spear above his strength, without momentum, or aim, and then accept his destiny, or his deserts.

The year 1870 began at Paris with a new Ministry, in place of one a few months old, and after many troubles. Ollivier, Daru, and Lebœuf had now to ride the storm. A few days after their acceptance of office the Emperor's uncle shot a distinguished journalist. Then ensued in rapid succession the trial of Rochefort, barricades, and what more immediately affected the Council, the death of Montalembert, a few days after delivering a public protest against any new definition of Papal infallibility. The Council was a frequent subject

of 'interpellation.' Daru, as Minister for Foreign Affairs, had immediately to announce that he was prepared to give explanations on all points connected with the Council, among other subjects. He was at any time liable to be asked what line he was taking towards the Council, and whether he was sanctioning by his silence its evident design upon the constitutional liberties of France and the existing principles of European society. He had to be ready with a satisfactory answer, or otherwise, receive his orders from his political rivals, and be so far their humble servant. There could be no doubt he would have to give some advice to the French minister at Rome, an advice that would reach the Council through some legitimate channel. There would be, and indeed there was, some difficulty here. The Marquis de Banneville was the French minister at the Court of Rome, and this might seem at once the proper channel of communication not only with the Roman Sovereign but also with the Council. If France had had to regard the Pope as Pope and King and no more, the French minister was sufficient for the purpose, as he always had been. But the Pope was now in a new and transcendental form. He was *in nubibus*, or in the Third Heaven one might say, as far as regards all ordinary affairs. As head of the Council he was taking his proper part in a preternatural development, and undergoing a miraculous change, as this might be called, from a less certainty to a greater one, from a qualified to an unqualified infallibility, from one strength to another, from a received opinion to an absolute truth.

There may or may not have been a diplomatic question as to the admission of envoys from the Catholic

Powers to the Council itself. They had been invited and admitted to the Council of Trent. It is obvious, however, that the precedent did not quite apply to the present case. On the former occasion there were, indeed, 'Catholic Powers,' in the Papal sense, for there were Powers that rendered an absolute submission to the Pope, as far as he required it, and that would not hesitate to burn a 'heretic.' But now there were no Catholic Powers in that sense. There was no sovereign without subjects over whose religious faith and practice he had no control, and whom, therefore, he could not answer for. The European sovereigns of the present age are not possessors of the soil, and of all the live and dead stock upon it ; they represent free peoples, whose opinions they are bound to consider even more than their own, even if they venture to have anything of that kind.

On the present occasion, the Pope's solution of the difficulty was to invite special envoys to his Court, and to offer them the use of a tribune, where they could see and hear what was going on. By so doing they would contribute to the grandeur of the occasion and to the weight of the authority, even at the possible cost of sharing the responsibility. But they were to be mutes. They were not to take any part in the proceedings, or have any vote, the latter being, indeed, of mighty little consequence, where a dozen bishops *in partibus*, without the shadow of a flock, would overweigh all the European Powers. As it turned out, the Pope and the Catholic Powers were never quite agreed as to the relation of the latter to the Council, the above half-and-half arrangement not answering. As far as I remember, the envoys made no use of this tribune at the private sessions

of the Council, where the Fathers were supposed to be actually consulting in what was called a General Congregation. Had they been present, and had there been any consultation, the envoys would have had to keep the Pontifical Secret, and would probably have made very light of the obligation.

From first to last, indeed, the whole affair was a battle between impossible suppositions and very solid realities. On the one hand there was the supposed spiritual monarch of the whole human race, dealing with supposed subject princes, deriving from him corresponding powers over obedient subjects all of one mind in the matter. The said monarch was supposed to exist in many capacities: as a spiritual chief, as temporal king over a specimen kingdom, as taking a rightful part in all quarrels and controversies, and expected to decide them; and, besides this, now holding a Council designed to augment and consolidate this vast and strong, even though indefinite dominion. But the whole business was now to be done in profound secrecy. It was a mere impertinence for the world—even for emperors—to wish to have a glimpse, or an echo, of what was going on. But whose secret was it? Whose Council was it? The Pope has an ordinary Council of his own; but that Council was not this, nor this that. What common example will apply to the case, and help the poor human race to understand it? Of course this was not anything in the nature of a senate, or a parliament, or a constituent assembly, or a house of representatives. The Pope had the making and the unmaking of an assembly, every member of which was his own creation, in the sense that the gift of continued existence is itself a creative act.

All these were his creations ; echoes and images of himself. He had summoned to his presence his own larger self, opened their mouths, and listened. He declares that what he declares is his own, and is not even a binding truth till he has declared it. Till he has spoken it is disputable, not after. What can any reasonable Power, in the existing state of human affairs, do, when invited to take part in such a performance ?

Early in January, it was reported in Rome that Daru had, through some channel, protested against the Propositions said to be before the Council, and not unlikely to be embodied in canons and decrees : and these reports were renewed from time to time. The Papal organs denied the alleged fact altogether. Nothing had come from France that either Pope or Council heard of. It was pronounced quite out of the question that France would interfere with a Council in which the Emperor was taking no part, indeed was not in a condition to take part. Charges of fabrication were freely lavished on those who had given currency to the rumours. It was assumed that the only foundation for them was the inference that Daru might in this way prepare himself for a reply to the anti-Catholic party in the French Chambers. Of course, too, it was added, that even if the French Foreign Minister had ventured to dictate to Heaven's Vicegerent, that is, to Heaven itself, what it ought to say and do, that mattered nothing, for if certain French politicians acted and spoke according to their own notions and circumstances, much more was the Holy Father and the Council bound to speak as they were inspired to speak. No doubt Rome is always ready with a reply, and I don't suppose that anybody

in the Council, or over it, was the least abashed at the appearance of the following in the German and English papers :—

Paris : Jan. 18, 1870.

I have seen with regret some of the things which have happened, and yet I cannot believe in any very great imprudence on the part of the Court of Rome. They cannot blind themselves enough there to suppose that the maintenance of our troops would be possible the day following that on which the dogma of Infallibility should be pronounced.

Should we wish to leave them in Rome we could not do so. There will be an irresistible movement of opinion in France, to which it will be impossible not to submit.

Certainly, the Holy Father knows it, sees it, believes it. He will yield, I hope, to the more moderate counsels of the most illustrious members of the Church of France.

I remain, &c.,

DARU.

Paris : Feb. 5, 1870.

I thank you, sir, for the information which you are so good as to give me. I fear that the party in the majority in the Council may want to abuse its advantages, and that it may go headlong towards the goal. Religious passions are still more difficult to sway than political passions.

I honour greatly the resistance opposed to them by the firm attitude of the minority of the bishops, and I second it with all my endeavours. I have repeatedly sent the instructions of the Government to M. de Banneville, who keeps me informed of everything, and by his mouth I have caused the truth to be heard by Cardinal Antonelli. It is quite evident that all may be again brought into question by the Italian and Spanish prelates, missionaries, and apostolic vicars, who seem to dwell in a world apart.

It is quite evident that they can render impossible for us the maintenance of our garrison in Rome, as well as the

arrangement of the financial affairs of the Holy See, with which I was so well disposed to occupy myself, that they may seriously invalidate the concordatorial engagements, to which the Propaganda does not appear to pay the slightest attention, and break the compact which unites us. I have warned the Cardinal of it ; I shall not cease to represent to him the danger of the position in which he places himself, and he places us ; I am not sure that these representations may be listened to ; they do not reason, they allow themselves to be carried away by the ardour of the moment. If the minority can gain time, it will do the best that is to be done at the present moment.

The revolutionary party, which has been stirring for some time, causes us a little trouble here.

It conspires, and seems to desire to act shortly. How blind they must be in Rome, if they do not see that they are giving it arms—that there is the danger ; that to shatter the conservative strength in face of such a peril is an insane act ! That to compromise religion by Syllabuses is to play the game of those who attack it audaciously every day, openly, by their words as well as in their writings ! I think that the revolutionary plots will not succeed, and that their attempts will be repressed ; but they are a symptom of the condition of minds, and they should pay some attention to them in Rome.

I remain, &c.,

DARU.

Upon these letters Quirinus observes :—

Not less remarkable is the coincidence of the decree with the publication of Count Daru's letter. Its publication, which proclaims to the world the policy of the French Cabinet towards the Court of Rome, has excited the greatest sensation in Rome, as it could not have emanated from any ordinary correspondent. The letter was only known to the English Government, and there was no copy in England except in the hands of the Ministry. It cannot be supposed that it would be offered for publication without the connivance of Count

Daru himself, and this conjecture is confirmed by the tone of the *Français*, Count Daru's organ, on the subject. It was open to it to disavow the letters, which are addressed to a private individual, and not, as the *Times* incorrectly stated, to a French prelate. But instead of seizing on this loophole, the *Français* says that the private letters of the Minister contain nothing different from his public despatches.

After the lapse of twenty years I shall be excused for forgetting from whom I received these letters ; but I well remember that they came to me with the intimation that I must on no account let it be known they passed through my hands. I accordingly had them posted under a cover to a friend in London.

Paris : Feb. 17.

The Marquis de Lavalette, who had an audience of the Emperor when he recently passed through Paris on his way to his country seat of Cavalerie, is expected in Paris on Saturday, and will probably return to England early in April. There seems no present intention of removing him from the London embassy. M. de Banneville, who yesterday had an hour's interview with Count Daru, and who is understood strongly to insist on the propriety of maintaining an attitude of mere observation in Rome, will return next week to his post, the report that another person was likely to be sent thither in his stead proving unfounded. It is thought probable that all interpellations and explanations relating to the affairs of the Roman Council will be indefinitely postponed in the Chamber.

CHAPTER LXXVI

STILL ON THE LITTLE CATECHISM

Rome : Feb. 18.

ALL sides are now buoyant with hope. The Italians—that is, the perfidious enemies by whom the Pope's own organ declares his Throne to be surrounded—say that Rome is about to stultify herself past all cure. Rome herself says that she is about to unite all nations, and establish her reign for ever. The wondrous birth of time which is to do this has not yet been seen by eyes profane, but the exultation is unbounded. Already all the supposed failures and mishaps are more than repaired ; they are justified, and declared to be the very best things that could have happened. A significant expression has reached me, if once, a dozen times during the last month—that is, ever since the confessed failure of the Infallibility Petition. It was, ‘Of course we cannot disregard a petition signed by an actual majority of the Council, small as it might be.’ That expression was current in Rome at the very time when we were all desired to believe that the Petition had not even been presented at all. It was rather ostentatiously confessed—that is, as men confess the sins of their neighbours—that the document was injudicious, the operation bungled, and some harm done by the inexperience and

maladroitness of the distinguished novice charged with the task. The Cardinals have looked on him as Saul probably looked on the unproved youth, who might possibly slay the giant, and who would be no great loss if he himself perished in the attempt. The result in this case is neither one thing nor the other, but enough has been done to build upon, and the world is promised a new Dogma. In my last I told you that the discussion on the Little Catechism threatened to stop the way indefinitely ; by all calculations for near a month. But they are going through it at a hand gallop, eight Fathers a day, and next week the coast will be clear for whatever the Court may give precedence to. It will be this Dogma.

So far I am ready to believe what I am told ; but I cannot believe what it is evidently wished to impress on people here, that there is to be a deliberate, protracted, and, indeed, adjourned discussion of this Dogma. It is gravely put about as a serious probability that hundreds are to speak on this subject, and that the Fathers are to have time to calm down for a few months in the retirement of their own sees before they are to be invited to a decision. The discussion might be closed in a fortnight or less, for the working majority is as much in hand as the officials of the Council or the Pope's household. So all the talk about a protracted discussion and an adjournment of the question goes for nothing, as a thing that may be or may not be. No man can answer for it. On the other hand, while the Dogma is thus in continual suspense, and all the alarm, all the vigilance directed to it alone, there are the successive strings of canons and decrees, all of them more or less involving the

same doctrine. Even if the Dogma is never to be carried, in this Council at least, it still operates as a point to which to direct attention. It is no longer any secret that if it is to be carried it will be in defiance of the Catholic Powers—that is, of those with Roman Catholic populations. The Archbishop of Paris gave an entertainment yesterday to the French and Austrian Ambassadors and the Prussian and Bavarian Ministers, and it is interpreted to mean that these Powers are agreed, and are pledged to co-operation. But, while they are making these arrangements to meet the discharge of one monster piece of ordnance, it is quite possible they may find themselves outwitted by ecclesiastical engines of real efficacy, though not quite so pretentious.

The proposed 'Little Catechism for the Universal Church' has been under discussion now for four sittings, and must occupy a day or two more. On Thursday, the 10th, the speakers were—Mathieu, Rauscher, Simor, Guibert; Pedicini, of Bari; Moreno, of Ivrea; Forcade, of Nevers; and Dupanloup. Of these I hear the Bishop of Ivrea spoke rather against the proposed Catechism, and Dupanloup preferred one in use in his own diocese—his own, I believe. On Monday, the 14th, the speakers were De Langalerie, of Belley; Sola, of Nizza; Verot, of Savannah; David, of St. Brieux; and Ballerini, Patriarch of Alexandria. Of these the Bishop of St. Brieux spoke against the proposed Catechism. Dr. Grant was to have spoken on that day, but was taken ill, and wished Manning to read his speech for him, in his absence. This, however, was found to be contrary to the Regulations. Dr. Grant is well now. On Tuesday, the 15th, the speakers were—Ricciardi, of

Reggio ; Nobili Vitelleschi, of Osimo and Cingoli ; Ghilardi, of whom you have heard before ; Keane, of Cloyne ; Mabile, of Versailles ; De La Bouilleric, of Carcassona ; Clifford, of Clifton ; and Payà y Rico, of Cuenca. Of these I hear that Dr. Clifford had objections to the proposed Catechism, and named one he preferred to Bellarmine's. Six more bishops were to speak to-day, when there would remain eleven more, one of them Ricca, the first General of an Order yet announced for speaking. The names will at least serve to illustrate the difficulty of finding one form of elementary religious instruction for all the world.

Rome : Feb. 18.

The Pope has despatched Monsignor Pluym to Constantinople with special powers, in the hope of putting an end to the schism which has arisen in the Armenian community.

After the lapse of twenty years some readers will be disposed to smile at the idea of a Little Catechism occupying many days, dividing a Council, and eliciting much use or abuse of mediæval Latin, when so critical a question as infallibility was pending, and its decision imminent. I see Quirinus thinks it necessary to account for the episode, and calls it the last stage of the peaceful proceedings which are to precede the battle. This does not accord with my own recollections, nor with the comments which Quirinus immediately proceeds to make on the debate, which was anything but peaceful. He says, for example, that Dupanloup 'lashed those

who think that the cultivated nations of the Catholic world are to have a Catechism dictated to them by Rome.

Certainly, to dictate a first course of theological instruction to all the world is an ambitious design, but England does the like for those of her fellow-subjects who can duly recognise her Majesty as Defender of the Faith. Our own Catechism is a very weighty—indeed grievous—question, not only to the comparatively few who have studied its history, but still more to the many who think either that it is very defective, or that it is unsuitable for its purpose, or that it is misleading in its doctrine. Putting Irish Catholics and Scotch Presbyterians out of the question, nearly half of the English population will have nothing to say to it. At the very first beginning of the Oxford movement several clergymen held that nothing could be done without a new Catechism defining more sharply and precisely Church, orders, membership, communion, sacraments, &c., to the exclusion of Papists and Dissenters. That design has been several times revived, and, as I write this, is once more occupying Convocation.

Of course all depends on the fundamental idea: What do we mean, or intend, by a Catechism? Is it an introduction proper to a tender age? To what age, then, shall it be adapted—to seven years, or to fourteen? Even at the later age the mind is scarcely receptive of a mystery, except as an unintelligible form of words. Is it in the nature of a pledge, or an oath, to bind the conscience and the intellect, and preclude for ever all inquiry, or rational apprehension? The arch-magicians who insinuated themselves into the counsels of the

Church of England some centuries ago succeeded in constructing an engine which effectually split up the Christianity of these isles, and now utterly debar from all unity or approach. For the sake of the Little Catechism which the Church of England is so proud to have invented, and passed off as a Summary of Scripture and the Church, it has gone on making first one costly sacrifice, then another, till it is hard to see what remains to be sacrificed, and what there is worth preserving.

To put any meaning whatever into the special creed into which English Churchmen are baptised and married, requires a very bold philosopher and a very ingenious theologian ; and I, for one, cannot feel myself equal to the task, though I have been on it now for three-quarters of a century. That the greater part of my countrymen are in the same plight as myself, is not to me a matter of congratulation, for I honestly wish they did understand our Catechism, at least its creed, better than I do.

But what new design, what new portent is this, that I now hear—indeed reproduced annually as one of the discoveries of the age? It far, far surpasses all that poor benighted Rome ever conceived of herself. All that Rome ever contemplated was to hand down and disseminate the faith and religion she believed herself to have received near nineteen hundred years ago, with no more development than was consistent with the original form. Modest as this design might seem, it was yet hazardous, and cannot be pronounced absolutely successful. But we are now gravely informed by the most infallible of men that it is the function, the privilege, and the duty of the British Empire to invent religions suited to the various tastes and habits

of its peoples and races. Theology, rightly considered, they tell us, is only a spiritual Pharmacopœia, instructing us how to select, compound, and administer certain words and ideas, found by experience to operate this way or that way on the human mind. Certainly this beats the highest flight of the Vatican, and the accumulated wisdom of its thousand and one Fathers. With this project seriously entertained in high quarters in this country, our only possible contention with the Pope is that he does not go far enough—at all events that we beat him.

CHAPTER LXXVII

PIO NONO

Rome : Feb. 20.

THE most careless observer must be struck with the defensive tone which Rome has assumed within a week or two. Like the ladies I saw yesterday in the balconies in the Corso, she had prepared a vast magazine of small artillery, and was already discharging hailstorms of conventional malice against all the world. Suddenly, like the same ladies, she has had to shield herself from combined foes, though, it must be admitted, as aggressive and defiant as ever.

The Pope spoke from the abundance of his heart at the opening of the Exposition. He arrived there much fatigued, his thoughts evidently far away ; and the cheers of a compact troupe trained to cry *Viva 'l Papa Infallibile !* could not dispel his anxieties. He asked not to be over-walked, was conducted to a throne, and went through the ceremony. Standing up, which they say is unusual, he paused to collect his thoughts, and spoke with great emphasis. Starting fairly from the manifold inspirations of faith, it was religion, he said, that guided the brush in the strong lines which depict the old man receiving his last sacrament ; religion that gave the chisel its force when it carved the great Law-giver,

Catholic principle, with whatever matter it had to deal, he said, was one great harmony, inexhaustible and life-giving; it was not founded on the shifting sands, but on the rock. 'It is said'—and here the Pope passed at once from what he saw to what he had heard—nay, I am assured, to something by Falloux, which he must have read very recently in the *Augsburg Gazette*—'it is said that the Catholic religion requires the adoption of the principles of 1789, now the talk of the Italian demagogues. But the Catholic religion,' he said, 'loves and cherishes all the arts of true progress, instead of opposing them.' That was a calumny invented to give colour to political principles which the Church could not but abhor and condemn. 'Religion,' he said, 'is immutable; not an idea, but the truth. Truth knows no change. The Catholic Church ever, from time to time, denounces and proscribes the hand uplifted against the supreme principles which have governed the faith for so many centuries.' His Holiness added that he prayed for those misguided persons, and promised them forgiveness if they would repent and seek again the sacred fold. Much more had he to say on this point, but time failed.

Returning to the Exposition, he said it had another object, which was to further uniformity in the ecclesiastical hierarchy and ecclesiastical dignities. 'I do not mean that these need any change as respecting us and the Orientals;' and here, stretching out his hand, he exclaimed, 'Are there any here? If any are, I wish them to know that it is my will that there shall be no change in forms. Let them retain their time-honoured customs and insignia. If they can draw nearer to our

discipline, that is much to be desired ; but in matters of form, I repeat, I wish no change.' The Pope expressed his warm gratitude to the Commission, which had filled the building so well in spite of the difficulties, and to the exhibitors, many of whom had come from such distant countries ; and so concluded with his benediction upon all Catholic arts and industries. The Pope blessed as he rose from his throne, and blessed as he sat down ; but that which brought him on his legs, and gave the heart and substance of his address, was in another strain, and addressed to the Council rather than to the Exposition.

At the same time the Pope's own organ has set about the work of defence with an industry and research which seem to show that the emergency was not quite unforeseen. The policy of Pius IX. ! Does it want an apology ? Will it not stand comparison with any other in the world ? What is there in it to amend or recall, or to conceal ? As for that Letter which is now to be his test, has he not carried out every word of it ? The principles of his Pontificate constitute the most stupendous defence his most devoted children can ever raise to his memory. There once existed archives which Napoleon III. had some reason to be ashamed of. They have disappeared, no one knows how. On the contrary, in 1857 Pius IX. published all the documents relating to his policy in 1847 ; the Pontifical in Latin, the Regal in Italian. He never changed from what he began. He never took up with something new, or repudiated the old. All the principles of the Syllabus were enunciated at the period when he is now said to have won the name of Benevolent—that is, in 1846 and 1847. It was in

December 1846 that he denounced the principal evils of the age, the fallacies of human opinion, and the wild spirit of innovation. Then, too, he appealed to the memory and acts of Gregory XVI., to be written, as he said, in letters of gold.

In what follows I cannot find that Pius IX. did or said much more than was customary in those days, and, indeed, in any other days before and after, with our own English High Church divines—and Low Church, too, for the matter of that; and if I continue to quote this laboured apology it will be in order to ask how it is that what excited no attention in those days disgusts, alarms, and exasperates now. The stronger the language of the forgotten document, the more significant the effect of the noisy and ostentatious revival. In the very infancy of his Pontificate, it seems, Pius IX. exposed the great league of unbelief called Rationalists, who repudiate the light of supernatural faith, and give the supremacy to proud reason and the dictates of nature. It was then he raised his voice against all private interpretation of the Word of God in contempt of the only legitimate, infallible authority of the Church of Christ and His Vicar, the Pontiff. Nor was it to religion and Scripture and the Dogma that the Pope confined himself. He denounced the impiety which disregarded the laws of the Church, but, not less, all contempt of rights and lawful civil authority. His predecessors had already laid their anathema on the secret societies vomited forth from the regions of darkness for the ruin of Church and State. Pius IX., it seems, singled out for his own special anathemas the Bible Societies instituted by heretics for the spread of their secret poison. Under the same ban

he laid religious indifference, the opposition to religious celibacy, and the establishment of a soul-destroying philosophy under the pretence of education. It was then he warned the faithful against the pernicious tracts sown broadcast by wicked hands, and, in a word, all free thoughts, free speech, and, above all, the free press. Certainly it is not amiss the world should be reminded that it was Pope Pius IX. who did all this ; that he did it when he was, so to speak, a child of the people, and that it passed with scarcely animadversion—nay, more, that the bare fact may be almost said to be forgotten.

But the Pope's apologists are not content with the natural inference that he was always the same man that he is now ; they must also establish a splendid and elaborate unity of design. It is a policy that is to be defended, and the world is triumphantly asked why it interferes too late with the completion of the edifice it has had the opportunity of watching from the very foundations, and seen slowly rising story after story in a Pontificate providentially prolonged for this very work. As it is a question that concerns France a good deal more than ourselves, I need not hesitate to assist the Pope and his privileged champions in putting it well before the world. It appears that as early as November 1846, the Pope condemned the Proposition numbered the fourth in the Syllabus, and then, or shortly after, expressed himself in like manner as to the Propositions numbered sixth, seventh, sixteenth, fortieth, and sixty-third in the Syllabus. But the fourth paragraph is simply a quotation *in extenso* from the earlier document, and various letters and allocutions from January to

December 1847 are referred to, and the titles given, in order to prove that the Syllabus, and consequently the Propositions now before the Œcumenical Council, were all anticipated, more or less literally, on or before the very year 1847 now brought into question. When, therefore, Napoleon III. asks the Pope to return to the counsels of 1847, it is nothing more nor less than advising him to return to the Syllabus—a most needless piece of advice—inasmuch as the Vicar of Jesus Christ has never departed from those counsels, and is not likely to depart from them.

If, too, it be said that all this refers only to religious principles, not to those relating to temporal matters, and that Pius IX. has certainly somewhat departed from his first temporal policy, and has shown a want of fixed principles, an answer is at hand, these writers inform us. In the first month of 1847 M. Guizot wrote a series of despatches to the French Minister at the Court of Rome, bringing before the newly-elected Pope certain articles agreed upon by the five European Powers in 1831, with a view to the improvement of the Papal Government. Pius IX. entered heartily into the programme, and immediately upon his coronation had the entire series of papers collected, with all the appended documents, and these he kept in his own room in the Quirinal, with his private papers, intending to make the fullest use of them. When, however, he was driven into exile, these papers, with many others, were stolen and dispersed or destroyed. The Pope had made no secret of his reason for collecting the papers, said to have been very bulky, and lumbering his private room with them. His intention was to study them diligently, and by their light to

give to the Pontifical Government that completion which he felt it still needed.

Of course, it is a great pity that the loss of these papers should have entirely stopped for twenty years all reform at the Holy See ; but, for the present, I will return to the Syllabus, and its growth from the sapling of 1847 to the Œcumenical Council of 1870. The present argument worked out elaborately before us is that if the world stood by quietly and watched with approving smiles the first inception, the scattered anticipation, and the slow progress of this enormous design, it has no reason to interfere with the final execution. The argument is addressed, of course, to those who are directly concerned in the result, and who also had the power always in their hands. Why did they let the work go on towards its evil and bitter end? But the argument is still liable to the rejoinder--If all that comes of allowing Pius IX. to begin as he did, and go on as he did, what in the world will not come of letting him work it out to the very end of all?

The Council is getting over the ground rapidly, with a view to the great question. There were seven speakers on Friday. It is said that on the previous discussion upon bishops and clergy one speaker surprised the Council with a suggestion that all the clergy of a diocese should make a common fund, and live together as much as possible. A good many more applications for leave to depart have been referred to the Holy Father, who finally decides. The Fathers are so utterly wearied with the speeches that it is said the New Ruics forthcoming will be allowed quietly to substitute printed for spoken addresses, with, however, some security for

their proper consideration; but this, it is evident, will put it in the power of the Court to make the discussion last just as long as it pleases. The Archbishop of Paris has written to his clergy that he may without doubt be expected at home by Easter, whether the work here be finished or not.

The Archbishop of Milan has been thanked by his clergy for the resistance he has offered to the extreme Propositions before the Council, and either they or his other friends at Milan take the opportunity to remind him, on I know not what grounds, that the See of Milan was once held equal in rank and dignity to the See of Rome, and its Canons called Cardinals. The Court of Rome has always done all it could to depreciate and ignore the title of Primate, and to treat it as an empty and gratuitous pretension. Whenever it could, it let two Primates set themselves up and fall together by the ears. In the Regulations of this Council the Pope carefully explains that he will have nothing to do with the precedence of Primates, that they must settle it among themselves, and that no order they may now happen to sit in shall be construed into a precedent. He has now done something more. The Archbishops of Antipari and Scutari, Malines and Salerno, have put in their claims to sit among the Primates, and their claims have been allowed.

For more serious matter, Beust has followed the example of France, and sent word that infallibility will separate Church and State in Austria. The Spanish Minister is in co-operation with the representatives of the four other Powers. While the Pope and his Court are telling everybody without reserve that infallibility

is wanted for the greater power it will bring, the Governments of Europe say that is the very reason why they object to it and will not have it. Indeed, it is evident that this whole affair is passing out of ecclesiastical into civil hands, and that the Church of Rome is about to suffer that indignity of a Lay Court of Appeal so much resented by our High Churchmen at home.

The Pope, who has been suffering from an attack of bronchitis grafted on chronic catarrh of the lungs, is well enough at present to be able to discharge the varied and arduous duties entailed by the sitting of the Fathers.—Paris Correspondent of the *Lancet*.

Rome : Feb. 19.

M. Friederich, the theological adviser of Cardinal Hohenlohe, has been accused of sending letters to the *Augsburg Gazette*, and has received orders to leave Rome this evening. The rumour that the Council will shortly be adjourned is confirmed.

Paris : Feb. 19.

The preliminary inquiry into the charge against Prince Pierre Bonaparte for killing M. Victor Noir was completed yesterday, and the prince has been ordered to take his trial before the High Court of Justice.

Evening.

A meeting of the Right Centre has been held, at which it was resolved to support the Ministry. The *Moniteur* of this evening confirms the intelligence that Count Daru, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, has addressed a letter to Count Werner Merode, recommending that the discussion upon the question of Papal Infallibility should be adjourned.

Paris : Feb. 20.

A Ministerial decree of yesterday's date orders the High Court of Justice to assemble at Tours on March 21, for the

trial of Prince Pierre Bonaparte. M. Glandaz will act as presiding judge, and M. Grandperret as public prosecutor. The *Gazette des Tribunaux* states that the preliminary investigation has furnished proof of the assault to which the prince asserts that he was subjected, so that no doubt is left as to the provocation offered to him, and which caused him to shoot M. Victor Noir, and to threaten the life of M. Fonvielle.

Rome : Feb. 20.

The Carnival commenced¹ yesterday. Perfect calm prevailed, and but few foreigners took part in the festivities. The police found several placards on the walls turning the question of Papal infallibility into ridicule.

CHAPTER LXXVIII

THE NEW REGULATIONS

Rome : Feb. 22.

I SEND you the new Regulations, which have been long looked for and invested with a certain critical character, as a turning-point in the history of the Council. They read very reasonable and parliamentary, insomuch as to suggest the idea that the battle has been already fought upon them, and that what we see is the compromise. But a day or two may reveal an ambushade. Whether it be said with sincerity or not, all are promised an opportunity for delivering their conscience, and all, it is added, will avail themselves of it. Great is to be the multitude of preachers—hundreds of them. But when you come to counting shadows, names, and ciphers, the calculation is very elastic, and the manipulation easy. It may take a day to dispose of one man, no more than an hour to get rid of a thousand. If these Regulations are to be taken at what they seem to profess, the managers of this great affair must think that the loss of time is entirely owing to irregularity, discursiveness, and want of method, not to any real difficulties in the subject, or to the lawful variations of human opinion. Accordingly, it is hoped, simply and honestly, that if men will be so good as to put themselves into the ‘well-oiled machine

one has heard of so often here, time and space will disappear, and truth will flash on mankind.

But I must revert to the great topic. Had I pretended to see further into a millstone than most men, or than some of your other correspondents, I should be tempted to deal craftily with the information I have now to give you, for it happens to confirm what others have told you at least much more plainly than myself. The high Infallible party are making great merriment over the admitted fact that the Governments of the Catholic Powers have been communicating with the Court and the Council here. It is admitted there have been remonstrances, and even menaces, and that the chiefs of the so-called Opposition have received encouragement to go on and prosper. But in the politics of this place it is assumed that whatever is known is a feint to conceal the reality or divert attention from it. It would not be known to all the world what Daru has written, or what Beust has written, if it meant anything.

The Infallibilists do not insinuate that either of these statesmen is insincere, but it is certainly assumed that there is insincerity somewhere. 'Oh, yes; we know all that,' is their language. 'There will be plenty of protests; people's honour will be saved all round, and infallibility will be passed by the Council in the strongest sense. Once passed, it will be accepted very easily and quietly, and there will be no more fuss about it.' It is natural to reply that there has been a considerable amount of resistance and division, and that saintly tempers have been ruffled. The rejoinder is that everything has gone on exactly as was expected, and quite as smoothly as could be desired. Nobody likes perfectly

smooth water. They who manage the Council are conscious of no check. Nor do they expect any. Of course such expectations, so freely avowed, suggest painful inquiries as to the persons out of this city in the 'Pontifical Secret.' How does it come to pass that the happy possessors of that secret can tell the world, as they do, that a mass of official and unofficial communications from I know not how many Courts are already discounted at their true value, which is *nil*?

The crisis is approaching. The Little Catechism has probably been disposed of this morning. Then comes the list of Propositions relating to the Church and to the Pontiff. As soon as the latter subject is on, *the* Dogma of all Dogmas is to shoot like a comet athwart the ecclesiastical heavens. It is spoken of as even a matter of duty that everyone is to say something about it. But, according to the Regulations I now send, the first notices, the first speaking, and the first voting will be on the Proposition in its general aspect, like a debate on the first reading in our House of Commons. That general discussion closed, the President will put the principle, not the express terms of 'the Bill before the House,' to the Fathers, when all who rise from their seats will be counted, and no doubt found a very large majority. Shall we see this event before Easter? Everybody is asking the question here—that is, everybody who feels the least interest in what is presumed to be the most important question that can divide or unite the world. That the event will come off some time or other no one doubts.

The Pope's people say that Rome has been driven to it. That sounds odd, but it is an old story. They explain that the Catholic journals all over the world have

raised the question, which will not be set at rest till Rome has spoken. But the said Catholic organs in this Peninsula are Pius IX.'s organs of speech as much as his own lips and tongue, and the questions they ask are what he puts to the world. The Italians, never at a loss, answer the question also, and thank Heaven it has been put. Let the Pope be declared infallible by all means, they say ; let infallibility be placed in one man, and then we shall know how we stand, and what we are dealing with. All who wish them well wish the same. For myself I must protest against a falsity, whatever good, if good, may seem to come out of it.

Another word or two. I do not pretend to know characters, especially when I have only writings to go by. Dupanloup, it is declared by his admirers, came here an anti-opportunist, and is now an anti-dogmatist, substantially agreeing with Strossmayer, Döllinger, and Gratry. The second of these men has lately said that he has talked and preached as he now writes for forty years, but the Bishops of Manheim and Munich write to say that they have known him, and acted with him, for forty years, without guessing it. He may be right after all, and they wrong, for it is possible for a man to be blind and deaf for forty years.

The Orientals generally are said to be suffering horrors, Dupanloup pulling them one way, and Cardinal Barnabo the other. There is a story that the unfortunate Hassun, the Armenian Patriarch of Cilicia, who was compelled to consecrate two of the Pope's nominees the other day, and whose clergy and congregation have accordingly renounced him, placing themselves under the Sultan's protection, had proposed his own two at-

tendants here, one of them his 'groom,' that is, I suppose, his body servant. But this sounds like a Popish invention. The Melchite and the Maronite Churches are now said to be well in opposition. However, they will signify little. 'Infallibility is certain.' I add the new Regulations. The Carnival is in full roar a few yards off.

New Decree for the Regulation of the Council, issued to the Fathers at the sitting of February 22 :—

In the Apostolical Letter, *Multiplices inter*, issued last November 27, the Supreme Pontiff constituted the general order to be observed in the celebration of the Vatican Council : and in that Letter, besides other things, he prescribed certain fixed rules in order to secure a proper system in the discussions of the Fathers

Now, however, our Most Holy Lord, for the more easy attainment of that object, having regard also to the complaints repeatedly made by the Fathers that the discussions were protracted to an unreasonable length, out of his own apostolic solicitude, has determined to lay down for the General Congregations of the Council some special rules, which, while they carry out the general system already in force, and do not interfere with that liberty of discussion which becomes the bishops of the Catholic Church, will provide a more complete and expeditious method for the examination of the matters to be handled, for discussion and deliberation.

Having, therefore, taken into consultation the Cardinal Presidents of the General Congregations of the Council, and having obtained also the opinions of the Fathers of the Special Commission for receiving and weighing the propositions made by the Bishops, our Most Holy Lord has given to us the following ordinances to be issued and observed :—

1. Upon the distribution of a *Schema* to the Fathers of the Council, the Cardinal Presidents of the General Congregations

shall name a reasonable period within which the Fathers who have any remarks to make on the *Schema* must present them in writing.

2. The remarks are to be arranged in the following order—viz. those first which relate generally to the whole *Schema*, or to a division of it, as the Presidents shall have appointed ; then those which refer to the several parts of the *Schema*, the order of the *Schema* itself being duly observed.

3. The Fathers who have any remarks to make either on the words or on the paragraphs of the proposed *Schema* shall state what form of words or of paragraphs they propose to substitute for them.

4. The remarks of the Fathers, thus arranged and certified by their signatures, shall be given to the Secretary of the Council, and by him be forwarded to the respective Committees of Bishops.

5. After these remarks have been duly weighed in the meeting of the Committee charged with that subject, there shall be distributed to every Father an amended *Schema*, together with a brief statement in which mention shall be made of the remarks proposed to be made.

6. The *Schema*, together with the said statement, being communicated to the Fathers, the Cardinal Presidents shall fix a day for a General Congregation in which the discussion is to be entered on.

7. The discussion shall be first generally upon the *Schema*, whole or divided, as the Cardinal Presidents shall think proper : and when that discussion is concluded, each part of the *Schema* shall be handled separately, the speakers always having before them, in this discussion of the details, the form they propose to substitute for the period or the paragraph of the amended *Schema*, which form they are to hand in writing to the Presidents at the conclusion of their speech.

8. They who wish to speak on the amended *Schema*, when they announce their intention to the Presidents, shall explain at the same time whether they wish to speak generally on the

whole *Schema*, or specially on its parts ; as also on what part, and with what special object in view.

9. With the leave of the Presidents, any member of the respective Committees of Bishops may reply to the objections and remarks of the speakers, either immediately after a speech, or after several speeches on the same subject, on either that or a future day.

10. The speakers must confine themselves to the subject. If any Father wanders off it, it will be the duty of the Presidents to call him back to the question.

11. If, the subject being exhausted, the discussions are protracted to an unreasonable length, then, upon the presentation of a request by at least ten Fathers, the Cardinal Presidents may put it to the question whether the meeting wishes the discussion to be continued, and, calling upon those who think otherwise to stand up, may close the discussion if the majority is that way.

12. When the discussion upon one part of a *Schema* is finished, before the meeting passes on to another, the Cardinal Presidents shall take the votes of the meeting, first upon the proposed amendments, then upon the original text of the part discussed.

13. The votes, both on amendments and also on the original text, shall be thus taken : The Presidents shall first call on those to rise up who agree to the amendment or to the original text ; then on those that disagree ; and after a comparison of the votes the decision shall be according to the majority.

14. When the votes shall thus have been taken on all the parts of the *Schema*, the Cardinal Presidents shall take the opinions of the Fathers upon the whole of the *Schema* that has been gone through. But on this occasion the votes shall be given *viva voce*, by the word *Placet* or *Non Placet* ; it being permitted, however, to those who wish to vote with some condition, to give the vote and condition in writing.

Here then, as it seems, is the first and last official record of the 'Special Commission' for receiving and weighing the propositions made by the bishops. It is here described as having been consulted, and having at once surrendered its functions to the Cardinal Presidents of the General Congregations. The French and Germans had asked that the Commission might be strengthened and popularised by the addition of ten representative bishops. Though not stated, this would probably imply the withdrawal, or the abeyance, of all or most of the cardinals in the Commission, and its assimilation to the four Committees for special subjects. Quirinus, while expecting the appearance of the Commission on the scene of action, and knowing only its constitution and its members, had spoken of it as holding the Council in its hands, and as likely to do its work for it. Had that been the case, the addition of ten representative bishops, in the place of the cardinals, or overweighing them, would have enabled the Commission to supersede not only the Council, but the Pope. So the Court of Rome seems to have taken the simpler course of dispensing with the services of the Commission altogether. There were plenty behind the scenes to do its work as well, or better.

Rome : Feb. 22.

In the General Congregation held to-day the discussion of the Catechism, which had occupied two previous sittings, was brought to a conclusion. Six Fathers addressed the Council. Six other *Schemata* have been distributed, one of which relates to the Religious Orders. A Decree affecting the Regulation of the Council, and intended to accelerate the progress of dis-

cussions, has been made public. The Decree prescribes that General Congregations shall be held every ten days. It enacts, moreover, that the Prelates, after the distribution of *Schemata* which have become orders of the day, shall present their observations in writing to the appointed Committee.

It is stated above, at p. 115, that Dupanloup had been credited with some change of opinion since the meeting of the Council. What his views were on the eve of the Council appears from the following summary of a Letter published at that date :—

Paris : Nov. 16.

This evening's journals publish a Letter, addressed by Monseigneur Dupanloup to the clergy of the diocese of Orleans, in which his Lordship declares himself adverse to a definition of the personal infallibility of the Pope as inopportune. Monseigneur Dupanloup, moreover, blames the intemperate language of such journals as the *Civiltà Cattolica* and the *Univers*, which have opened the discussion upon this delicate question, and have prejudged the decisions of the Œcumenical Council. His Lordship says that a declaration of personal infallibility would be inopportune at the present time, because it would be useless and dangerous ; would drive schismatics and heretics still further from the Church, their restoration to which ought not to be despaired of ; would provoke the mistrust even of Catholic governments, and would revive the hatred of the Pontifical Power. Monseigneur Dupanloup mentions only to blame those Popes who confounded the spiritual with the temporal, and arrogated to themselves claims to dominate over Thrones, referring particularly to the Bull of Paul III., which released the subjects of Henry VIII. from their oath of allegiance. This Bull Monseigneur Dupanloup considers to have been calculated rather to precipitate the English nation into heresy than to have brought it back to the Church, and to have been for all Christendom a great misfortune.

CHAPTER LXXIX

THE POPE AND THE CATHOLIC POWERS

Rome : Feb. 25.

ON Tuesday, after seven more speeches, the Little Catechism was finally sent to the mysterious limbo where now lies everything yet discussed in the Council. All the four schedules of Propositions, or what not, are in the hands of the two Committees on Faith and Discipline, and are already referred, or to be soon referred, by them to very small Sub-Committees, assisted by theologians—some of them the Jesuits engaged in preparing these schedules. On Tuesday, also, there was distributed a new schedule of Propositions relating to the Regular Orders, no doubt in order to find matter for the Committee charged with that subject. At the same time the Fathers received, in the form of a Decree, the new Regulations for the quicker despatch of business, which I sent you the other day. It is said that they further restrict liberty of discussion, but the chief complaint made is that, being in the form of a Decree, they cannot themselves be discussed in Council. The force of this complaint I do not myself understand. The original Regulations, like everything else relating to the action of the Council, were a simple emanation of the

Papal will and pleasure. There were remonstrances, nevertheless, and in due time inconveniences discovered themselves. The result is the new Regulations, which are likely enough to fare as the others did. However, it is always taken for granted here, and that by people with a long and painful experience, that whatever comes from the Court has a sinister intention. As I have just said, there was a good reason for setting the Council to work on the Regular Orders, but this was not the expected subject of the next discussion, and all sides have been taken by surprise. The Propositions *de Ecclesia* and *de Romano Pontifice* had been long threatened for discussion as soon as ever the Little Catechism could be got rid of, and under the second of these heads the great battle was to be fought.

But all that volcanic matter is now indefinitely postponed ; the Syllabus takes another leap into the future ; and infallibility — it is the very latest thing I hear — has not even yet received the form in which it is to fight all the powers of evil or of good. It is still as far to seek as the monster gun that is to overcome all the defences of earth, wood, iron, or stone that men raise against it. It is clear to me that I shall never see either the final gun or the irresistible dogma. But observe how we are situated here. The Council stands adjourned to Thursday, March 3, not without good reasons. Wednesday is a day of ceremonies, and till that day Rome is running riot in its own peculiar fashion. But when the Council meets again it will have sat twelve weeks and a day, and done nothing at all but send back all its work to be fashioned anew for further discussion. The entire Church will have been deprived of its bishops, and consigned to

the care of Vicars Apostolic directly appointed by the Pope, for a quarter of a year, and this Council kept here at a cost beyond calculation, without any result whatever.

I admire, and I am even charmed with, the audacity, the ingenuity, and the readiness of the Papal writers, but not one of the entire corps could put his finger on a thing the Council has yet done, or a word it has yet sanctioned, or a doctrine, or opinion, or sentiment to which it has given a new colour. It has thus far been as absolutely unproductive as the huge lumps of granite in the ruins of old Rome. Yet we are daily assured here, on the infallible authority of the Pope's own journals, that everything has gone on exactly as was wished and expected, and that the majestic operation has never suffered the slightest check or intestine disturbance. All that is reported to this effect, they declare, they swear, they call heaven to witness, has no foundation whatever, except in the dreams, the imaginations, and the inventiveness of writers compelled to send home something in return for the cost of their mission. I suppose the day is to come—and perhaps I may rue the day—when King Log is to be succeeded by King Stork; but the reign of King Log is very long. Even if we did not happen to know the true state of the case, we might still ask, from time to time, why His Majesty sits there so long doing nothing.

But besides those rumours of what goes on within the screen, which I have never treated otherwise than as rumours, supported by some concurrence of testimony, there are matters of which the outer world is well cognisant, and which do not look as if everything was going

on smoothly. First for all the diplomacy which is going on. There are those here who laugh at it. Rome, they say, has always had to deal with diplomacy, and has always got the better of it, not exactly by outwitting it, but because diplomacy represents neither a sovereign nor a nation, but the whole State, in which the Church must always go for a good deal. The diplomatists, it is said, are sent to fight a losing battle, with as much decency as possible. No sovereign will ever throw away his best card or his best piece if he can help it. I do not yet know how the people here take the arrival of M. Baroche to assist the French ambassador with his knowledge of the history and working of Concordats. It shows, at least, a proper sense of the crisis, and of the necessity for vigilance and prompt decision. It may also imply that, while the Fathers are deliberating, an affair is in progress a little way off.

Meanwhile, the Pope's organs do not cease to send to Napoleon III. their pious homilies on the fickleness of human favour and the uncertainty of power. They remind the Emperor of what, by his own account, the name of Napoleon meant in 1849, and what it means now, when, as they tell him, it has become the shadow of a shade. It now means only the absence of all that it once claimed, for it suggests suspicion, fear, interpellations, and the dark looming of something to come, which it is vainly attempted to keep out of view by follies and extravagancies. While the Pope goes round his faithful people distributing blessings, or gathers them periodically for solemn acts of grace, Napoleon is obliged to assemble those whom it is convenient to propitiate and dazzle, or stupefy them with dances and champagne, of which the

number of bottles is duly published to the credit of his policy. The Pope gives no banquets ; he celebrates Masses. The Pope does not dance ; he leads the solemn procession. The Pope sings, indeed, but his are the songs of Israel and the Litanies of the Church. The Pope hunts and fishes ; but he seeks only the souls of men. I could have wished to see the contrast carried further, for the Pope would be a Pope indeed if it could be said that he had no soldiers except the army of the faithful, and no artillery except the arguments and the eloquence of his preachers. But why do the Pope's most zealous friends persist in proclaiming and widening the gulf between the Throne of France and the See of Rome ? Why do they inform the world, be it true or false, that ' M. Bonaparte ' is the title usually given at Paris to the nominal head of the French Constitution ?

So much for France. Towards Austria these writers are still less reserved in their language. They assume, be it true or not, that Austria has given notice that she cannot permit the Syllabus to enter that Empire, being at variance with the Constitution, and that all who attempt to introduce it will find themselves liable to severe penalties. The Pope's organ replies with becoming spirit that His Imperial Majesty Nero once sent a similar message to the most illustrious of Pius IX.'s predecessors, and that Peter—for that was his name—set the message at naught, and was content to pay the penalty of martyrdom. Not only Pagan Rome, but, many times since her days, all Europe has tried to frighten the Pope from his duty, and tried in vain. It is ridiculous to suppose, so these papers argue, that France and Austria—both of them the very shadows of

what they were the other day—should think to change his settled purpose.

The gist of all this is that so long as Rome is sure of her own people she is prepared to defy governments and rulers. But then for 'her own people.' There's the rub. If the bishops themselves here assembled are not all of the metal Popes are made of, can more be expected of their flocks and their inferior clergy? The Court is harassed and even alarmed at the requests for leave of absence from bishops who are sick of the game, and who take the pastoral rather than the militant view of their position. Then, if the Italians still possess their insatiable thirst for power, the Spaniards still hug their 'Constitutions,' the French their 'privileges,' the Germans their own 'direction of studies;' the Americans wait to see what Rome is at, and the Orientals either cannot or will not understand or know anything except that as soon as they get home they will return to their own ways. Already I have mentioned, or ought to have mentioned, that the Court is in the greatest alarm at the reported resistance of the Armenians in the Roman obedience, and cannot make out whether the patriarch here is a victim or an accomplice in the revolt. Anyhow, he will never resume his place in Cilicia unless he repudiates there all he has done and said here. A messenger has gone in great haste to Constantinople to explain matters to the Sultan, but I should think the more he explains the less will the Sultan be pleased.

All that I have said thus far relates to the weakness of the materials on which the Pope is to rely; and it is acknowledged that if Emperors may have seasons of weakness, Popes may also. But in the midst of all this

I still see one name invested with a terror which I can hardly account for. It must be to depreciate him, and to prove that he is a mere bustling agitator, that Dupanloup is described as employing four secretaries and answering three hundred letters a day. If it be true, there must be great waste of powder and shot here. As for Strossmayer, I have nothing to report, except a mere rumour, which I give for what it is worth—that on Tuesday he was ‘silenced’—by whom, in what matter, or on what occasion, Rumour herself sayeth not.

To-day being Friday, Rome rests from the Carnival, which is to break out again to-morrow, and rage, Sunday excepted, till Ash Wednesday. There is quite enough of it, though one is told twenty times a day that it is nothing to what it was. ‘The Romans,’ it is even said, will not be gay in the present state of things; but there is plenty of men and money, too, to take their place. ‘The bachelors’—400—gave their ball last night, in return for hospitalities received, and accordingly were dropping into the hotels at all hours till past five this morning.

CHAPTER LXXX

THE CARNIVAL

Rome : Feb. 26.

ABOUT a hundred thousand of my fellow-countrymen may have seen a Carnival; but there remain thirty millions who have not. It is for the latter I take up my pen this glorious sunshiny morning, with a succession of ambitious artists performing under my window, and my friends and neighbours making parties for Castellani's jewelry, Macpherson's photographs, the studios, and perhaps the Exposition. I must begin with the humbling confession that what I am about to describe is just nothing—the most absolute nonsense in the world; and my only fear is that by my clumsy description I may seem to make something of it. A Carnival is the human intellect at its lowest ebb. There are tribes of monkeys, I believe, that keep perpetual Carnival, and do it far better than we do. However, I must open with a flourish of penny trumpets, and my first flourish must be a sketch of the Corso. It is the most famous street in the world. Antiquaries say it is the old Via Flaminia, but it must have been used for races and games ever since it received its present name—how many centuries ago I know not. The Corso runs in a straight line, almost due north and south, between two objects of some

historical interest. As you walk southward you have always before you the Capitol of Old Rome, surmounted by a lofty mediæval bell tower; as you walk northward you have always before you an Obelisk, with a rather remarkable history, extending over four thousand years. It stood for about half that time before a Temple of the Sun in Egypt, and Mr. Simpson informs me that about the time of Moses—who probably knew its hieroglyphics by heart—for some religious or political reason, several of them on three of the sides were scooped out and others cut in their place. So early did people begin to tamper with historical documents. Augustus set it up in the Circus Maximus as a memorial of his conquest of Egypt, and every Roman Emperor, as well as every other Roman, must have seen it all his life when he went to the games. Nero is particularly mentioned as having hung the Obelisk with garlands upon the occasion of a mad triumph he celebrated in the great Circus. It stood there exactly as long as the Empire stood whole and undivided, but when the Empire fell into two pieces the Obelisk fell into three, and lay in the dirt there one thousand two hundred years, till the year after the ‘Spanish Armada’ of our history, when it was set up where it now is.

From the Obelisk to the foot of the Capitol is about a mile and one hundred yards, and the street itself, including the foot pavements, cannot average more than thirteen yards wide; indeed, in some places it is hardly ten. But in that mile there are about twenty immense palaces, as many churches or more, half-a-dozen piazzas, and the magnificent Column of Antonine. The ground floor of some of the palaces is let for shops and *cafés*,

and, to show the capacity of these edifices, nearly the whole Irish hierarchy is now lodged in the top story of the Doria. Thus the scene of the performance I hope to come to in time is a very grand one—some think even more gloomy than grand. The street being very narrow, the houses very lofty, and the direction almost due north and south, it is only for an hour or two in the middle of the day that the sun can reach the foot pavement on either side, and the pavement itself varies from six feet to eighteen inches. It is, however, the only foot pavement in Rome. For some time past the street has been under repair for the present occasion. It is paved with bits of lava, hard and slippery as glass, about five inches square, and wherever a bit had sunk it has been taken up and brought to the level. At the two termini—that is, at the Obelisk and at the other end, under what is now the Palace of the Austrian Embassy—lines of galleries have been erected for those who would pay a franc to see the starting or the coming in. At the former point the galleries are just those neat structures you see in old pictures of jousts and state ceremonies, with roofs and many partitions.

For several weeks all the regulations of the Carnival have been duly announced in successive proclamations signed by the Most Reverend Monsignor Randi. Patterns and models of the only lawful *confetti*, or ‘comfits, bouquets, and other missiles allowed to be thrown have been exhibited at the public offices, and masks prohibited, as also ‘night-gowns.’ For some days before the shops exhibited many varieties of Carnival dress, some complete suits, some just a thing to throw over you, so that you might make yourself as great a fool as you

pleased. In every side street one was sure to see a score or two of these absurd costumes fluttering in the wind over the shop doors. Then the tubs of *confetti* began to make their appearance for those who had to man the balconies. Half the windows and balconies in the Corso were 'to be let' for the occasion. In relating these humbling particulars I must ask you to consider that I am writing for the thirty millions, including a fair proportion of women, children, persons given to trifles, and others with a craving for facts, however small.

The Carnival—I don't mean the Carnival season of balls, theatres, and concerts, but the Carnival in its vulgar, out-door sense—began last Saturday, lasts all this week, Friday excepted, and next Monday and Tuesday. On Saturday the mile's length of lava was laid early with tufa sand—the stuff they make Roman cement with. Every window and every balcony in the first and second stories, and even many higher up, were hung with red and white drapery, mostly chintz, but often of richer material, with fringes, and even gold borders. Some of the palaces hung out their tapestries and their carpets. The vista was beautiful, and all the better for not being interrupted by anything thrown across the streets. Mind, I am speaking for myself, and to the thirty millions. No doubt there are many here who think the display contemptible.

I went to a friend's balcony, just half way in the Corso, soon after 3, understanding that the Carnival was then to be opened by the Senator with a procession. As I stepped out into the balcony a troop of dragoons was coming down the street, leaving one after another at the openings into side streets; while the Zouaves

were forming lines to cut off the Piazzas. By this time everybody was impatient for action and everything ready. All the balconies were crowded, generally with women—young ones, handsome, pretty, or lively ; little girls and boys, too, with here and there a parent or a tutor. Before all the balconies were long boxes of ‘comfits,’ like the flower-boxes before a London window. But on the floors within also there were large boxes, tubs, and baskets full of ammunition. In the street below, every ten yards there was a dealer, male or female, continually screaming out ‘Confetti, confetti!’ each one surrounded by eight or ten large buckets full, while other dealers pursued likely customers. I must take these things first as they struck the eye and the ear before one’s face got a taste of them.

But what most struck the eye was an immense number of fellows carrying poles eight, ten, or twelve feet high, stuck round with pegs, and on each peg a large handsome bouquet, with its proper complement of lace paper. As one looked up and down the street, it might be a procession with emblems and devices a mile long. All people were evidently dressed for rough work, but the ladies had not altogether sacrificed appearances to safety. The usual weapon for the occupants of the balconies is a tin can, about nine inches long and three wide at the mouth, and holding, I should think, a pint of comfits. The men, fighting as they do from below, generally throw with the hand simply. A minute after the passing of the dragoons and before the formal opening somebody threw a handful ; then somebody else did ; then a dozen ; then a hundred ; then the whole street was a hailstorm, which, indeed, the

thing is very like, particularly in its wavy effects. The Carnival had set in. It consists in everybody throwing these comfits into everybody's face as long as strength or comfits hold out. It must be in the Corso, or from the windows looking into it ; the clergy are exempted, or, as they put it themselves, excommunicated ; the battle begins at 3 and ends at sunset, but it is continued eight days, and for eight afternoons the Corso, the great street and chief thoroughfare of Rome, is carefully guarded by military and given up altogether to an exceedingly rough game, in which every man is as good as his neighbour, and all distinctions of rank, sex, and age are laid aside. Now, I know, as I write, that the hundred thousand fellow-countrymen of mine who have seen all this will think me the greatest ass in the world for describing what everybody knows, and describing it indifferently, perhaps ; but remember I am writing for the thirty millions. I know, too, the older ones will say that this is nothing of a Carnival, and that the Carnivals they saw twenty or thirty years ago were vastly superior—indeed, altogether a different sort of thing from this. Be it so ; that is only a reason why I should describe a thing which may become obsolete altogether in another twenty years.

These comfits are the sweetest little playthings in the world. Any English child would be delighted to see the streets full of them—white, and all colours. They are grape stones, encrusted with plaster of Paris, and some say a little flour. They are rather harder and heavier than dried peas, and in a handful there will be a dozen or two as large as good-sized peas. The way to show what they are would be to sidle up to an acquaint-

ance who is thinking of something else, or engaged in conversation, and then, at the distance of a yard or two, dash a handful into his face as hard as you can, with a good swing of the arm. If he is not in the secret, or is naturally sensitive, or wanting in presence of mind, he will be likely to take it ill, and of course think you suddenly possessed. Should one of the comfits take him in the eye, it will be some time before he opens it again. They are serious missiles, and no flesh and blood can be insensible to them. Ladies and gentlemen who care for their skins, their complexions, or their eyes, use veils or wire masks, such as fencers use, or hand masks. If they don't the first day, they often do the second ; indeed, it is mere bravado for anybody with a skin which would not turn a soft bullet to go about in the Corso without some such protection. I observed much more armour the second day than the first ; indeed, there could not possibly be a tender skin in the first day's fray which did not suffer change of form and hue by bed time. The quantity of these comfits consumed in the course of three hours, by I know not how many thousand people incessantly discharging their vials of wrath against one another, is immense. The balconies opposite me were defended by young ladies, I suspect Americans, and they must have used a small cartload in that time—that is, the first day only. Indeed, they say that a tribe of people live comfortably the whole year by making these misnamed mischiefs.

But, unpleasant as they are, they are the least unpleasant mode of offence. The occupants of the balconies are also provided with tubs and bags of flour, as it is called, but really plaster dust. Every now and

then a victim presents himself, in the shape of a well-dressed gentleman, standing, or moving slowly just under a balcony, and instantly a gallon of this villanous stuff is poured steadily upon him, and he retreats an inch thick with it, wherever it can rest on his hat or shoulders, or pockets. The shower comes down so soft and gentle that the victim walks off majestically, without the least idea he is carrying a gallon of flour on his head and shoulders, while his coat looks as if he had been rolled in a meal tub. It is better he should not know all, for if he takes offence, and looks up, he will receive some comfits in his eye, or find that he has been forgotten altogether, and his foes are at another victim. With all my experience of human nature I must confess myself astonished at the desperate and insatiable malignity of some girls opposite me, quite as good-looking as the run of angels in the Catholic Exposition. For three hours they never ceased to do all the damage they could to the persons, clothes, and tempers of the human race generally, friend or foe, only stopping now and then for a few seconds, not to rest, but to pick out a good victim. You may guess who the victims would be—everybody who looked at all like a gentleman, in spite of his disguise, dust, and dirt; also everybody who looked a little out of place there. The Zouaves, too, of course, with their graceful figures and freedom of gait, their often aristocratic features, their bare necks, and somewhat theatrical uniform, were irresistible. Everybody in the balconies, man, woman, and child, pelted them. The comfits went down their backs and filled their capes, but they seemed to make a rule of not even looking up at their enemies, well knowing who they

would be. The Legionaries, too, had their focs. It was lower down in the Corso, where the small public-houses are ; but the assailants looked honest and pretty for all that. The women have the advantage of position, and of the tin funnels, but strength tells on the other side. A resolute man, not over anxious for his eyes, or his good looks, with two or three big pockets full of comfits, and large reserves at hand, can throw enough, and fast enough, to clear a balcony of its occupants, or make them, at least, bend to the storm, but this is not an affair of regular duels, and one can see that a gentleman has done all that can be expected of him when he has made a fair return for compliments received. But as everybody's hand is against everybody else everybody suffers. The ladies show it most. Their bonnets and their hair, their veils and their dresses, become loaded with white rubbish, which it is hardly worth while to shake off. Every now and then they sweep the balcony, of course on the heads of the people below. As for the bouquets—many of them a franc or two francs apiece—the ladies look admiringly at the first, but soon begin to catch a bouquet, and fling it down at somebody or anybody else five seconds after.

The real secret of all this endurance is that these comfits are the courtesies of the occasion, and the more savagely they are hurled the more pointed the flattery. The ladies pick out the 'swells,' and the fine fellows the pretty girls. Of course, they must both keep their hands in with some victim or other, but they are always looking out for the nobler game, or at least for something to interest and attract. Opposite me, under a balcony, with two friends, there stood a good-looking young

woman, who might be a bride or sweetheart, with the usual Roman costume, a red bodice, blue petticoat, snow-white lace kerchief, and a red band across her black hair, with a good strong complexion, and a smile always on her face. Everybody who caught sight of that face dashed a handful of comfits into it, and as this was done at least once a minute for the three hours she stood there, I am sure her face became both redder and rounder as the assault and battery went on. How she escaped having her eyes injured I cannot conceive. Every now and then she bent her head, and rubbed her eyes, and I feared she had been hit too hard, but in an instant after she was courting fresh persecution.

But whatever attracted notice of any kind received the same marked attention. The grave were assaulted and so were the gay, the dowdy, and the smart, but perhaps most of all anybody who seemed to have strayed into the Corso, and had not much right there. Round hats, seven-guinea overcoats, velvet mantles, and all male or female attire that seemed too good or too new for the occasion, were immediately made free of the Corso. The proper missile to hurl at one of Lincoln and Bennett's best hats is a bouquet, somewhat exceeding the regulation weight, which, after being thrown at the beauties in the balconies and back at everybody below a dozen times, has become somewhat heavier and harder by frequent contact with the dusty road. As you are walking on, looking naturally before, you feel a violent blow on the back of the head, and the next instant see your hat under the feet of the crowd several yards before you. Not without difficulty you recover it and put it on, only to offer a mark to another unseen foe. You become

conscious of fresh persecution, and slope off into a side street.

The most conspicuous and indeed ostentatious belligerents are groups of handsome young fellows, six feet, more or less, holding their heads well above the crowd, and able to catch the eyes in the balconies. They take the middle of the street, exchanging defiant glances right and left. They dress either in some slight absurdity, or in close-fitting garments, that will neither collect dirt nor reveal it. The middle one will be a very big fellow, of whom England, or America, may be proud : *os humerosque deo similis*. The dealers in comfits and bouquets, and the small riffraff, recognise the lords of the creation, and form themselves into a little army round the advancing trio. Two men are lugging a heavy basket of comfits, which they offer every now and then to shovel into the pockets of the three fighting men. Half a dozen men behind them are bearing, like military standards, poles charged with bouquets. One or two others are always tendering bouquets for immediate use, and trying, with their own eyes, to establish hostile relations between the signors in the street and the signoras above. Small boys hang on the flanks of the advancing party, in the hope of catching the bouquets which may fail to reach the balconies, though such mishaps are not common, for I never saw better throwing and catching. When the street urchins get a good bouquet lawfully, they offer it for sale, but soon wearying of trade, or yielding to a momentary suggestion of malice, they fling it at a round hat, or a bonnet a little out of fashion. But they make nothing of snatching a bouquet or a handful of comfits from a dealer's stock, of course to fling away at once. I

suppose there is a profitable commerce going on, but I saw no end of petty larceny, which must be a serious item in the calculation. No doubt the 'swells' pay for everybody.

But Rome does not go mad without warning and ceremony. In the first place the Carnival is each day opened by the great bell of the Capitol, which roars for a quarter of an hour, and is closed at sunset, or earlier by the guns of St. Angelo. On the first day there is also a grand procession: one must think it very grand indeed, for part of it is the entire Senate of Rome. But I won't stagger your credulity; I know I do sometimes. The comfits had been flying about for an hour on the opening Saturday, when there came down the Corso, from the Capitol, first a troop of dragoons, then three state carriages, all very grand indeed inside and out then more dragoons, then two immense carriages, all gold and glass, drawn by six horses all over gold, and full of magnificent personages in silks, satins, and brocades, mostly crimson. The first was that of Monsignor the Governor of Rome, and a member of the Papal Court. The next contained the Senate—that is, the Senator; for the citizens of Rome have now one neck, as Nero wished, and the last of the Romans is still here. The Senator does humble service to the Pope at the great ceremonies of the Church; he figures in processions, and has a chain round his neck like the bishops at the Council. There are also consuls; so I must infer from numerous marble tablets in the Capitol recording the Senator and Consuls quite down to our times. I did not, indeed, see the Consuls to know them, but it occurred to me that one of the emperors made his horse

a consul, and a Pope can do as much as an emperor, and a good deal more. Then came more dragoons, then half-a-dozen more state carriages, and dragoons bringing up the rear. The procession was very splendid, and must have taken nearly a quarter the length of the Corso. But, carriage, horse, and foot, it was most unmercifully pelted. The horses tossed and wriggled, and the comfits rattled against the roofs and windows of the carriages like a hailstorm on skylights. By the by, both the Governor and the Senator have the famous old initials of the Roman State embroidered with bullion, on an immense scale, upon their hammer-cloths, and emblazoned on their panels with a grand trophy of conquered flags. But a dainty little cross is added, like the algebraic sign which denotes the power, or like the bit of a Cupid in the old mosaics riding a centaur or a lion. Can you do it in type? 'S. P. Q. R.+' The addition has been in use many centuries. That was the procession the first day. There was to have been one on Thursday, but it missed, and I saw none. The mud would have done it some damage.

Now for the races: I have seen them every day. At 5 o'clock two guns are fired; in ten minutes, two more—good loud guns, that seem to shake the walls. Another ten minutes and two dragoons, followed at the interval of a hundred yards by ten more, come up the Corso from the Obelisk at a hand-gallop, the best horses trotting. The crowd jumps out of the way, and jumps back again the instant the dragoons have passed. It is a feat on both sides, but has soon to be repeated with increased dexterity. In ten minutes the same dragoons

return, this time at a good gallop. The crowd has to be more on the alert, and to get quicker out of the way. But people are accustomed to this in most foreign cities, as, for example, in the Toledo at Naples, which is always full of vehicles and also of foot passengers, both in quick and constant motion. The crowd yields and reunites just as the air does when a stone is sent through it. However, after the return of the dragoons the crowd in the Corso leaves the centre of the roadway a little clearer for circulation, and they who remain in the middle of the street look nervously upwards now and then towards the Obelisk. All at once the crowd divides, and seven or eight horses rush past you at a speed that might not, indeed, win the Derby, but which is very impressive to a close observer. They are without riders—this is for the thirty millions who have not seen a race in the Corso. They are small, slight things—‘weedy,’ I have heard them called—and they are got up in a style not agreeable to English notions. Their numbers are painted in white letters a foot long on their fore and hind quarters. They have large gilt tin flappers like wings, larger than a page of foolscap, so fixed as to rise and fall against their ribs, and, it is said, furnished with steel points on the under surface. A similar engine is attached to the root of the tail, and various other hideous contrivances—bullets, they say, with points—hang about them. The effect is more queer than ugly; at least I speak for myself, and for the mob of Rome, who know a race in no other form. The horses are, as often as not, well together halfway, but seldom early or late in the race.

I have witnessed two starts. At the first three horses came out of a siding, and the instant they saw the course—this was the second day—they were on their hind legs. By that time three more showed behind. There was a yell and scream of man and beast, and all six were off instantly, followed by another ten yards behind—all this, from first to last, ten seconds, perhaps fifteen. They immediately began to shed their absurd finery, which boys rushed in to pick up. The next start I saw was fairer, and took perhaps a minute from the first appearance. The ‘winning-post’ is a sailcloth thrown across a narrow prolongation of the Corso, close to the ascent of the Capitol, called, I know not how long, *Ripresa de’ Barberi*, from the use made of it. At the intersection of two narrow streets several sailcloths are thrown from corner to corner, and the horses, blind and half-mad, tumble into the sailcloth, sometimes all of a heap. The first day some of them broke through, and were soon scampering round Trajan’s Column. I saw their arrival in the third race; they are the same horses always. They tailed in, abated their speed, and were taken up with ease before they got into the toils. People say the poor brutes all belong to one man, and therefore it matters not which wins; nor is there any betting to speak of. I am only describing this extraordinary performance for the benefit of those who may never be out of their own country. They may have seen races with riders, over open downs, in well-kept courses. What do they think of seven or eight horses maddened with horrid devices, and started without riders down more than a mile’s length of narrow street filled with an immense crowd, which divides under

their very noses and joins again at their tails? At any one point the parting does not take more than three or four seconds.

But I must leave the rest, perhaps the absurdest also, to another day.

The Races are of no great antiquity. They were instituted by Paulus II., 1464-1471, the Pope who reduced the Jubilee Cycle to twenty-five years. The circumstances of the time, the general European anarchy, and the increasing demands on the Papal treasury, involving, among other costly projects, the standing idea of a Crusade for the expulsion of the Turks out of Europe, made Rome the less scrupulous both as to men and as to measures. One story is that up to the above-mentioned date the races were run by Jews, who were at length allowed to substitute horses at their own cost. This was not the only annual penalty to be paid by the Jews. Up to 1870 they had to present themselves, by deputation, at the Capitol, and repeat a humble apology for some supposed offence. I think it was Mgr. Randi who had to receive them. He just drove up, alighted, waved his hand, and was off again, when they walked away.

CHAPTER LXXXI

SOME DETAILS OF PROCEDURE

Rome : Feb. 28.

THE New Rules are the talk of the day, and how to deal with them. Bishops are meeting here and there, from day to day, to resolve upon a plan of counter-action. To-morrow it is expected there will be an important decision, and a crisis in the story of this Council. It is assumed that the Rules are intended and planned to stop discussion ; but as the Rules expressly assume discussion, both on the general principle and the main features of the matter before the Council, and also on the particulars and very words, it cannot be admitted that discussion is to be stopped outright, or that the Council is henceforth to be only paper work. However, it is the galled jade that winces, and these Fathers must know, and do know, a good deal better than outsiders whether the new harness is cumbersome and complicated, whether the rein is tight, and whether there will be more need than before to fear the caprice or the violence of the driver. The suspicion and resentment are so strong in some quarters, among the Germans especially, that it has even been proposed to look out for the best opportunity of withdrawing from the Council, and throwing upon Pius IX. and his advisers the responsibility of all

that may happen. There is the same numerical amount of opposition to these Rules as to the Dogma of Infallibility, and it is even said that there will be less reluctance to act. So it is not impossible that near a hundred Fathers—for the Opposition counts a hundred and forty—may leave either the Council, or Rome, upon the express ground that discussion is too much tied to make attendance here of any use. The French, however, do not see the wisdom of throwing up the game and leaving the field clear for they know not what operations. So vigilance, obstinacy, and dexterity are still the order of the day.

It can hardly be denied that there was a case for some alteration in the Rules. We Englishmen may very naturally feel much edified and comforted at the singular spectacle of the entire hierarchy of the Church of Rome performing magnificent ceremonies and making splendid Latin speeches for three whole months with absolutely no result whatever. It is enough to console Anglicans for three centuries of dormant or idly-active Convocations. We may, too, feel no great surprise at the manifest readiness of such men as Strossmayer and Haynald to make any number of orations in a language few can master, in the finest building in the world, and on an occasion which has not occurred for three centuries and may never again. But Rome must be allowed its own point of view, and if any work was to be done an endless continuity of talk was not the way to do it.

The discussions have hitherto been such as we should have in our Parliament, if we could suppose first, second, and third readings, all fused into one rambling discussion, and that not conclusive, but to be resumed as often as

the Bill has been amended in conformity with the previous debates. Every speech hitherto has been all about the *Schema* in hand ; its principles, its details, its wording, and whatever else the speaker might think connected with it. The expectation evidently was that after all who wished had had their say the *Schema* was to go to Committee, come back again, be discussed again, and so on for ever. This, mind, when a pontifical code is the work to be done. Under such a system of discussion, one of two things must happen. Either the Œcumenical Vatican Council would sit as long as the world lasts, only getting to the end of its work to find that it must return to the beginning, or the functionaries whom the gods call presidents, and men the legates, would, every now and then, pronounce the discussion closed, stop a hundred rebellious mouths, take the votes and add what they thought fit to the law, or the faith, of the Church. The bare possibility of such a conclusion to come any day, was enough to unnerve men more accustomed to altars and pulpits than to Senates and Council-rooms.

It is quite plain that the original Rules, liberally interpreted as they have been, favoured declamation, but not deliberation, and certainly not decision. New Rules were wanted. Here they are, and when the Pope has presented every Father in the Council with the customary ashes next Wednesday, it is presumed that each will be humble and contrite enough to endure them and observe them. As I understand these Rules, there will be only one *viva voce* discussion, and that upon paragraph by paragraph ; but it is to be final, so that what is then discussed may be any time put to the vote para-

graph by paragraph. All the preliminary stages are to be done on paper. The Fathers who have anything to say, either to the whole, or the parts, or the words, are to send in their remarks clearly stated and methodically arranged to the Committee charged with the subject, and are to state the amendments they desire, if any. The Committee, as far as it thinks fit, is to amend the propositions—or Bill, as we should call it—in accordance with the papers sent in, and is then to circulate the ‘Bill’ thus amended, with an explanatory statement, among the Fathers. In this way it is evident that the matter to be put to the vote, if honestly prepared, will represent the joint industry of all parties and all sides, as far as Rome herself thinks fit to take the advice of independent Fathers.

But it is painfully clear that the independent Fathers do not expect either fairness in the paper part of the work, or freedom in the *viva voce* discussion. They are orators rather than canonists, and perhaps better prepared to condemn than to amend, and to criticise than to advise. They are gathering together, and calling to their aid all the learning and all the experience within reach. The Sovereigns, whatever they are ready to do in the final appeal and in the last necessity, would much rather the theologians settled these matters satisfactorily and comfortably among themselves.

As to the Council itself, everything is uncertain. It is not known whether it meets again next Thursday or next Monday. It is not known whether it will proceed at once to the great question, *De Romano Pontifice*, which is to include the infallibility, or whether it will try the New Rules on some old matter. That has

been suggested, and the propositions about Rationalism, it is thought, would do to put the Fathers in training for the more serious work before them. Both sides betray a wholesome dread of the fell issue which may at once break up the Council and the Church of Rome, and do so almost before they are aware of it. The majority here is precipitate ; the minority obstinate ; but both recoil from the precipice on the edge of which they are struggling. Both sides are firm, but one will have to give way. A protest against the New Rules is in preparation, and it is likely that either they will be amended, or satisfactory assurances be given that the discussion will not be closed prematurely. I have already told you that the French ambassador here is to be reinforced from home. There have been several meetings, at his house, of the French and German bishops, on the critical phase of affairs introduced by these New Rules.

The last two sittings before this little recess appear to have had incidents. On Monday the Bishop of Namur talked about the Breviary in a way some of the Fathers did not like, and said that his own people did not care much for the Little Catechism. He was called to order, though what he said was not bad or irregular. Haynald, the most fluent and ready speaker here, felt moved to come to his rescue, but was told he could not speak that day, so he put his name down for Tuesday. He was much excited, and spoke strongly. The bell rang. After a pause he proceeded, but the majority would not listen ; they called to order, rattled their paper-knives, and drowned his voice. The bell rang a second time ; Haynald was formally called to order by Capalti and left the pulpit. This does not promise well for the one, first

and last, discussion provided by the New Rules. On Tuesday four Spanish bishops spoke. But all this is passing out of mind at the approach of a crisis which all fear. Every day, we are now told, something new and strange may be expected. Already they say the Council has spoilt the Carnival. Has it taken its place?

Berlin : March 2.

A few weeks ago Count Beust begged to dissuade the Papal Government from having the famous canons enacted by the Council. The note in which these admonitions were embodied was communicated by him to the Austrian Ambassador at Paris, together with an explanatory despatch, of which the following is an abstract. Alluding to the reserve Austria and the other Catholic Powers have displayed towards the Council, the Count observes :—

The Catholic Powers, and more especially Austria and France, being anxious to leave the Church at liberty to conduct its own concerns, have not interfered with the arrangements for the Council and have resigned the right properly belonging to them of sending representatives to that assembly. In thus abstaining from all interference they had been actuated by a wish to show their respect to the Church, and likewise by a recognition of that principle of modern civilisation which accorded full and unrestrained liberty to Church and State within their respective spheres. For France it had been more easy to adopt such a course than for Austria, the former, by her treaties with the Pope, being entitled to stop the promulgation on her territory of any objectionable ecclesiastical decrees, a right which the latter, by her own Concordat, did not possess. In view, therefore, of what was preparing at the Council, and remembering the protests a short time ago made by the Austrian bishops against the new school and marriage laws, and the agitation to which their resistance had

given rise, Austria could not but feel uneasy concerning the future. It was not, indeed, the intention of the Council to enact Papal Infallibility that disquieted her, for she trusted that this doctrine, if proclaimed at all, would be expressed in a mild and merely theoretical form, similar to the one adopted by the Florentine Council, and, therefore, without much practical influence on the course of events. Nor had the State a right to object to the proclamation of other purely religious dogmas, such as the immaculate conception and glorification of the Virgin Mary. But it was different when the Church was about to claim a permanent and comprehensive supremacy over the State, and to arrogate to herself the right of deciding which of the laws laid down by the secular powers were binding on the subject, and which not. Unfortunately, this was the standpoint assumed in the 21 canons submitted to the Council, and warmly advocated by certain parties. But, not content with establishing so unacceptable a principle, the canons proceeded at once to make use of the prerogative claimed, and declared many of the fundamental laws of all modern and civilised States to be unsound, invalid, and, in short, accursed. The canons, for instance, anathematised liberty of religion, liberty of the press, liberty of instruction, civil marriage, the amenability of the clergy to the criminal code, and a variety of other statutes asserted in them to be contrary to the laws of God and Holy Church. Now, supposing these *Schemata* to be really passed by the Council, the danger to France would be very small, as the principles denounced had been the law of the land for nearly a century, and were likely to be upheld by the common consent of society. But in Austria legislation had only recently begun to recognise the necessity of enacting the laws long introduced in France, and the consequences resulting from clerical opposition to the new statutes would, therefore, be much more unpleasant. For this reason the Austrian Government had applied to Rome, and pointed out the disastrous results likely to arise from a struggle between Church and State. Whatever might be enjoined by the Church, the

Austrian Courts of Law would not be induced to look leniently on those that broke the laws or incited others to break them. Add to this that the majority of the Austrian bishops were opposed to the canons, and in the event of their being passed would be subjected to the cruel alternative of either not publishing them or of doing so against their better judgment, and it could not be denied that there were many reasons for apprehending an undesirable issue. Rome should beware of throwing down the gauntlet to the civilised world.

The Bishop of Montpellier has addressed the following letter to the *Français*:—Rome, Feb. 27, 1870. To the Editor,—You have reproduced in your journal of the 24th of this month, without adding any comment, the letter which the Bishop of Laval thought it right to address to the editor of the *Semaine Religieuse* of the diocese, under date of the 7th of the present month. This letter is now known to everyone, and it is not necessary to quote the painful expressions which it contains. From respect for the age and character of the venerable writer it was right to allow time for a disavowal of the letter ; or if not disavowed to give an opportunity for its retraction. It has not been withdrawn. It does not belong to me, certainly, in my weakness to avenge the affronts offered to the Bishop of Orleans. The outrage he has received does not indeed, transcend the limits of his patience and charity, and his Christian moderation. This kind of passionate attack cannot injure a bishop whose whole life has been one of heroic devotion to the Holy See, and who in all his writings has upheld the cause of the Papacy. But the manifesto of the Bishop of Laval, issued while the Council is in full Session, and before any decision has been arrived at by it, seems to be an assault upon its liberty, for each member of the Sacred Assembly may be subjected to similar attacks. The liberty of all suffers when the liberty of one is affected, as by these attacks which proceed from a prelate who is sitting among us, and it is of the first importance that a Council should be

entirely free, wholly exempt from all pressure from any quarter whatsoever. Accept, &c., FRANÇOIS, Bishop of Montpellier.

Rome : Feb. 28.

The police have granted permission for masks to be worn in the streets to-day and to-morrow. This is only the second time that this has been allowed since 1850. Perfect tranquillity prevails. The weather continues very wet, and but little animation is manifested in the Carnival festivities.

Paris : Feb. 26, Evening.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons is dead. Notwithstanding the assertions of some of the Paris newspapers, it is understood that perfect harmony exists between the Emperor and the Ministry, as well as among the Ministers themselves. The Emperor is reported to have said yesterday to a political personage,—‘We shall succeed ; we have all the honest men of the country at our backs !’ The *Soir* of this evening affirms the truth of the report that the Council of State has reduced by 10,000 or 15,000 men the annual army contingent of 1871, originally fixed at 100,000 men.

Paris : Feb. 27, Evening.

The *Journal Officiel* of this morning announces that all public receivers and collectors of taxes will be allowed to accept payments in Papal coins until April 30 next, at the rate of 91c. per franc. The *Moniteur* of this evening says :—‘Letters received from Rome afford ground for anticipating that fresh steps are about to be taken by the Cabinet of the Tuileries to dissuade the Pontifical Government and Œcumenical Council from taking any decision opposed to the principles of the constitutional law of France. The French Government will especially insist upon the necessity of giving full liberty of expression to all the opinions represented in the Council.

CHAPTER LXXXII

ASH WEDNESDAY

Rome : March 3.

YESTERDAY the Pope sprinkled ashes on the heads of the Cardinals. The English who went to see it can swear to the Pope and to the Cardinals, but not to the ashes. To-day is a day of coming and going. People are leaving for home and for Naples, and within an hour of their departure others are fastidiously inspecting rooms that have been cheerfully and pleasantly occupied for months. The patience and politeness of secretaries and waiters is marvellous—nowhere more so than at Rome. Out of doors new groups of strangers stand, not knowing which way to turn, in the Condotti. New eyes are devouring the contents of the windows, staring at the bishops, and at whatever is either British or decidedly not so. The models and the mendicants have turned out in great force. The weather is either coming or going. It is too hot for a fire, but not hot enough to do without one. Sultriness is not warmth. There is nothing like radiated heat. But Rome is very pleasant to-day for those who have nothing to do, and a thrill of common humanity went through me this morning as I saw a bishop in an overcoat carrying a small carpet-bag. The Council is in a trance. Would

that it might not awake till it found the world wiser and better! On Monday there was a rumour that the army at Cività Vecchia had received orders to prepare for leaving at a day's notice. Most probably the report had been put about by an Infallibilist bishop who has engaged to eat the leek, but would rather be spared it.

I see that one of your contemporaries at home has kindly undertaken to state, in a very few words, the whole truth respecting the opinions of the English bishops at Rome. Excepting Errington and Clifford, he says, 'all the English prelates are known to be in favour of the dogma of infallibility being declared.' This he gives as 'news,' and without prejudice. Surrounded as we are by rumours, suppositions, inferences, and interpretations, anybody will hail with delight whatever is perfectly accurate and authentic. Therefore it is that I deeply regret that in this instance the informant, in his desire to use 'few words,' has omitted one which is necessary not only to the truth, but also to the sense of his announcement. He does not say what dogma of infallibility these bishops wish to have declared. No such dogma exists. No such dogma is in the Council yet for discussion. No such dogma awaits either declaration or decision. With or without a participation in the Pontifical secret, nobody could produce a form of words and say that it is the dogma of infallibility the battle is to be about. For several centuries myriads of speculative theologians have been trying to hit on a form of words which shall make the Pope everything without making the Church nothing, and which shall perfect faith without annihilating reason. The results of this ingenuity fill libraries. Which of these many forms of words is it

that this authentic and too laconic writer, speaking from his own knowledge, tells us that Manning, Cornthwaite, Ullathorne, Chadwick, Amherst, Roskell, Vaughan, Turner, and Grant are all in favour of having declared by the Council? The answer to this question is of some importance to Bishops Clifford and Errington, because this writer states that they object to the declaration of the form of words desired by the others.

No one doubts that a very large majority of the Fathers will vote anything for peace's sake, and to be back again to their sees, where they will say as little as they can about infallibility, or explain it away. The American bishops have already hit on an ingenious theory on the subject. It is absolute infallibility modified by geographical conditions. Everything that a Pope says is to be true, excepting only as regards the United States and all the countries that may be annexed. They are even likely to carry the day, and there is a mysterious allusion every now and then to the American formula. Warned to place no confidence in princes, the bishops are looking to a president, and to that condition of the human intelligence which a president implies. But the Old World has not yet failed them or fallen asleep. The French Government has determined to send an Ambassador Extraordinary to the Council, most probably Baroche. At the Council of Trent there was a French ambassador, assisted by fourteen theologians, and from the first announcement of this Council successive French Ministers and statesmen have called attention to the necessity.

The International Committee of Fathers do not seem to have decided finally how to meet the New Rules. It is

stated that they will most likely make an interpellation; that is, ask the question—What will follow upon a vote of the Council in the face of a large minority? The theory of a Council being unanimous, it is thought, fails when there is an opposition of a hundred and thirty bishops representing nearly half, and that the best part, of the Church. I should myself suppose that the answer to this question will be that the Pope and his Council will do as they think fit under the circumstances, and I do not see what rejoinder the Opposition can make. However, it reckons on eighty men, who, when the occasion comes, are ready to walk out of the Council, and thus impair, or rather hang up, its authority without dividing the Church or touching the existing state of things.

The Pope's organs are exulting in the fact, as they state it, that there is no controversy between the Fathers of the Council, and that the only opposition which appears is that by German writers, who are outside. It is not added that nothing can be published here without the Papal *imprimatur*. The text of the New Rules I sent you the other day was from a proof sheet. There are many verbal alterations in the published form, and an alteration more or less important. It is, that upon the *viva voce* discussion being carried on to a great and needless length, ten Fathers may join in a written request that it be closed, and the President may thereupon act on the request. As the request would be only a form, perhaps a convenient one, it is not felt to be a security. What, indeed, is the real feeling and the real situation of the hundred and thirty bishops, call them what we please? They feel that something hovers over

them which may descend any moment. What is it? Will it waft itself down and light upon them? That is not what they expect. The idea in their minds is a thing that makes a swoop and is armed.

Meanwhile, it is a fact which, I know, will be contradicted, but which is a fact nevertheless, that the deepest murmurs here are not those of the Opposition. It is the other side who go about complaining to everybody that they are simply made fools of; that they are wasting their time, doing nothing, losing character; and represented to the world, not by speeches which are not yet published, nor yet by acts which are not yet done, but by Papal journalists, who, as they say, make a capital out of them and dress them up in what colours they please for the amusement of their readers. Out of Rome, they say, they never were beholden to the journals, for they could always speak for themselves. Now they must be content to be just as they are described, the puppets of a fanatical or hypocritical Press. It is a sad case, but it is for them to see the way out of it.

Munich : March 2.

The King has addressed an autograph letter to Dr. Döllinger on the occasion of his birthday, in which His Majesty expresses a hope that Dr. Döllinger will continue bravely to fight in the contest he has commenced for the benefit of the State and the Church.

Paris : March 2.

The *France* of this evening says :—

‘At a dinner given yesterday at the Tuileries to some members of the Legislative Body the Emperor expressed his

resolution not to dissolve the Legislative Body under present circumstances.'

The *Français* contradicts the rumour that the Government intends to modify the electoral law in a sense opposed to universal suffrage.

It is expected that Father Rouillard, the Provincial of the French Dominicans, will be nominated Bishop of Grenoble.

The *Français*, alluding to the letters addressed by Count Daru to a French prelate at Rome, says that the extracts published by the *Times* are inaccurate, and that in any case Count Daru's expressions only imply that respect will be paid to the liberty of the Church, and are meant as a warning of the possible effect of certain decisions of the Church upon public opinion. The *Journal des Débats* considers that Count Daru's arguments were futile, in so far as they sought to influence the Vatican, injudicious on other points, and mistaken in the supposed effect of the proclamation of Infallibility in France.

M. Drouyn de Lhuys has been appointed Vice-President of the Commission upon Decentralisation.

Rome : March 3.

The Pope suspended last Monday the issue of the *Osservatore Romano*, for publishing, among other matters, without regarding the corrections of the censorship, a telegraphic despatch announcing the meeting of Don Carlos and the ex-Duke of Modena. It is believed that the journal will reappear on Monday next.

CHAPTER LXXXIII

THE CARNIVAL

Rome : March 4.

THE Carnival, all the people here say, is a doomed institution, losing year by year its Roman and mediæval character. It is nothing, they say, to what it was when half the people were in character or costume, when the Corso was a string of carriages, and when princes, duchesses, and countesses exchanged railleries and what not. Well, nothing is as it has been in this world. All its glories are fading. We shall never again see the Jews in the Ghetto compelled to pay the prizes to be run for, and themselves also made to strip, and run races in the Corso, through a gauntlet of horsewhips and heavy missiles. Cling as we may to the recollections of the last century, our own lot is cast in this, and we may congratulate ourselves that we do not live later down in the ebbing current of Time. The lament all last week was that no Romans were there ; no nobles, not even the tradespeople. All took so much to heart the political state of Italy. But the weather, also, was bad ; and masks, too, had been prohibited. So, excepting a few hundreds of people in some folly of costume, and here and there peasantry with their big tambourines, there was only the continual warfare of comfits, which, though

as persevering as bombardments, in these days becomes monotonous.

But on Saturday Rome was gladdened with the sudden announcement that on the last two days—that is, Monday and Tuesday—masks would be allowed. It was, however, too late to make parties, it was said, and going about alone in a disguise is an unsocial and rather fatiguing amusement. A man must have great energy and spring to find continuous and varied amusement for a mob in an entirely new character a whole afternoon. The Romans used to go out in groups, and play pranks on other groups, whom they might or might not recognise. Then, again, one heard that the Romans would have nothing to do with the Carnival, whatever might happen. The Roman nobility is about the most select—and some say the most worthless—in the world. All this I can neither believe nor disbelieve, for I know nothing about them. Such a colossal affair as this Papacy must have a tendency to stunt, to wither, and to spoil every human institution under its shadow. But the real truth, probably, is that the Roman nobility—nobility and gentry mean the same here—are neither better nor worse than most men under similar circumstances—under whatever circumstances, perhaps, one ought to say. All the world comes here and takes note of their ways, and all the world traduces the exclusive, whether they deserve it or not.

But the ‘Romans,’ I have to repeat, ‘are shy of the Carnival.’ Perhaps the truth is the English, Americans, French, and other strangers having taken it on themselves, the Romans decline the competition and the free intercourse of the occasion. Tomfoolery with old friends and acquaintances, with a strong bond of traditional

sentiment and humour, cannot be dilated and stretched to cosmopolitan dimensions. Well, it is Rome herself that brings the world here, as she has always done, and she must not complain if her Carnival is vulgarised, and even barbarised. Then, if any choose to be fastidious, there are plenty to take their place, for, besides strangers, the population of Rome has nearly doubled during the last half-century.

So with Monday came the masks, but with them rain and dirt, and I saw little of the Corso. Tuesday—Shrove Tuesday we call it—was to be the great day, and it was. From the Obelisk to the Capitol, it was difficult to push your way more than a yard at a time, even if comfits, flour, and exploded bouquets were pouring upon you. The general effect was as if a quarter of the population had tricked themselves out in the contents of old family chests, old clothes shops, and the old shops in the small streets about Covent-garden and Drury-lane. But an ordinary children's masquerade on Twelfth Day suggests it pretty well. You may throw in a few dozen groups of Ethiopian serenaders, without, however, blackened faces, chimney-sweeps on May Day, Christmas mummers, and, of course, as many clowns, harlequins, and pantaloons as you please. The masks are generally black silk, or more outrageously hideous.

I got into the Corso at half-a-dozen different points, and at every one there were fellows talking and acting some part which amused the people, at the expense of some butt, unless they chanced to light on a tongue as sharp as their own, when the amusement was all the more. A big fellow, with a tall cap and very motley apparel, but with a mouth like a well and a tongue like

a dragon, appeared to single out the stout, heavy Englishman as his object, and with plenty of words, and suitable gestures, created a general merriment, in which the victim had nothing to do but join. The noise was deafening, and the closeness intolerable. All the time, and as the time was becoming short, the occupants of the balconies positively maddened at their work, emptying sometimes tubs of rubbish at one heave on the crowd below. By the by, I have not mentioned that on every one of these eight days, not only both foot-pavements but also half the roadway become white with comfits before the end of three hours, and hundreds of old women and children are busy scraping them up for fresh use, somewhat dirty now, and not quite dry.

The students of the French Academy had prepared, and now most effectively manned, a huge fabric, representing two enormous sea-horses, with Neptune, or some sea-god, standing between them, twenty feet high, I should think. The space between the sea-horses was occupied by fishes, that waged war with the balconies, with which they were nearly level. Then followed a long train of decorated waggons and shabby hack-carriages, full of black devils in white dominoes, sailors, family parties, and boys and girls—nice-looking ones, too—who evidently cared not a bit what they were suffering, so as they paid it in kind. Many discarded their wire masks, as being hot and preventing a correct aim. I saw only one man get out of temper, and he was, I think, a fellow-countryman, of the *paterfamilias* class, with a pretty daughter ten or twelve years old. He walked up to a comparatively open spot at the end of the Condotti to

look on, as he would have looked at Punch-and-Judy at home. Of course he was picked out at once from half-a-dozen balconies, and retreated angrily pointing his umbrella. The rule is that nobody takes offence whatever is done, or whoever does it, but of course there are reasonable limits to the right of assault.

One mode of offence—one among many—is ingenious and simple. Men are always looking up to the balconies for one reason or another, and in so doing are apt to show an interval between the throat and the collar. The thing is to drop a handful of comfits into that void. The comfits immediately disperse themselves pleasantly about the human figure, and, if there be what we call Wellington boots, settle finally under the soles of the feet, inflicting for the rest of the afternoon the well-known penance of the pilgrims to Loretto. But human ingenuity is inexhaustible for malice, though sometimes defeated in its best intentions. The prettiest missiles are little comets, consisting of small balls of comfit stuff, with coloured streamers to steady them.

All this was going on faster and more furious than ever on Tuesday, when came the two guns, then two guns again. It was terrible to think of a mile race, with wild, riderless horses, through such a mass and such a riot. However, the Dragoons came from the Obelisk, as usual, but not quite so fast. They returned at a somewhat better pace, but hugging one another very close in what seemed hardly ten feet of space. Having driven from Salerno to Pæstum and back, four abreast, I know through how small a space four horses can manage to squeeze themselves. In ten minutes more a shout, and through a mere thread of an opening the seven

horses came at a very good pace, but one behind the other, with small chance of their changing their places. This was two-thirds down the Corso—that is, towards the Capitol. With eight repetitions the poor brutes must become knowing; and, now I think of it, I have not before mentioned that for many days before the races they are led up and down the street, to train them in the way they should run. Rome is the great school of the world, and even horses can here be taught that truth is the straight course, and divergence error.

The race over, instantly begins the most extraordinary scene of the Carnival. Lights show themselves here and there, in the windows, in the balconies, and then below. Shortly there is an illumination, with brilliant pyramids and circles of gas; our friend Neptune is in a grand halo of Bengal lights. A gun fires, and thousands of voices cry '*Moccoli, Moccoli!*' and then this strange game begins. It is almost confined to the occupants of the windows and balconies, but they come close to the ground, and reach up a good way to the skies, while, the balconies being almost continuous, there is plenty of amusement for the spectators below. Everybody carries a lighted candle, and everybody tries to put everybody's candle out, with the breath, or with flapping, or with throwing upwards, or dropping downwards.

Every house wages war with its neighbour; every story with that above and that below; every window with the windows near; while in every balcony or window itself there rages intestine war. The little boys in the street climb up and carry a window by assault, dropping down the moment they have extinguished the lights. Handkerchiefs are tied in lines, and dropped to the

windows below, or fastened at the end of sticks, and flapped to this side or that. Of course it is a very pretty sight, as Pepys would say, to see rows of ladies of good figure, gracefully, but very actively, defending, and all the time exhibiting, their lights. The hangings of the balconies take fire occasionally, to the great delight of the mob below ; but the prudent withdraw them in time. The general effect is that of an illumination, in which either you or the candles are tipsy. This goes on for an hour. The Angelus, which I think must have been put off on this day, sounds. The soldiers, horse and foot, collect, form, and march off the Corso, and the Carnival is over. Not quite over, I must say. The illumination and the noise went on. There was a grand masked ball at the Colonna, from which all the people turned out at midnight, and, with all the other masks in Rome, paraded the Corso with music, and whatever was thought music, till three in the morning, when at last Rome was quiet, and Lent had begun.

I must say that during the eight days these Saturnalia were in full possession of the Corso, I never saw a case either of ill-feeling, of intoxication, or anything else one would not wish to see. One group, indeed, did look very like the company of a very minor theatre, but they were quiet and dull enough. It was a game, and nothing more ; and the laws of the game seemed honourably observed. Could we have a thing of this sort in England? It is easy to say that nobody wishes it, but one may still regret that it should be utterly out of the question. Yet it is said England once had her Carnivals. As Rome has the reputation of being socially a dull place, and her nobility are just now said to do little to lighten the gloom,

it is only fair to state that there has been at least a lively week or fortnight.

Washington's birthday was celebrated on the 22nd ult. by a hundred Americans and their guests, when Mr. Buchanan Reid was voted into the chair by acclamation, and our Queen's health given and well responded to. There have been several balls and other entertainments in private houses, in which ordinary Christian ladies and gentlemen could find themselves under the same roof with Princesses and Marchesas, on the condition of paying twenty francs apiece to this or that charitable institution. The Salviati, Aldobrandini, and Barberini Palaces have been opened to the world at Rome. There have been receptions at the French Embassy and the American Minister's. The German artists have given a grand fancy ball. Last night four leading artists gave an entertainment, with pictures and music, to the whole fraternity at Rome. In fact, if anybody comes here with that best of all passports and recommendations described by Lord Chesterfield, and chooses to please and be pleased, he can find amusement and society even here, in this huge grave of the old world.

Some of my readers will think I have given more than sufficient space to the Carnival. But after being long a not uninteresting social question, it had now received political notice. Turin, Milan, Florence, and Naples, and many other cities where the Carnival had never been much at home, were now asking how Rome managed to keep it up. Was it the *genius loci*? Was it the temper of the native population? Was it the

visitors? Was it, as some did not hesitate to say, the influence of an extravagant superstition, full of wild ideas and ingenious devices? That we could never have a Carnival in London, or the Parisians a Carnival in their own brighter and gayer city, is certain; and of course we find good reasons for it. But that a Carnival is not a very objectionable thing is manifest from the anxiety shown by Northern and Southern Italy to develop or revive their own Carnivals, and to prove Rome's a failure. If my evidence and recollections are worth anything, it was not a failure in 1870. But Rome is, after all, only a moderate sized city, with no class of roughs, and few manufactures. If there are what may be called classes, they are in touch with one another.

Paris : March 4.

An Imperial decree, dated the 2nd inst., promotes Monseigneur Ginoulhiac, Bishop of Grenoble, to the dignity of Archbishop of Lyons.

Pesth : March 4.

Yesterday, at a conference held at the house of Herr Deák, the Minister, Baron Eotvos, laid before the meeting the draft of a Bill respecting freedom of public worship. By the provisions of the Bill everyone is allowed to practise the creed to which he belongs; free religious communities are allowed to be established; marriage is to be a civil contract; and complete liberty of action is allowed to parents with regard to the education of their children.

CHAPTER LXXXIV

MONTALEMBERT'S LETTER

ON March 5 there was published at Paris a letter written, five days before, by Count Montalembert. It was received with great interest at Rome, and with still more interest when it was found to be, as was then felt, the *novissima verba* of the writer. In his then state of health, following upon long and depressing illnesses, the letter may have been too much for his strength. But as the Pope said he had some reason to hope that Montalembert had, in the brief time allowed him, come to think better, it is possible the ensuing conflict of feelings and convictions may have been itself too much for him. To myself the name recalled many memories and impressions upon which Time had done its work. In the earlier stages of the Oxford Movement, he was often quoted, with unqualified sympathy. Lamennais, his friend and colleague, was a man of genius, of learning and invention, but to these qualities Montalembert seemed to add all that we expect to find in a high-bred Christian gentleman of ancestry, education, and good manners. That he was all this I doubt not, but I yet think there was some little misapprehension at Oxford as to Montalembert's special claims. He was, in fact, a

man of very mixed nationality, mixed associations, mixed education, mixed schools, and about as much the creature of circumstances as a good man can be. Englishmen ought to be the first to deny that a fortunate and thorough intermixture, and a well-assorted variety are really the best school of character, whether in its moral or in its intellectual aspect. Nor are Romans in a condition to dispute it. Montalembert was partly English, partly Scotch, partly French, and, young as he was, had seen a good deal of the world before he joined 'the forlorn hope' that stepped out of the ranks of common life to strengthen and popularise the Church, and so to retrieve the loss it was supposed to suffer by the downfall of the elder Bourbons. A large acquaintance, wide and ready sympathies, versatile powers, and the faculty as well as the wish to be all things to all men, have their advantage, at least to those who start with the noble design of restoring or reforming a world confessed by all to want it. But with the gain there is loss, and the many-sided man is not so tremendous a projectile as the pointed bolt of modern political warfare. The little band who had set about to summon a new world out of the mass of social confusion and corrupt life saw visions and dreamt dreams, and, in fine, had numerous hobbies, which others took up and worked out with immense but fruitless industry. They revived all the ideas, all the hopes, all the schemes of the Ages commonly called Dark, but which were Light to them, and they were ready to reverse the judgment which Time, not to say Necessity, has pronounced on them. One after another these stars of hope set in darkness. The most promising of all was

the idea of the *Pauperes Christi*; that is, the creation of a large working yet dependent class that should become powerful by numbers, by organisation, and by the high principles on which they stood. After exhausting the finances, the opportunities, the youth, strength, and heart of Christian philanthropists, these *protégés* of the Church turned against their benefactors, or simply reverted to old Nature's ways, like the legendary congregation to which Saint Anthony delivered his famous sermon. It is impossible to bring the world back to old ways, and so put out of count the actual order of things in which we find ourselves. Though Montalembert made great and sudden impressions from time to time, keeping up not only his vigour, but also a perennial freshness and purity of style, he failed to establish the reputation to which he had early aspired, by a reconstruction of the whole social state on Catholic principles. Like some other great men he lived and died in border-land, leaving a lesson to avoid rather than to covet that undefined position which gives abundant liberty of choice and freedom of action, but at the cost of less actual result. Possibly I may be writing too much from my own recollection: possibly the many surviving friends of this really interesting man may have much to say about him: but to me he had early set in gloom, and it was almost a surprise to me to find that he was writing and dying.

Paris: March 5.

I am certain you will read with interest the subjoined translation of a letter which Count Montalembert has felt himself called upon to write, in reply to a person who had pointed out to him what he considered a flagrant contradiction between his

former speeches in the Chamber of Peers against Gallicanism and his present adhesion to the protest of Father Gratry against the absolute supremacy and separate infallibility of the Pope. The letter is dated Paris, February 28, 1870, and runs as follows :—

Sir,—Since you are good enough to interest yourself in my former speeches and in my present opinions, you, perhaps, are aware that I for several years past have suffered from an incurable malady which forbids my writing and walking, and only at long intervals leaves me sufficient leisure, and my mind sufficiently free, to busy myself with the labours or the questions to which my life has been devoted. Thus will be explained to you my very involuntary delay in replying to the letter you did me the honour to address to me on the 16th of this month, respecting the contradiction you think you discern between my speeches in the Chamber of St. Denys, in the Chamber of Peers in 1847, and my approbation of the recent letters addressed by Father Gratry to Monseigneur the Archbishop of Malines. I desire, first, to thank you, sir, for having thus afforded me an opportunity of reverting to a period now so distant, at the same time that I explain myself on the questions of the day.

That said, I beg you to observe that the Gallicanism of which I was the resolute and victorious adversary twenty-five years ago had only the name in common with that with which you reproach the Rev. Father Gratry. The Gallicanism I then called a *mummy* was no other than that which my old colleague and friend, Count Daru, ridiculed the other day when he said, in replying to M. Rouland, '*You are mistaking the century.*' It was solely the oppressive or vexatious intervention of the temporal power in spiritual interests ; an interference which a portion of our old and illustrious French clergy had sometimes too easily accepted. But I venture to say that you will not find, any more in my speech of 1847 than in my other speeches or writings, a single word in conformity with the doctrines or pretensions of the Ultramontanes of the present day ; and that

for an excellent reason—which is, that nobody had thought of advocating or raising them during the period between my entrance into public life and the advent of the Second Empire. Never, thank heaven, have I thought, said, or written anything favourable to the personal and separate infallibility of the Pope, such as it is sought to impose upon us ; nor to the theocracy, the dictatorship of the Church, which I did my best to reprobate in that history of the Monks of the West of which you are pleased to appreciate the laborious fabric ; nor to that Absolutism of Rome of which the speech that you quote disputed the existence, even in the Middle Ages, but which to-day forms the symbol and the programme of the faction dominant among us.

Assuredly, if anyone would kindly point out to me anything to correct or to retract in what I may have spoken from the tribune of the Luxembourg, or from that of the Palais Bourbon, and if I felt convinced of my wrong, it would be in no way painful to me to confess him in the right ; for where is the public man to whom twenty-three years of experience and of revolutions have not taught something ?

But when I read again with you my words of 1847, I find nothing, or scarcely anything, to change in them. I feel that, did the occasion arise, I again to-day should oppose all against which I then contended, and that I should proclaim, now as then, the reciprocal incompetence of the Church and of the State outside the boundary of their proper domain, without desiring that their mutual independence should lead to their absolute separation.

At the same time, I willingly admit that, if I have nothing to cancel, I should have a great deal to add. I sinned by omission, or, rather, by want of foresight. I said, ‘Gallicanism is dead because it made itself the servant of the State ; you have now only to inter it.’ I think I then spoke the truth. It was dead, and completely dead. How, then, has it risen again ? I do not hesitate to reply. In consequence of the lavish encouragement given, under the pontificate of Pius IX., to exaggerated doc-

trines, outraging the good sense as well as the honour of the human race—doctrines of which not even the coming shadow was perceptible under the Parliamentary Monarchy.

There are wanting, then, to that speech, as to the one I made in the National Assembly on the Roman expedition, essential reservations against spiritual despotism, against absolute monarchy, which I have always detested in the State, and which does not inspire me with less repugnance in the Church.

But, in 1847, what could give rise to a suspicion that the liberal pontificate of Pius IX., acclaimed by all the Liberals of the two worlds, would become the pontificate represented and personified by the *Univers* and the *Civiltà*? In the midst of the unanimous cries then uttered by the clergy in favour of *liberty as in Belgium*, of *liberty in everything and for all*, how could we foresee as possible the incredible wheelabout of almost all that same clergy in 1852—the enthusiasm of most of the Ultramontane doctors for the revival of Cæsarism, the harangues of Monseigneur Parisis, the charges of Monseigneur de Salinis, and especially the permanent triumph of those lay theologians of absolutism who began by squandering all our liberties, all our principles, all our former ideas, before Napoleon III., and afterwards immolated justice and truth, reason and history, in one great holocaust to the idol they raised up for themselves at the Vatican?

If that word *idol* seems to you too strong, be pleased to lay the blame on what Monseigneur Sibour, Archbishop of Paris, wrote to me on September 10, 1853 :—‘The new Ultramontane school leads us to a double idolatry—the idolatry of the temporal power and of the spiritual power. When you formerly, like ourselves, M. le Comte, made loud professions of Ultramontanism you did not understand things thus. We defended the independence of the spiritual power against the pretensions and encroachments of the temporal power, but we respected the constitution of the State and the constitution of the Church. We did not do away with all intermediate power, all hierarchy,

all reasonable discussion, all legitimate resistance, all individuality, all spontaneity. The Pope and the Emperor were not one the whole Church and the other the whole State. Doubtless there are times when the Pope may set himself above all the rules which are only for ordinary times, and when his power is as extensive as the necessities of the Church. The old Ultramontanes kept this in mind, but they did not make of the exception a rule. The new Ultramontanes have pushed everything to extremes, and have abounded in hostile arguments against all liberties—those of the State as well as those of the Church. If such systems were not calculated to compromise the most serious religious interests at the present time, and especially at a future day, one might be content with despising them ; but when one has a presentiment of the evils they are preparing for us, it is difficult to be silent and resigned. You have, therefore, done well, M. le Comte, to stigmatise them.'

Thus, sir, did the pastor of the vastest diocese in Christendom express himself seventeen years ago, congratulating me upon one of my first protests against the spirit which, since then, I have never ceased to combat. For it is not to-day, it was in 1852, that I began to struggle against the detestable political and religious aberrations which make up contemporary Ultramontaniam.

Here, then, traced by the pen of an Archbishop of Paris, is the explanation of the *mystery* that pre-occupies you, and of the contrast you point out between my Ultramontaniam of 1847 and my Gallicanism of 1870.

Therefore, without having either the will or the power to discuss the question now debating in the Council, I hail with the most grateful admiration, first, the great and generous Bishop of Orleans, then the eloquent and intrepid priests who have had the courage to place themselves across the path of the torrent of adulation, imposture, and servility by which we risk being swallowed up. Thanks to them, Catholic France will not have remained too much below Germany, Hungary, and

America. I publicly congratulate myself, and more than I can express by words, on having them for friends and for brother academicians. I have but one regret, that of being prevented by illness from descending into the arena in their suite—not, certainly, on the ground of theology, but on that of history and of the social and political consequences of the system they contend against. Thus should I deserve my share (and it is the only ambition remaining to me) in those *litanies of abuse* daily launched against my illustrious friends by a too numerous portion of that poor clergy which prepares for itself so sad a destiny, and which I formerly loved, defended, and honoured as it had not yet been by any in modern France.

I thank you once more, sir, for having enabled me thus to say what I think, and I should be a great deal more obliged to you if I could hope that you would obtain the publication of this letter in one of the journals with which your opinions must put you in intercourse.

Accept, &c.,

CH. DE MONTALEMBERT.

I need only remind some of your readers that Archbishop Sibour, whose curious and really admirable letter Count Montalembert quotes, was appointed to the See of Paris, after the death (so truly glorious and worthy of a Christian bishop) of Monseigneur Affre, in June, 1848, and that he himself was murdered by a wretched priest, named Verger, in 1857.

CHAPTER LXXXV

THE 'TIMES' ON MONTALEMBERT'S LETTER

Friday, March 11.

THE negotiations between the Court of the Tuileries and the Holy See are daily assuming fresh interest, and may lead to results of which one at least of the parties has not appreciated the magnitude. France, it seems now certain, demands that a Representative of her Government be admitted into the Council Hall at the Vatican; and it is difficult to estimate the strength this layman may lend to the so-called 'Gallican' or Liberal Episcopal Opposition, even supposing the French Ambassador to remain the only layman present, and the other Roman Catholic States — Austria, Belgium, Bavaria, Spain, and even Italy, or 'Piedmont,' as the Pope calls it—to be indifferent to the privilege vouchsafed to France. There is a party in France, as in other parts of the world, which thinks the laity should count for something in the Church, and that party happens now to muster somewhat strong in the French Ministry, and in those two 'Centres' in the Legislative Body on which the Cabinet relies for its majority. There is a certain number of 'Liberal Catholics' in France—men, as it was said of Count Daru, who 'profess devotion to

the Church, yet 'vex the Church.' To some of these Rome has good reason to show deference and gratitude ; they are MM. Baroche, de Falloux, de Courcelles, de Broglie, de Latour d'Auvergne, and last, not least, de Montalembert.

A few years ago where had the Papacy a more zealous and fiery advocate than Monseigneur Dupanloup, or where a nobler or more chivalrous champion than Count Montalembert ? How happens it now that the Bishop of Orleans takes the lead of his Holiness's Opposition at the Vatican, and that the 'last of the peers' in Louis Philippe's reign wishes he had only health and strength to declare himself the standard-bearer of New Gallicanism in France ? In what, one might ask, does the difference between Old and New Gallicanism consist ? How is it that the principle of Nationality in the Church, which was scouted as heresy in 1847, regains its ascendancy in 1870 ? If there exist anywhere in France a man of earnest convictions, that man should be Count Montalembert. Born in England, of an English mother, he, perhaps, owed to the air he first breathed that firm faith he has always professed in the compatibility of religion with freedom. A believer in Lamennais, yet falling back into rigid orthodoxy when that democrat preacher was disavowed by Rome, Count Montalembert sought inspiration among the records of Elizabeth of Hungary and of the Monks of the West. He called upon his own generation of Frenchmen as 'sons of the Crusaders' to take the field against the 'sons of Voltaire.' Count Montalembert had also the cause of oppressed nationalities at heart ; that of the Poles, of the Greeks, of the Syrian Christians,

of the Sonderbund Swiss, of the Irish—of all the people whom the Pope blessed ; and he had a funeral service performed at his expense in honour of Daniel O'Connell. Ready as he was to identify the cause of the Throne with that of the Altar, Montalembert did not withdraw his countenance either from the Republic or the Empire ; on one condition, however, that both Republic and Empire should be the enemies of the Pope's enemies. He was won over to Louis Napoleon when he sent his troops to Rome, only recommending that there should also be *une expédition de Rome à l'intérieur* ; meaning, we suppose, a crusade against the 'sons of Voltaire.'

But now this same Count Montalembert, this 'eldest son of the Church,' as he has been aptly called, inveighs against the personal and separate infallibility of the Pope, against ecclesiastical dictatorship and Roman absolutism, against doctrines which 'outrage the good sense as well as the honour of the human race' ! He cries out against the 'Idol' which false Catholics have set up for themselves in the Vatican, and quotes Monseigneur Sibour, late Archbishop of Paris, who, as early as 1853, feared that the Ultramontane school would lead to a double idolatry—'the idolatry of the Temporal and of the Spiritual Power.' Has it, indeed, come to this ? Do these ardent Romanists begin to feel that Rome is coming home to themselves ? So long as the Pope only exercised tyranny over his own subjects, or, by the means of Austrian, Bourbon, and other despotic governments, over the Italians, not only were Count Montalembert and his friends unshaken in their devotion to the Holy See, but they showed boundless gratitude to the Emperor Napoleon for the arms by which he

upheld the Papal Government, and only quarrelled with the advice by which he vainly strove to reform and popularise it. So far as Rome and Italy were concerned, there was to be no constitution of the State apart from the constitution of the Church; 'no reasonable discussion, legitimate resistance, individuality, spontaneity.' The Italians were denounced as monsters in human form, because they objected to the 'double idolatry,' because they claimed a few of those civil liberties which France had vindicated in 1789, and which had been sanctioned by the Concordat of 1801.

Did it ever occur to Count Montalembert and his friends to ask how it happened that an Idol was set up at the Vatican? Can they recollect by whose opposition it was that the Emperor Napoleon, who in all this Roman business, as in many others, was the most enlightened man in France, was prevented from enforcing the terms of that letter to Edgar Ney, which was to put to the test their favourite theory as to the consistency of Romanism with modern progress? Have they forgotten whose opposition it was that arrested the course of Italian victories at Castelfidardo, and prolonged that agony of the Temporal Power which led to all the subsequent abuses of spiritual supremacy?

For our own part, placed, as we are, out of the pale of the Roman Catholic Church, and only interested in her welfare as spectators, we always entertained and expressed our belief that the bane of Catholicism lay in that epithet 'Roman,' which, indeed, adulterated its very essence, and made of Christ's religion an institution universal in name, but, in fact, local. By insisting on keeping their Pope-King in Italy the Catholics of other

countries allowed the monopoly of their Church government to fall into the hands of a people whom they despised, whom conquest and oppression had degraded for centuries. French and Germans made the Italians slaves that there might be priests over them. To say nothing of the exclusion of all other nations from the Papal Chair, of their own numerical insignificance in the College of Cardinals, they now see themselves hopelessly outvoted in the Œcumenical Council. Papal Infallibility is claimed as something separate and personal, something local—Italian and Roman; and so long as Rome is the Church, there is no room left for ‘reasonable discussion or legitimate resistance.’ What they, the French, German, and other Catholics, meted out to Italy, Italy now, through her Pope, her Cardinals, and her packed Episcopal majority, is meting out to them.

Is all this to be changed? Are France and, after her, Austria and Germany bent on overthrowing the tyranny they all helped to rear up in the Vatican? Will they enter the lists against the double idolatry? Count Montalembert’s words and Count Daru’s notes seem to point to some great change in the relations between France and Rome, between Church and State. We hardly know what permanent good may be accomplished by mere lay interference with the deliberations of the Council. It seems to us necessary to strike at the root of the evil, and we think all the abuses of spiritual supremacy are traceable to the Temporal Power. It was that petty Italian Sovereignty which made the Papacy the curse both of Rome and Italy and of the Church itself, and to France alone does that Sovereignty owe its existence. Let the French troops be recalled

from Rome ; let the French and other nations restore to Italy what belongs to Italy, and let them claim for the Church what belongs to the Church. Let the Italians, or at least the Romans, have Rome ; and let the Church, even if it continue to have its seat in Rome, receive such a Constitution as may make it the Church of all Catholic nations—a Church whose doctrines may not be what Count Montalembert now says they are—‘an outrage to the good sense and to the honour of the human race.’

After the submission of Lamennais and his party, referred to in the second paragraph of this article, Montalembert, finding nothing to be done at home, came to England for a round of visits, where he was a most interesting guest. In the summer of 1840 he was at Oxford, in communication with Newman, then on the point of retiring to Littlemore. The expression ‘an ecclesiastico-political friend of Lamennais,’ in a letter by Newman, June 10, enumerating his visitors, is rather dry and hardly complimentary. But Newman was then dreading further complications in both the matters thus combined and so far neutralised. Montalembert probably spoke freely and then wrote as he spoke.

CHAPTER LXXXVI

THE COUNCIL DRAGGING A LENGTHENING CHAIN

Rome: March 7.

THE Council is at a standstill. It is not sitting to-day; a fortnight has been lost, and it is little more than a fortnight to Lady Day, when, at last, if possible, something is to be given to the outer world. The last fortnight, we were all told, was to be a fortnight of hard work—not in the Council, but out of doors. The Fathers were to acquaint themselves with the New Rules, and get into the way of using them. Instead of doing this, the Opposition and the Powers at their back have combined in an energetic and decisive protest against the New Rules altogether. On Friday thirty-four French bishops sent in to the five Cardinal Legates a statement of objections to almost every article of the New Rules, with an ominous declaration that, if the objections were not removed, it would be a great burden on their own consciences, while the Council would lose credit for liberty and truth, in the very face of all mankind. As many Germans are to send in a similar protest to-morrow. Meanwhile it is no secret that these bishops, whatever other advice they receive from their Governments, are desired, first and foremost, to do all they can to secure full time for their discussions. The Pope has

refused to receive a special ambassador from France on the affairs of the Council. On sending out the invitations last year, he said that as the Council would deal only with religious questions, and the internal administration of the Church, it did not want representatives of secular Powers.

The present result is that the French ambassador finds himself engaged single-handed in a task, not above his powers or his ambition perhaps, but not to his taste or suited to his special experience. Should the Court find his hand rather heavy, it will be its own fault. Thus, after three months of utterly barren discussion, the Council is returning to the very first question of all—how to discuss. If the protests are attended to, and if the objections are removed, there is no reason I can see why the Fathers are not to go on making speeches as long as the world lasts. On the other hand, if the Cardinal Legates won't give way, but stand by their New Rules, then everything the Council may do from this day will be discredited by the protests now made. The French and German bishops say plainly that the Council will have damaged—that is, virtually forfeited—its character for freedom and honesty. Then what will its decrees be worth, in France and Germany at least? I do not see how these bishops can remain here if their complaints are not attended to, but nothing is said of their withdrawal, and the French are not a people to give up the game as long as a chance remains.

What they most prominently object to is, considering the actual constitution of the Council, the predominance claimed for a mere numerical majority, and the power given to any ten Fathers to ask that a discussion

may be closed. For ten they propose to substitute a hundred. It all comes to this : the Council has to constitute and organise itself. The Pope, with the advice and aid of his good friends at the *Gesù* and Propaganda, gave it lines of his own to work upon. The assembled Fathers looked at the lines, did not like them, protested in vain, and then submitted to work upon them, inwardly resolving to use their own discretion. The Papal Court felt its position a false one, for it had certainly assumed too much, and it gave way. Hence this amazing three months' continuity of Latin speeches, all ending in nothing. But what is now to be done? The Pope, they say, is distressed and anxious ; but he has spent the whole of his long life in perilous and difficult circumstances and has hitherto thriven upon them. In the Church Militant he has been a man of war from his youth. Some of the suggestions made on his side—I know not by whom, but made seriously—show that neither faith nor courage fails here. 'We must carry infallibility,' it said, 'for they won't let us do anything else.' A good reason, of course. It has also been suggested that the Fathers shall vote by ballot.

Meanwhile the Court, its friends, and its journalists are busy firing over the heads of the Council at their distant foes. The Bishops of Strasbourg and Montpellier have followed the example of the Bishop of Laval in prohibiting the works of Gratry in their dioceses, while Strossmayer, it is said, has written to him expressing his approval, and urging him to go on. So people are asking here what the Archbishop of Paris will do. The Papal journals are incessantly reminding France and Germany that they have already enough to do

besides the work that is coming, without pretending to assist, or to obstruct, the Council in the definition of dogmas, which is not their affair. A happy thought has struck them *à propos* of the King of Bavaria. Louis I. lost his throne by a foolish attachment to Lola Montes, and a similar infatuation for Dr. Döllinger may be attended with the like disastrous result to Louis II.

Our own Anglicans, looking eastward, may wish to know the progress of the Armenian schism. It has made fearful ravages, and the Schismatical Church is now estimated at thirty-three priests and three hundred laity, which gives nine laymen to a priest. However, messengers have been sent to Constantinople and Cilicia, and the Patriarch and eleven bishops here have had to give further pledges of their fidelity by signing a most humble prayer for the early and complete definition of Papal infallibility. There are some curious speculations current as to what they will do when they get back to their own country. The Sultan is here spoken of most respectfully as a gentleman of liberal opinions, but it is feared that on the principle of universal toleration he may lend a hand to the Armenian schismatics. Oddly enough, the Armenians in Rome allege that the mischief has been done by the Antonian monks, who, having been educated at Rome and sent out with special privileges to the East, have thereby weakened the authority of the bishops, without, however, strengthening the connection with Rome; in fact, they are now said to be at the bottom of the schism.

The New Rules distributed to the Council on the 22nd ult., are, as I write, still the subject of grave

communications between the Cardinal Legates and the French and German Fathers.

Rome : March 6, Evening.

The *Opinione* of this evening says :—‘Count Daru has sent a despatch to Cardinal Antonelli declaring that, if the Pope does not relinquish the idea of a discussion upon the question of his personal infallibility, France will send an ambassador to the Council. Should the Pope refuse to receive him, the French Government will then consider what course it shall pursue.’ According to other information derived from a reliable source, France has only claimed the right to which she is entitled under the Concordat, to send an ambassador to the Council.

To the Editor of ‘THE TIMES.’

Sir, — My attention has been called to an article on ‘Infallibilism at Fault,’ in the *Saturday Review* of the 26th ult. The writer is pleased to say that, in a sermon preached by me the other day, I asserted that ‘I respect a hundred and fifty thousand times more the person who rejects Christianity altogether than one who, accepting it in a modified form, denies or doubts Transubstantiation,’ or, adds the writer, ‘we presume, Papal Infallibility.’ He then concludes :—‘In Monsignor Capel’s, and therefore, we may infer, in Archbishop Manning’s opinion, it is exactly one hundred and fifty thousand times better to be an infidel than a Protestant or even—what is, perhaps, worse—a Liberal Catholic.’

Will you allow me, through your columns, to say that neither in preaching nor in conversation have I ever used the words attributed to me by the writer? The opinion implied by them and the inference drawn from them I formally repudiate. I hold that to believe in any portion, however fragmentary, of the Christian revelation is far better than ‘to deny

Christianity altogether.' As to Papal Infallibility, it has been a part of my belief from childhood. Once admit that the Church is an organic body endowed with the gift of infallibility, then it appears to me to be a necessary consequence that *ex cathedra* utterances of the Pope are infallible. But this implicit belief is very different from the explicit act of faith required wherever the Church defines a doctrine to be of revelation. The writer of the article ought to have known the distinction before he ventured to place Papal Infallibility and Transubstantiation in the same category.

It is too transparent the writer wished to attack through me the Archbishop of Westminster ; whether the cumbrous means to effect this purpose are fair and honourable I leave to the judgment of your readers.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obliged servant,

T. J. CAPEL.

Rome, Via Frattina 48 : March 6.

CHAPTER LXXXVII

NINE DAYS' ADJOURNMENT

Rome : March 9.

THE Council is not to meet again for nine more days—that is, till Thursday, the 17th, when it is at last to do something. Papal infallibility has been put into the form of a dogma, which the day before yesterday was presented by the Pope's Commission of twenty-six to the Cardinal Presidents, to be by them proposed to the Council, as I have said, to-morrow week. The definition is reported to be in the strongest and harshest form, and to come between the eleventh and twentieth Canons in the *Schema de Romano Pontifice*. Rome aims at forcing the dogma into every confessional and putting that mark on every one of her children. This will not, however, inevitably lead to a schism, for unless the confessors can be made to ask the question it will not have to be answered, and they who wish to know the precise value of 'confession' can learn it at Rome. However, the dogma is now in view, and the scent strong.

Meanwhile the French and German Protests against the New Rules have to be dealt with. You will probably be informed through some authentic channel that no such Protests have been presented, and, though they will shortly make their appearance north of the Alps, it

is doubtful whether either has been formally presented. But, presented or not, they are driving the cardinals wild, giving even the Pope much uneasiness, and infusing a degree of uncertainty into the grand performance fixed for the 17th, and eight following days. I say the eight following days, for the people here still say the Annunciation is not to pass without an event; but according to the New Rules, if they are now to be put in force, it will be necessary to give the Fathers time to make their comments and to propose amendments. That would put off the catastrophe to Easter. What that catastrophe will be can only be guessed, but they who know the men say that, upon the question being put to the vote, near a hundred Fathers will rise and quit the Council. As it is impossible to say what will be done on one side, so it is also impossible to say what will be done on the other. Some persons say they will put no faith in the Opposition till it, or the Governments in accord with it, say plainly what they will do; but that is not the mode of this warfare, or, indeed, of any warfare. Each side hides its hand.

We are in a land which is not Goshen, for, while all is darkness here, it appears to be light everywhere else. His Holiness and his Court lead the way. All the news, all the documents, and all the best inspirations are sent over the frontier to enlighten the reading-rooms and cafés of Turin and Florence, and to give even Paris, London, and Dublin the priority over Rome as far as possible. The Fathers of the Council think they may do what the Holy Father does, and are busily smuggling their carefully-composed Latin speeches over the frontier. This information comes from a young gentle-

man who has himself taken charge of several bulky packages. Literary men are apt to be vain and impatient, and in these days won't let their best things sleep for nine years. Thus, after the interval of a few days, every capital in Europe is better informed of the Council than Rome itself can be, and is free to read documents which at Rome cannot be looked at without incurring minor excommunication.

The publication of the extracts from Count Daru's letters to a French bishop has created great surprise; but I am bound to say the persons who profess to be indignant aver at the same time that they knew all about the letters, and make small account of them. I observe that a 'Vatican' contemporary is most vehemently urging the Pope to expel all the correspondents, except, of course, its own, and its culminating argument is that the Czar would do so, and therefore it sees no reason why the Pope should not. It is the first time I have seen the Pope compared to the Czar, or recommended to take him for a model. For my own part I have always thought the Pope, whatever his mistakes, was at least a monarch with his throne in the hearts and minds of men, and not a mere lord of lands, races, and multitudes. For whatever reason—I believe, in the interest of truth—his Holiness has deemed it best to tolerate his critics, and the little band keeping their watch at the doors of the Council. Nor is it much to the honour of our country that the very first suggestion for driving them away should come from persons professing to be Englishmen. I venture to predict that the expulsion of the correspondents would be followed by a vast outbreak

of surreptitious, irresponsible, and unscrupulous information cropping up in every capital in Europe.

Rome is taken aback at the rapid pace of affairs in the East, where they do not spend three months in doing nothing. It is said that in Pera eight hundred or a thousand Armenian families, with thirty priests, upon hearing of the pressure put on the unfortunate Patriarch here, met, and signed a declaration that, while they accepted Rome as an authority in matters of faith, they would not submit to her discipline, and never had done so. They also took the opportunity of protesting against the Bull—*Reversurus*—of July 12, 1867, aimed, as they say, at the destruction of their liberties. The next day the president of the meeting went to the Grand Vizier to explain what they had done, and it seems to have met with his approbation, for the Porte gave them the temporary Church of St. John Chrysostom. But the next Sunday, while seven of the priests were saying Mass, the Greater Excommunication upon all within was attached to the door. Cardinal Barnabo, of the Propaganda—of course, too, poor Hassoun, the Patriarch—are telegraphing incessantly to Constantinople in the most peremptory tone; while the two parties at Constantinople are sending messengers all over Asia Minor and Syria exhorting them—the one, to be true to their Roman allegiance; the other, to stand by their old liberties. Hassoun, feeling the iron entering his soul—so long, at least, as he is here—has telegraphed that Rome will act inexorably. The Asiatics see it, and therefore will not submit to her. The present calculation is that more than a third of the ‘Catholic Eastern Church’ is lost to Rome, and it is clear that the priests

and people who have shown such alacrity and decision have been only too glad of the opportunity to break from her.

I am sorry to hear that Dr. Grant, one of our English bishops, is still very unwell. The day before yesterday the Pope went to see him at the English College. His Holiness was received as usual, and intoned his devotions in the temporary chapel with a strong and clear voice. He then went to the bishop's room and conversed with him a quarter of an hour in the kindest and most consolatory manner. He does the same for all the invalid or aged bishops, and shows everywhere the royal gift of a large and exact acquaintance with persons and things. This we may concede him, but not to know everything.

Paris : March 9.

The French Government has notified to the Vatican its intention of sending an Ambassador to the Council, and we await with much interest the reply that will be made. The precedents of former Councils, or, at least, of that of Trent, are in favour of sending two envoys—a layman and an ecclesiastic—and the report is that the Marquis de Banneville, the present Ambassador in Rome, will be appointed to represent his Government at the Council in conjunction with Monseigneur Dupanloup as the clerical plenipotentiary. In this case it is obvious that the layman will play what is vulgarly called 'second fiddle' to the ecclesiastic, who in all the qualifications for such an office is so much his superior. M. de Banneville does not enjoy the reputation of a man of great ability or of enlarged views, and rumour has spread doubt as to whether he has invariably fulfilled the spirit as well as the letter of his instructions. He is considered by many to be a narrow-minded and punctilious person, too Papal in his addictions frankly to

represent a Liberal policy in Rome. There are reports of certain differences of opinion in the French Government on the question of Rome and the Council, but it is unlikely that these are of a serious nature. Count Daru himself has the reputation of a strict Catholic, but he is not a man to shrink from decided steps in certain contingencies. As regards the possible withdrawal of the French troops from the Papal States, the present Cabinet may be presumed to have an eye to future complications, especially if it hopes to retain power long. In the event of a difficulty with Germany it would naturally desire to be certain of the alliance, or at least of the neutrality, of Italy. Now, there is little doubt if war broke out between Prussia and France while a French garrison was still at Civit  Vecchia which side the Italian Government would be compelled to take. Italy, it may be said, is but puny as a military Power ; but France would need her undivided force to struggle successfully with the power of Germany, and could ill spare an army to watch the Italian frontier and awe Florence into submission.

To return to the proposed French mission to the Council. It is understood that an active correspondence is now going on between Paris and Rome. The proposed intervention is limited strictly to questions of a civil and political character, and the intention of interference with those of a merely dogmatic nature is said to be carefully disclaimed. It is further alleged that Count Daru is somewhat in advance of his colleagues in the course followed in this matter. I doubt much, however, that he is in advance of the Emperor, whose views on questions relating to Rome and the Church are infinitely more liberal than might be inferred from the policy he has on various occasions felt himself compelled to adopt. As regards the special envoy to be sent to Rome, it seems scarcely probable that Monseigneur Dupanloup would be selected as a *persona grata*, and it is also thought that the precedent of sending an ecclesiastic may not be followed. M. de Corcelles, who was at Rome in 1840, and is a personal friend of the Pope, has

been spoken of as a likely person to go. It is true that he is also a friend of Monseigneur Dupanloup and Count Montalembert. The Prince of La Tour d'Auvergne has also been named as a not improbable Ambassador to the Council.

Contrary to Count Montalembert's expectation implied in his valedictory paragraph, the clerical *Gazette de France* has opened its columns to his letter of the 5th inst., published in yesterday's *Times*. It will assuredly be extensively reproduced and commented upon.

Bologna: March 8.

Reliable intelligence from Rome announces that in consequence of the publication of the various *Schemata*, several of which, particularly that relative to the infallibility of the Pope, undoubtedly trench upon political ground, the French Government has declared it impossible to continue the attitude of non-intervention towards the Œcumenical Council hitherto maintained. It has, therefore, officially demanded that a special representative of the French Government may be admitted to take part in the deliberations of the Council, at least in so far as relates to the points touched upon in these *Schemata*. Up to the present Cardinal Antonelli has merely acknowledged the receipt of the communication from the French Government, and has stated that their request will be taken into consideration and a reply be subsequently given.

Paris: March 8.

The *Monde* publishes a telegram from Rome, dated yesterday, stating that the Pope has ordered the distribution of a *Schema* proposing a definition of infallibility. Observations will be admitted until the 17th inst.

From the Roman frontier: March 10.

The article relating to infallibility (an additional article of the *Schema* distributed on the 7th inst.) is drawn up in the following terms:—

‘Chapter to be added to the Decree upon the Primacy of the Roman Pontiff, to the effect that the Roman Pontiff cannot err in the definition of matters of faith or morals.

‘The Holy Roman Church possesses the supreme and complete primacy and principality over the Universal Catholic Church, which it verily and humbly acknowledges to have received with the plenitude of the power of the Lord Himself in the person of St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles, of whom the Roman Pontiff is the successor.

‘And as, above all things, it behoves the Church to make clear the truth of the faith, all questions which may arise upon matters of faith must be determined by its judgment, seeing that otherwise the words of the Lord Jesus Christ (*Tu es Petrus*, &c.) would be disregarded.

‘That which has been set forth upon this point has been proved by the results, as in the Apostolic See the Catholic religion has always been preserved immaculate, and its doctrine has always been maintained at its fulness (*celebrata*).

‘Consequently, we inculcate, with the concurrence of the Holy Council, and we define as a dogma of faith, that, thanks to the Divine assistance, it is that the Roman Pontiff, of whom it was said in the person of St. Peter by our same Lord Jesus Christ, “I have prayed for thee,” &c., cannot err when, acting in his quality as supreme teacher of all Christians, he defines what the Universal Church must hold in matters of faith and morals, and that the prerogative of inerrancy or infallibility extends over the same matters to which the infallibility of the Church is applicable. But if any one should dare—which may God forbid!—to controvert our present definition, let him know that he departs from the truth of the faith.’

CHAPTER LXXXVIII

OUR NORTHERN ANCESTORS AT ROME

THE following letter was written about this time, and not posted, I know not why. I might have been suddenly moved to write it by the language of the Papal journals, and it is equally possible that I might have been moved to withhold it by finding, as I did find, that the German theologians were giving the Pope's theologians quite as much as they took ; indeed with interest. To some of my readers it may be news to find how the ancestors we are so proud of are uniformly represented in old Roman statuary. Vitruvius, the great Roman architect, evidently looked on them much as he would on fine blocks of wood or marble supplied by Nature for corner-stones, architraves, or pilasters ;—*Sub Septemtrionibus nutriuntur gentes immanibus corporibus, sanguine multo, quoniam ab humoris plenitudine cælique refrigerationibus sunt conformati.*

Rome : March.

All over this city, in its museums, its courts, and its gardens, there are in marble or stone the figures of men as distinct from the Roman kind as negroes or satyrs. They are usually giants, but without even that wild and capricious spirit with which giants are supposed

to be animated. They represent simply fabrics of bone, covered with flesh, and hung with skin. Drooping, cast down, with their hands crossed, and sometimes even manacled, they look as if every vestige of courage and self-respect had been whipt out of them. If there ever was any expression in their countenances, any look in their eyes, or any dignity in their mien, it is gone now, and nothing remains but to bear the burden which the sculptor has sometimes actually put on their heads, or to wince under the lash one can almost see descending upon them. Their brows are low and fleshy, their features coarse, and the lines on their flaccid cheeks are those of a brooding but impotent subjection. They show man in his most fallen state, when, as the Roman poet says, he will never fight, or live a real life again.

These hideous wrecks of humanity are our northern ancestors. They are Britons, Gauls, Germans, Dacians, that once held their own, and do so now to some extent. All were outer barbarians in the eyes of Rome; that was her opinion and sentiment, and it had a foundation in the facts of the case. Rome described these nations as she saw them, as she found them, as she knew them, and as she dealt with them. The Italian was as yet a most masterly race, very far above my own humble measurement, and wherever it came it passed over men, treading them under foot, crushing them, stamping on them, breaking their very bones, and paralysing every nerve and muscle of man by its own natural ascendancy. It is possible, but very doubtful, that those great nations might have ripened to a fullness and maturity of their own, had they been left to themselves; and history shows the North at a disadvantage in the act of subju-

gation ; but they never had a chance, at least while Rome was a Power. Here there are several hundreds of them, any number of feet high, and averaging several tons. Marble must have been cheap indeed to be wasted on such scarcely animate figures, but as they are in no attitude, or action, lengthy blocks do for them. The Roman, as the sculptor makes him, is addressing an army, or a senate ; he holds a spear, or a globe ; or he is raising his outstretched arm ; and he takes all the space he can in the eyes of the spectators. The Gaul is simply a living post in the fabric of Roman glory and power. Rome could indeed be generous and even just. The barbarians fought well in the amphitheatre, and their battles for independence were sometimes worth a record ; so we have the Dying Gladiator, who, however, was not of a race so hyperborean, and brutish, as ours. Rome was also full of mercy and indulgence, as she is to-day ; and accordingly in the Capitol are grand reliefs representing northern barbarians supplicating for their lives under the very hoofs of the victorious Roman. Of course, Rome made slaves of these people ; and though, as the names show, she got her earlier supplies from the Serfs and Slaves, in due time, and for many centuries, the Roman slave market drew chiefly from our own end of Europe, and from England especially.

There never was a time when this appreciation of us ceased. The barbarians had invaded Rome centuries before the Christian era, and did so after, to more effect. So they were felt to be a power. In due time the character of the Roman dominion changed, and its principles had to be adapted to new circumstances. There has, too, been some mixture of blood, so that we have

Roman blood in us, and the Romans, it is possible, an infusion of ours. But Rome and the Italian race have always felt that they had it in them to dominate over all the world besides, and bring all nations in subjection under their feet. Other nations—ourselves and the French, for example—have had something of this proud consciousness, and something of this noble ambition ; but it has never taken form, or acquired consistency, or matured into a national policy. Latterly, too, we have both abandoned it altogether. But it is ingrained in the Roman. It runs in his blood. Without this he is nothing. Of course, there are plenty of Italians in Italy that are not of this nature ; but all that partake of the old Roman form—and, of course, little remains of that form but the spiritual phase—retain the indestructible conviction that they are the finest quality of the human kind and the world's natural masters.

It is impossible to deny, or to blink the fact, that the enormous and preposterous anomalies of this Council, and of the Roman Catholic Church altogether, are founded on this estimate of the Italian race. At Rome it is thought the most natural thing in the world that the successor of St. Peter, and the heir of his universal monarchy, must be always an Italian ; that the Senate of the Church, that is, the Sacred College, should be chiefly Italian, and that in the Episcopacy there should be Italians enough to turn the scale always in favour of Rome.

Why should not the Roman Catholic Church be governed, and as much as possible administered, by Romans and Italians, just as the old Roman Empire was ? England of course knows the sentiment of superior

race, for she has had to deal with inferior races ; but she is herself an inferior race in the estimate of Rome. Yes, all these northern races, all that think so much of their vigour and enterprise ; their freedom, their love of truth, their zeal for justice and equal laws, are in the eyes of Rome but as those who struggle, grandly perhaps, for first necessities and natural rights, only because they are incapable of a higher and larger policy. Slaves struggle to live, and traders for what they can get.

The Pope's organs take their inspiration from the *Gesù*, where, indeed, their articles are written ; and with surpassing vigilance and nicety of style, they localise everything lofty, grand, or refined, south of the Alps ; everything coarse, selfish, and rude—in a word barbarous—outside of that battlement of silver and gold. They describe every sovereign in Europe, unless it be the Ogre on the Neva, or the Intruder on the Bosphorus, as a poor caitiff, contending for an ephemeral throne and a usurped title, with disloyal multitudes, and with Parliaments one thing to-day and another to-morrow. The best thing I see in one of the 'privileged' papers is a contrast between the Roman Council and the 'Conciliabolo' at Paris, which the journal rejoices to find the only basis left to Napoleon's throne. As to the Church of England and the other religious communities not of Rome, the organs of Rome simply assume that anybody speaking or writing in their behalf can only do so for the very lowest and basest of reasons. They assume that nobody can possibly say or write a word for them, except just as a slave might take money to betray his master, an assassin to put somebody out of the way, or a wretch to swear to a false tale in a court of justice.

This is the ordinary, daily language of the Pope's own privileged organs with regard to religious bodies, and religious causes, in which Englishmen fondly suppose it possible to be saintly and heroic. I have asked here several times how it is the Court can sanction in its journals language which would certainly condemn them to the lowest rank in the press of any other country. The answer is one I can hardly believe. It is that these journals are written, in fact, for Pius IX. himself ; that he is the chief reader ; that he reads, indeed, little else ; and that this is the mode in which he is daily fed and kept up to his extravagant opinions and enormous pretensions.

CHAPTER LXXXIX

ROME AND ITALY.

Rome : March 11.

THE Fathers of the Opposition are now trebly occupied—first, in considering well the Dogma of Infallibility now actually placed before their eyes ; secondly, in framing their animadversions and amendments, if any, according to the New Rules of Procedure ; and, thirdly, in protesting against the said New Rules, by which, however, meanwhile they must act, unless they would let infallibility pass by default. A man had need know well what he is about under such circumstances. In fighting the Dogma they accept the Rules ; in fighting the Rules they submit to the Dogma. If they attempt to fight both together they may fall between two stools. By the meeting of the Council—nobody can be sure of that day—they will have to present their comments, and also the very words they would substitute. If they have failed to do so they will find everything going against them ‘with a run,’ as we say at home. According to the New Rules there will be no discussion whatever except upon matters ripe for immediate decision, and the words they utter, as it were with their last breath, may be uttered then and there for the last time without mortal sin. The bell once rung, the debate closed, the votes taken, and

the decision announced, if the Father repeats what he said ten minutes ago he is anathema. At least, he only waits for the Pope to say the word.

No wonder that there are reports of all kinds in circulation, and as reports only do I mention them. First, it is reported that the French ambassador is off to Paris, without even his secretary being able to vouch for the fact. Secondly, it is reported that Italy is moving again, and of course the Pope, the one moved by the other. Thirdly, it is reported that five Powers have sent a joint note to the Vatican. Fourthly, it is reported that the Pope, in reply to these and other notes, says that he cannot communicate with foreign Powers unless he be reinstated, and his hands strengthened by the declaration of his infallibility. If the Powers will admit all the spiritual power he claims, then he will be generous with it, and give back something of the unlimited concession. Grant only that the Pope may do and say whatever he thinks fit, and that his deed and word are the law of the universe, then he will be gracious, and even indulgent. He will not say all, or do all, that he has power to do ; and, terrible as he is, France and Germany will still find him a kind father ; only give him everything he asks, and faith will have its reward.

Other reports point to the time when the great question is to be opened or decided. People who are about to be hung count the days ; and never did I hear so many forecasts of the future as since this Council went behind that screen. The bishops have been very clamorous lately for leave to go home by Easter, and make 'holy oil' for the ensuing year. Pius IX. is equal to the emergency, and has issued a document to the effect that

the remaining stock of holy oil is to be mixed with sufficient new oil to make a supply for the next year; and that the oil so mixed is to have the same virtue as if every particle of it had been consecrated. To the uninitiated this looks a very sensible course to take under the circumstances, but a good many of the bishops allege that the Pope cannot command a violation of the Ritual, decreed by successive Councils, without the consent of a Council. The very act of issuing such an order, they say, shows that Pius IX. is exalting himself above everything, superseding all authority, and dispensing with all obligation. As these are serious charges, it is a pity they should be based on a direction to mix new oil with old. That, it is certain, will have to be done. An Irish bishop, I hear, asked leave to go home to see a brother dangerously ill, and was told by the Secretary of the Council that there would be time to go and return, for that nothing would be done till after Easter.

On the Fridays in Lent the Pope performs a singularly quiet and simple devotion. He walks into St. Peter's and up to the Chapel of the Sacrament, where he kneels in silent prayer; thence to the Chapel of the Madonna del Soccorso, where he does the like; then he passes the bronze statue of his great predecessor, where he does as all good Catholics do, and after silent prayer before the tomb of St. Peter, walks out of the church as he came. Nothing can be more interesting than an act which leaves everything to suggestion, and in which there seems so little to shut off community with any Christian soul. I went this morning to see Pius IX. look like man, and doing just what other Papists do, also with some thought of seeing a model service—no talk at all,

whether by priest or people. Here is the result of my little fishing in quiet waters. I must have forgotten that since the Carnival a new population has come, which has yet to see a live Pope. Never did I see such a rush of carriages. In St. Peter's there could not be less than five thousand, evidently new comers, and fortunately standing in some awe of the Swiss Guard. At a quarter to twelve the great west doors opened, and in came military gentlemen, soldiers, guards, Papal Court and household, cross-bearer, Pius IX., all the Cardinals, and most of the Fathers. The peculiarity of the occasion was that all were in the colours of the season—that is the colours of the violet and wild anemone, now under your feet everywhere round Rome. All, I say, were in these colours, except the Pope, who wore his scarlet cloak or mantle, making a brilliant contrast with his snow-white head. You will see the occasion was not quite what I had hoped to witness, but there was silence, and that itself was a solemnity.

Paris : March 10, Evening.

A despatch from the Roman frontier, dated to-day, says that, contrary to the assertions of the Ultramontane party, it is considered impossible that the discussion on the proposition of Papal infallibility can come on within a fortnight. It is not believed that the discussion will arise before the second fortnight in April. The Ministerial organ, the *Français*, of this evening contradicts the rumour of a divergence of opinion between Count Daru and M. Emile Ollivier on the question of the Œcumenical Council, and adds that the Ministers are completely agreed both on this and on all other questions. The *Mémorial Diplomatique* of this evening announces that

the Court of Rome has sent its reply to Count Daru's last despatch. The Pontifical Government readily accedes to the request of France to be represented in the Council.

Berlin : March 10, Evening.

The semi-official *North German Gazette* of this evening, writing of the document published yesterday by the *Cologne Gazette*, wherein the Pope is declared infallible, says :—‘The first impression created by this document is one of deep regret. There have been but few instances which so strikingly show to what extent the human mind can fall into error.’

Paris : March 11, Evening.

The statement which has appeared in certain journals asserting that Count Daru had addressed several letters to Monseigneur Dupanloup is without foundation. No correspondence has passed between them. It is expected that interpellations will be moved shortly in the Legislative Body, with the view of eliciting declarations from the Government relative to its policy on the Œcumenical Council.

Rome : March 10.

The Prince of Asturias left to-day for France.

Augsburg : March 11, Evening.

The *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung* of this evening publishes a telegram from Rome, of yesterday's date, announcing that the Opposition bishops have lodged a protest against the revised order of business to be transacted by the Council.

CHAPTER XC

THE ITALIANS MOVING

Rome: March 12.

THE Italians *are* moving. This reads strange as an article of news, for the Italians are always moving, and it would be news to hear of their being quiet; but they are not moving in any Papal sense, and their approximation, if any, is to Rome, not to the Pope. I am sorry to hear it, for just now I can address Pius IX. as a certain orator addressed Governor Felix,—‘Seeing that by thee we enjoy great quietness.’ Whether inside Rome, or in the grounds of the Borghese, Albani, and Pamphili Doria, the Italians would make Rome a very unpleasant place as long as the ‘movement’ lasted. People will have their own opinions as to the best arrangement for the future. I do not concern myself at all about the politics of the place, for you must have much earlier, fuller, and more exact intelligence than any I could send you; but I must tell you that at a large party of Romans last night there passed round an emphatic, but utterly unexplained, statement, that something was heaving under them, and you will admit that it is no more than my duty to communicate the sensation to you.

With an avowed reference to their own wishes and

designs, the Italians are amusing themselves and the Fathers with an old prophecy of St. Bridget, whose name somehow in our own country has lost its oracular dignity. A good many centuries ago she predicted that one day there will arise a Pope who loves the Church with true love, and that he and his Court and Council will be content with what is called the Leonine city, from St. Peter's to the Tiber. The idea was not her own, and there never has been a time when the temporal position of the Roman Pontiff has not been a conspicuous and troublesome element in his controversy with the rest of the world.

There are several sides to this controversy now, so far as it affects the city of Rome, for Pius IX. and Victor Emmanuel are not the only personages who feel the possession of Rome necessary to their complete happiness. The Italians of all sorts allege that what they want is some *modus vivendi* with the extremely impracticable institutions they find in the heart of their peninsula. What with the Alps in the north, a volcano at Naples, another in Sicily, and a Pope at Rome, they think that Nature or some other power has been hard upon them. They want peace and quietness—so they say ; but at any sign of an approximation to this desired end, the Jesuits throw everything into confusion, simply because they know that with peace and quietness their own influence is at an end. This is the sort of talk that one hears. Talk it is, and no more.

The officials say that April 12 is to be the great day. Though not marked in any calendar, it is always observed with extraordinary 'rejoicings'—that is, illuminations and so forth—and as a general holiday. So it

will be this year, though it is Tuesday in Passion Week. On April 12, 1854, Pius IX. and many Cardinals and other dignitaries were precipitated into a vault at the well-known Basilica of St. Agnes,¹ outside the walls, by the floor of a hall giving way under their feet. That they escaped with their lives is ascribed to a Divine interposition, and it is said there is no day in the year that the Pope observes with greater devotion. Its exclusive reference to the person of the Pope will make it the happiest occasion for declaring his infallibility.

I must not pass by this opportunity of telling you that they who live long enough will see the fair fame of this remarkable old gentleman sadly marred and vulgarised. The outer world regards him with the admiration due to a courageous, resolute, and withal amiable man, who sticks to his principles, and labours all he can that his position and office shall not suffer in his hands. 'The Church has always called me infallible, and I will be that or nothing.' In England this is appreciated. Liberals must take a liberal view of what many think a delusion, and Conservatives are bound to admire the grandest specimen of their own school. But this great man, it is quite certain, is to be swamped in the mob of Saints. Within a year of his death, Pius IX. is to be beatified, canonised, or what not. Nay, it is impossible to say what they will not do with him. I could hardly repeat what I hear. Already a miracle has been certified, examined, authenticated, and recorded. Having become free from epileptic seizures from the moment of his first admission to Orders, the Pope has been naturally

¹ A few yards from this Basilica Victor Emmanuel's forces planted the battery that made the breach through which they entered Rome this year.

believed to have a specialty for this cure ; and a countryman has lately turned up who avers that, having formerly been very subject to the malady, he has never had a single recurrence since he came one day to the Pope, stated his case, asked in faith, and was instantly, by the act and word of the Holy Father, delivered from that plague. Why should a great name be removed from the pedestal of authentic history to be placed on a peasant's tale ?

Spring is coming upon us. The French ambassador, I should think, is across the frontier, at the spot which the Pope's friends say is the great manufactory of lies, telegraphing with his Government.

The French Government and the Roman Council.—The *Mémorial Diplomatique* states, upon the authority of its correspondent at Rome, that upon receiving from Cardinal Antonelli a copy of the despatch from Count Daru, claiming for France the right of being represented in the Council by an Ambassador, the Pope summoned a meeting of the chief members of the Sacred College, including the five presidents of the Conciliar Congregations, in order to elicit their views as to the answer to be returned to the Court of France. The correspondent adds that he is in a position to affirm that the assembly unanimously approved the admission of a French Ambassador. The Pope even declared that it had been his desire that the Catholic Powers should be represented at the Council, and that in the original plan of arrangement of the Basilica places in proximity to the Bench of Cardinals had been reserved for the representatives of the Powers, and that these places were only omitted from the second plan after it had been ascertained that the Powers would not send representatives. The same journal publishes a telegram from Rome,

dated March 10, stating that the reply of the Pontifical Court to the last despatch of Count Daru had just been despatched to Paris, where it would be handed by Monsignor Chigi to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. The Pope readily accedes to the desire of the French Court to be represented at the Council. The Papal Nuncio is also charged with the assurance that the representative of France will be received with all the consideration due to the nation he represents.

St. Bridget.—The attention of the Fathers at Rome has been called to a prophecy of St. Bridget, which is conceived to have some reference to the present state and prospects of Roman and Italian affairs. The ‘Revelations’ of this lady were recognised and commended by Gregory XI. and other Popes, and published at Rome with the authority of the reigning Pontiff in 1606. The words quoted are, ‘I saw, a Rome, stretching from the palace of the Pope, by St. Peter’s, as far as the Castle of St. Angelo, and from the Castle as far as the Church of St. Peter, as it were an open plain, and round the plain there was a very strong wall, and various habitations following the line of the wall. Then I heard a voice saying, “That Pope who loves his Spouse with the love with which I and my friends have loved her will possess this place with his assessors, that he may the more freely and quietly call in his Councillors.”’

CHAPTER XCI

ROMANS AND GERMANS

LONG before the opening of the Council, months and years before, Rome had afforded the occasion for an international controversy. There were partisans on either side, all over Europe, and far into the East, but the thick of the fight was between Rome and Germany. Both held strong hands, but the hand of Germany was more than strong, for it was free. Its interest lay in immediate, universal, and obtrusive publicity. It pre-occupied the clubs, the libraries, the columns of the press, and most of the warm and lively spots where men are thrown together and exchange what they have brought to the social mart. Rome had to be patient in her incubation and methodical in her hatching. Germany long forestalled her in the more noisy part of the process. The whole line of intended opposition had been displayed before there had been an overt act to oppose. Germany denounced the Council in its cradle ; stigmatised its authors, its chiefs, and its minor agencies ; discounted its successes, and made it a byword in all the haunts of philosophy and civilisation. It would itself alone lead the attack and monopolise the glory. I have lately made myself well acquainted with 'Quirinus' and 'Pomponio Leto', and I cannot recall a single instance in

which they have allowed any moral or intellectual merit, indeed any activity worth speaking of, to any member of the Council, or any author, other than German. The greatest efforts of other students and public men, enjoying high fame and grand positions in their own countries, are simply ridiculous from the German point of view.

At the time I am writing of no one could be a day in Rome without becoming aware of the presence of the Teuton, his emissaries and auxiliaries. They were secure, and proud of their position : and justly so ; for they had an immense command of facts, names and dates ; they had duly labelled every person, every act, and every utterance that they could import into the questions, and they had not the least doubt as to the conclusion. The moment that they found a writer halting, as they thought, between two opinions, or looking for a truth still to be attained, they could only express their indignation and contempt. Most Englishmen soon feel themselves hopelessly bewildered, and incurably disgusted with mediæval history, theology and philosophy. They believe that sufficient truth is attainable without reading whole libraries. There must be some other way. The truth attainable this way is likely to be much distorted, and tainted. The greater the mass, the more miscellaneous its ingredients, and the more chaotic its condition, the more at home is the German in it, and the more infallible are his conclusions.

But what were those conclusions, and what was the sum of all those painful studies, and all those formidable operations, for such they indeed were ? Most negative, as it seemed to me. What, under existing circum-

stances, and *in foro conscientiæ*, is the authority of the Church of Rome, is a question upon which I must continue to feel that two opinions are possible, and neither to be despised. But the mode of reasoning, the tests, and the estimates, of the German critics, seem to me simply destructive, leaving to Rome, and, unhappily, to the Church universal, 'not a leg to stand upon.' They demand a perfect chain, links that cannot be broken, every relation in exact correspondence with its antecedents, every agent unimpeachable, and every act indisputable. No doubt Church history, and what is called theological tradition, will not meet those requirements. But will the Bible? Will human society considered as a structure and as a whole? Will any national history? Will any political cause? Will any family in high, low, or middle class? Will any biography? Will anything on earth that can be called good or evil?

Charity, candour, fairness, common sense, compassion, are not critical, or mathematical, or logical rules, but they are necessary in all human computations, unless one is prepared to sink out of living humanity into the débris of material forces. I am sorry to have to remember it, and still more to have to repeat it, but there was not even ordinary politeness or common civility in the published comments of the man whom I found representing Germany at Rome in 1869. Of course there was some folly, some approach to rudeness, some trifling with a great occasion, and some recklessness of language on all sides, but from one quarter alone was there the grinding note of heartless, unnecessary animosity.

If not reason, there was method in this animosity, for personal depreciation is cultivated to high art in Germany.

Not long ago minute criticisms and various readings were supposed to be the best training for the golden youth of our public schools. German scholarship led the way, and if it failed to elevate the taste or enlarge the mind, it taught at least the arts and phrases of literary invective. Such were substantially the materials used by Quirinus in what I must admit to be his important and valuable work. A few days after the meeting of the Council he recognises an irreparable loss, that it would be impossible for the Pope to make up for from all the countries at his service, and the enormous staff at his command. This was Cardinal Reisach, who had done much of the preparatory work of the Council, and who, when it met, was one of its five Presidents. He died a few days after. The loss was infinite as regarded the needs of Rome, infinitesimal in the German scale. He was an Italianised German. Bacon quotes the saying current in his days *Anglicano Italianato, Diavolo incarnato*, and Quirinus noted some such change in this instance. Having formerly been Archbishop of Munich, Reisach had put German books into the Index, though quite ignorant, Quirinus says, of German literature, and therefore incompetent to form a judgment upon it. At Rome he passed for a man of comprehensive learning, and the Pope had now to be content with such scholars as he could get, viz. half-a-dozen men whom the German puts in this modest category. As for the run of the Pope's Theologians, he says that a hundred of them pounded in a mortar would not amount to one ordinary German scholar.

Whenever the two races can be brought into the same field of view, Quirinus, while careful to note the

help that Rome got of Germany for her own purposes, never fails to insist on the utter incompatibility of the two races, and the certainty that the higher and better must suffer in the combination. Germans and Italians could never make more than a very bad alloy. Here, for example, is a specimen of the treatment accorded to three men whose names frequently emerged from this crowd of many nations :—

Dogmatic and theological philosophy—*i.e.* a philosophy adapted to dogmatic needs and ends—are provided here by three German Jesuits, Schrader, Franzelin, and Kleutgen. For here Germans are only thought available when they have first been transformed into Jesuits, and thereby, as far as possible, un-Germanised. That Order, on which the features of the Spanish national character of the sixteenth century are still indelibly impressed, cannot tolerate a genuine German in his natural shape ; it would be compelled to eject him as Etna vomited out the brazen slipper of Empedocles.

Now this is not philosophy ; it is not universal experience ; it is not common sense. It is not piety, and certainly not civility. Who is it that has made all these nations to differ and become various forms of a common humanity ? Who has placed them one beside the other, not always by mere national development, but oftener by social convulsions, scatterings, wanderings, and transpositions ? Who is it that has established definite relations between them, fused them, mixed them, and thereby produced many nations, and within nations many sections and classes, in which it is hardly possible to say which is the prevailing nationality ? What was the origin of Greece ? What was the origin of Italy ? Twenty races familiar to the students of history and

ethnology will not exhaust the early population of that peninsula and its islands. What was the origin of that population which we are obliged to call English, but which is in fact the outcome of many conquests and immigrations? Who did all this? One answer only is possible, and it has evidently escaped the notice of Quirinus. No pious mind can escape, or wish to escape, from the conclusion that the existing disposition, and existing characteristics, of all the tribes of humanity are by the Divine ordinance, and that we are bound to take things as they are, subject only to the rule of making the best of things as they are. The Germans are an admirable, indeed wonderful people, unequalled in certain special gifts; and, for that very reason, they have no need to sing their own praises, and depreciate the rest of the world. They can do much that the Italians cannot do so well, but, on the other hand, they must own by the judgment of history and by the evidence of their senses, that Italy can surpass Germany in the arts of war and also of peace, in the acquisition of empire and in its consolidation and perpetuation. Rome certainly is no mean city, and not to be scoffed and flouted at by these abnormal giants of philosophical and theological culture.

Now the English cannot be called either Germans or Italians, but they have elements in common with both, besides elements inherited from a wider range. They can almost say *Tros Tyriusque* in their cosmopolitan liberality. Anyhow, they don't like to see one race crowing in this style over another. There is nothing in all this to better the world, did the world want it ever so much. Criticism pushed to the extreme and bound to its own canons, establishes nothing in the place



of that which it destroys. The question this Council had to deal with was one of eternal realities; that is, whether the Almighty had indeed imparted and pledged for ever certain spiritual gifts, of infinite significance and value, to the Roman Catholic Church to be administered through its rightful authorities. Such a question could not rest on this man or that; this living or dead writer or that; this document or that; this process of reasoning or that; this literary reputation or that.

Upon such matters a mere scholar, or philosopher, might do what he liked with the argument, and leave the conclusion unchanged. He would stand where he had stood, and his opponents where they had stood. In the mere literary question, or mere international question, or mere inter-ecclesiastical question, immense damage may be done, and much glory of a certain sort acquired. But all that survives in such a battle-field is a few theories of morality and religion, resting on no foundation, bound by no laws, ever accommodating themselves to convenience, and first cousins to all the hypocrisies and superstitions entertained and practised by the simpler sort of men.

No doubt people always do make their own morality, their own philosophy, and their own theology. As the systems thus constructed are the work of a life, and supported by surrounding examples, it is almost hopeless to attempt to mend and enlarge that which is not only concrete but encrusted.

The Germans were labouring hard to extract the mote from the Pope's eye, without a thought of the beam in their own. It could not be sound philosophy, or true

religion, that made them regard all the nations of the earth as so many steps in an ascending scale, on the summit of which sits Germany. Why were nations made different, that is, different as far back as can be known, and with many more differences arising out of fresh combinations, new conditions, and singular histories? Surely it must have been for their good, not for their evil; for mutual benefit, not for mutual bane; for mutual love, honour and esteem, not for mutual depreciation. Surely, too, the great object proposed to the higher sense and right reason of man was to ascertain and work upon the design of Almighty goodness in this variety of racial characteristics and national fortunes. We can only aspire to be all fellow-workers under One Master Builder. The necessity of mutual subordination and co-operation is nowhere so manifest as in the striking differences between the Italian and the German families. The natural element has always prevailed in the German; the preternatural in the Italian. The Italian took his place in the 'Golden Legend' in direct and immediate succession to that which was in the Beginning, while the German remained mostly Pagan till the arrival of our English Boniface in the eighth century. What would Germany have been to this day, without Italy, who never neglected the gift that was in her, though she might use it in too human a fashion. England boasts, too truly indeed, that her empire far surpasses the Roman. A time will come when it will be asked, Did she use it as well as Rome did hers?

CHAPTER XCII

PROTEST AGAINST THE NEW REGULATIONS

Rome : March 14.

THE agitation on both sides increases from day to day. As might be expected, however, the attitude of the Vatican is the more tranquil, dignified, and imposing. It would be hard, indeed, if Rome could not look grander and calmer than the comparative handful of men concerting suddenly, unpreparedly, and with much violence to many deep convictions and fond prejudices, to maintain what is left of their independence. The latter meet about every other day, and have both to do much at once, and also to decide how to act in this or that eventuality. It is a necessity of the situation that their first prayer should be for time ; but it is scarcely possible to ask for time, or to operate with a view to time, in a very dignified manner. On Friday they sent in a Protest, under nine heads, so I hear, touching upon all the fourteen articles of the New Rules of procedure, but passing over some of them lightly.

Their first complaint is that the time allowed by the Rules for sending in written observations and amendments is left entirely to the discretion of the Cardinal Legates, and in the present instance, in a matter of supreme importance, has been only ten days. So they

ask for more law. In itself the demand is most reasonable, but it has been a little damaged by the dilatory tactics evidently pursued by the Opposition, and by the confessed fact that they have been pursued with design, and with encouragement from without. Moreover, the world itself will make its own comments upon personages of high position, consummate ability, and opinions known to all, suddenly confessing that they don't know their mind on a point at the very basis of their system. Of all men they ought to know what they believe, and what they don't ; so outsiders will say. Rome says at once it knows what it believes. What it declares without hesitation or the shadow of a misgiving presents itself at a great advantage, in the face of divers criticisms, doubts, and demurs. She has shown none of this herself.

They who have seen the proposed Dogma say that it is the extremest that could have been proposed, inasmuch as they are led to ask what Rome herself can be about in proposing it. Has she, in her own mind, left a margin for concessions ? Does she only mean to press the Dogma now so far as to demonstrate to the Church and to the world that she can pass it when she pleases ? Or is it simply all or nothing ? In substance, the Dogma makes the Vicar of Christ Infallible in Faith and Morals, the latter, of course, including all political and social questions. It declares that 'he cannot err.' It is said that the Archbishops of Rouen and Algiers, on behalf of those who had signed neither of the petitions, for and against infallibility, proposed a Dogma which the Pope might have been more or less disposed to accept ; but that others more uncompromising than the Pope himself prevailed against it.

But another question is now said to be causing anxiety to both sides. The theory of a Council is perfect unanimity, and the New Rules pointedly abstain from laying down that anything is to follow from a comparison of the placets and non-placets, on the scheme being finally put to the vote. The minority has not only to be overcome, but eliminated altogether, and no one sees how this is to be done, excepting by its own consent. Scandalous as it may seem for a minority to hold its ground against the majority, nevertheless for the Creed of the Church to be settled by a majority, by a counting of heads, is held to be a still greater outrage to the dignity and authority of the Vicar of Christ. Neither party here can settle the point between the infallibility of the Pope himself and the infallibility of the Pope and Council.

It is quite uncertain whether the Council will meet on the 17th, or when it will meet. Banneville has been here all the time, but has sent his secretary, the Count de Hennesey, with despatches to Paris. It is now said, as you have no doubt heard by this time, that the Court declares itself very glad to have a French Ambassador at the Council. The post is suddenly announced to close an hour earlier than hitherto—that is, three hours before the departure of the mail train.

The Roman correspondent of the *Mémorial Diplomatique*, writing on March 13, says that the representatives of several second-rate Catholic Powers, including Bavaria, Belgium, and Portugal, have informed Cardinal Antonelli that their Governments had entered into negotiations with the Cabinet of the Tuileries in order that, if an Ambassador Extraordinary of France should be admitted to the Council, he should also be

charged with the care of their respective interests. It is that fact which, as the correspondent believes, has caused the delay in sending off to Paris the Pontifical reply to the last note of Count Daru. Although this reply will be affirmative in its character, the Cardinal Secretary of State has thought it necessary to introduce into it considerations of a general nature, it having in the first instance been confined to the particular relations established by the Concordat of 1861 between the Holy See and France.

The Archbishop of Syra and Tenos, who has been staying with the Bishop of Winchester at his town house in St. James's Square, yesterday paid a visit to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury at Addington Park. The Greek Archbishop was attended by the Rev. George Williams, and was met at West Croydon station by the Rev. C. W. Sandford, domestic chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury. On arriving at Addington Park a short service was held in the chapel. The state of his Grace's health, though much improved, did not admit of a protracted interview between the two prelates ; but the personal intercourse of a few minutes was sufficient to confirm the sentiments of mutual esteem and affection which they already entertained one for the other. After taking luncheon with the family the Archbishop of Syra and Tenos returned to town, and was present in the course of the evening at the adjourned debate on the Education Bill in the House of Commons.

The pastoral from Cardinal Cullen was published yesterday. He says that last year one of the greatest impediments to the happiness of Ireland, the State Church, was removed for ever. The great statesmen who conferred that boon have manifested their resolve to remove other grievances. It is only by peaceable agitation and temperate discussion that Irishmen can hope to co-operate with them. There never was a period when the truth of the axiom that 'he who commits a crime gives strength to the enemy' was more apparent. He cautions people against Fenianism and Freemasonry.

Madrid : March 12, 2.25 P.M.

A duel was fought to-day between the Duke de Montpensier and Don Enrique de Bourbon. The latter was killed by the former's third shot. The Duke de Montpensier's seconds were Generals Cordoba and Alaminos ; Don Enrique's were two Republican Deputies.

Evening.

The following particulars have transpired respecting the duel between the Duke de Montpensier and the Infante Don Henry of Bourbon. The duel was fought at Alcorcon, in the neighbourhood of Madrid. Three shots were fired on each side, the Infante always firing first. The ball which proved fatal penetrated the Infante's head, close to the ear. He died instantly. The Duke was much affected by the result, and is very unwell. His seconds and witnesses were the Duke de Cordoba and Señor Alaminos ; those of the Infante, Señores Santamaria Ortiz and Rubis.

March 13.

Further details have come to hand of the duel between the Duke de Montpensier and the Infante Don Henry de Bourbon. The adversaries fired the first time at a distance of ten yards, but neither of them was hurt. The second time the distance was nine yards, but still neither of the shots took effect. The third time the combatants were placed at a distance of eight yards from each other ; Don Henry fired first, and missed aim. He was then shot dead by the Duke. The latter behaved with great coolness during the action, but was afterwards very much affected, and had to be bled twice. The supposed cause of the duel was the fact of printed documents, dated March 7, having been circulated in Madrid, signed by Don Henry de Bourbon, attacking the Duke de Montpensier in the strongest and most personal terms. The funeral of Don Henry will be solemnised to-day.

On a day memorable in the annals of France, Spain, England, the City of London and the *Times*, there came from Paris a square inch of tissue paper half covered with the quotations of the Bourse. The remaining half contained, in almost microscopic letters, what seemed an expected announcement. It read as if the question of the Spanish marriages had been settled as England had finally insisted on. Our Government had just received an intimation that such would be the decision, and that the confirmation would follow speedily. The express thus interpreted had to be made into a column. The writer could not satisfy himself that it meant anything at all, but circumstances prevented any comparison of opinions on that point. The result was an idyl on peace at any price, even at the sacrifice of national ideas, and on the happy influence of domestic affections upon political difficulties. The immediate response from Paris was that the decision actually made was that which France had demanded, the simultaneous marriage of both the Infantas, and that England, while true to her own traditions in blustering, had now shown her wisdom in a light-hearted acquiescence. The fact was that after a train had been laid, a bogus message had been sent, no doubt by the contrivance of the French Government. At that time there had been no final decision, Spain fearing to excite English susceptibilities. But now, with the *Times* in his hand, the French minister could assure Spain of England's indifference in the matter. Both the marriages then took place. By that time the truth was known in London, and there followed an outburst of indignation which assured Louis Philippe's enemies at home and abroad that he would never have England to help him in his difficulties. Hence the Revolutions of 1848.

CHAPTER XCIII

THE PROPOSED DOGMA

Rome : March 15.

‘WE live here under a peculiar institution,’ as the Southerners said of their slaves and the people of Utah of their domestic arrangements. The Infallibility Dogma was delivered to the Fathers, so it is stated, on the 7th. I saw it for the first time last night in a Paris paper. This morning I have had the Latin text before me in manuscript, and also in a Turin paper. The manuscript was to be returned immediately in order to be burnt, and, no doubt, the owner would watch the ashes till not a letter could be traced in them. I have taken a copy, and am not sure that even now the discovery of the copy would not procure my immediate expulsion. On Friday we were told that the Dogma had been sent across the frontier, and telegraphed to all the world ; so that Rome was now the only place not basking in this sudden effulgence of the light divine. Egypt was in light, Goshen in darkness. Of course, there were people who had seen it, but they dismissed its purport with that brevity which is the soul of wit, and leaves little to write about.

I have already intimated that the Pope has some

excuse for preferring the long range to the short range in the discharge of his artillery. Even at Florence and Turin his thunderbolts are received more respectfully than they are here. The Pope has the usual mark of a prophet—that he is not without honour save in his own country and in his father's house. Though strangers come to Rome full of devotion, the people who have seen Popes, off and on, for near 2,000 years, show rather too much of that which is bred by familiarity. So the Pope is obliged to speak over their heads and let them hear the rebound. Everybody in London last Saturday could know, if he cared, what the Princes and 'Senate' of Rome could not know, even for days after, without somebody incurring for their sake minor excommunication, and, if he did not repent of it, eternal perdition. This is the way in which Divine truth is searched and elicited here; and we are told, over and over again, that it is the way enjoined by Scriptural precept and example. I am not without some expectation that it will be authoritatively stated, and perhaps telegraphed, that the Dogma published is not the Dogma distributed to the Fathers. Of course it is; you may be sure of it.

I will take this opportunity to mention something else which ought to be known and duly considered by all who write letters to Rome, or expect to hear from it. The post from the north—that is, from all Europe—arrives here at ten minutes to nine in the morning, and the letters are not delivered, nor can they be obtained, till half-past one, giving the officials an interval of four hours and a half for manipulation. The mail does not leave till ten minutes to eight in the evening, but no

letter can be posted after five, giving the officials two hours and fifty minutes for manipulation.¹

As the proposed Dogma is now in your hands, and as all the controversialists at home are busy upon it, I will for the present leave it alone, only observing that as the people here are bound by their creed to believe the Pope infallible in some sense or other, in some form or other, on some occasion or other, on some matter or other, the controversy here will be very quiet and circumscribed, compared with that which the Dogma will awaken 'at home.' When does the Pope properly and really discharge the office of supreme teacher? When does he speak with real authority?

At present I hear more of the great question started by the New Rules, but, of course, an old question. Though it is a matter of convenience to take votes in the Council—that is, in the intermediate and, as it were, preparatory stages—there is to be no final comparison of votes, for nothing will be recognised except unanimity. The minority contemplate, not defeat, but extinction. The majority is to walk over them, as the conqueror walks over the conquered in the pictures and sculptures here. Nor is that all. While the majority is not to recognise the minority, the Pope is not even to recognise the Council, except as a body of Christian bishops, who, fortunately for their own souls, have the piety and good sense to agree with him. The Fathers are *assen-*

¹ The English visitors very naturally resented this late delivery and early closing, together making it impossible to answer letters by return of post, except in the hours usually devoted to sight-seeing. They urged the early and late hours of the London Post Office. The only answer they got from the officials was that Romans required time to save their souls, and, it appeared, the English had no souls to save.

tatores, not *assessore*s, or *conciliarii*, with him. In the Dogma itself the Pope declares himself infallible ; it is not the Council that does so ; it only approves. Indeed, his infallibility can neither depend on itself nor on anything but itself. The Pope is infallible ; and there is nothing like him, or second to him, or that can be compared with him, or, indeed, that can properly co-operate with him.

But I must say the little that is to be said about the state of things. A French ambassador *is* expected. He might not find it good employment of his time to attend the sittings of Council, but, in other respects, he would have quite as good opportunities as the Bishops have—perhaps better. He will hardly share the opinion freely expressed by the extremes of French party, that it cannot possibly signify to the State what dogmas a Pope may choose to send into a country.

No summonses have yet been issued for a sitting of Council, and it is very doubtful when it will sit again. It appears, however, to be thought certain that there will be a public Session on Lady Day, when some of the anathemas against Rationalism will be pronounced. This is thought necessary as a good practice for the more important occasion to follow, when there must be no mistake. The Roman world still expects that infallibility will be decreed, everything done, and the Council prorogued on April 12, the anniversary of the Pope's accident and escape at St. Agnes. On the other hand, there are those who talk of June. The truth is, this is a thundercloud, or meant to be such, that may discharge its fire next minute, or may continue to threaten us all to-night or to-morrow. Meanwhile, this

is not the only thundercloud in the sky, and even they who wield this look with anxiety to one near the banks of the Seine. Politic councillors, friendly ministers, agreeable ambassadors—what are they, when parliaments are sitting and votes counted? That is the rock the Vatican sees ahead.

CAPUT ADDENDUM DECRETO DE ROMANI PONTIFICIS
PRIMATU.

*Romanum Pontificem in rebus fidei et morum definiendis errare
non posse.*

Sancta Romana Ecclesia summum et plenum primatum et principatum super universam Catholicam Ecclesiam obtinet, quem se ab ipso Domino in beato Petro, Apostolorum Principe, cujus Romanus Pontifex est successor, cum potestatis plenitudine recepissee, veraciter et humiliter recognoscit. Et sicut præ cæteris tenetur fidei veritatem defendere, sic et si quæ de fide subortæ fuerint quæstiones, suo debent judicio definiri. (Concilium Lugdun. II.¹) Et quia non potest D. N. Jesu Christi prætermitti sententia dicentis, 'Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram ædificabo Ecclesiam meam' (Matth. xvi. 10), hæc quæ dicta sunt, rerum probantur effectibus, quia in sede apostolica immaculata est semper Catholica conservata religio et sancta celebrata doctrina (ex formula S. Hormisdæ Papæ subscripta ab episcopis Orientalium²). Hinc sacro approbante Concilio dicimus et tanquam fidei dogma definimus [sc. Pius IX.], per divinam assistentiam fieri ut Romanus Pontifex, cui in persona beati Petri dictum est ab eodem D. N. Christo, 'Ego pro te rogavi ut non deficiat fides tua,' cum supremi omnium Christianorum doctoris munere fungens pro auctoritate definit quid in rebus fidei et morum ab universa Ecclesia

¹ *Ex professione fidei edita a Grecis in Conc. Œcum. Lugd. II.*

² *Subscripta a Patribus Conc. Œcum. VIII., Constantinop. IV.*

tenendum est, errare non possit, et hinc Romani Pontificis inerrantiæ seu infallibilitatis prerogativam ad idem objectum porrigi, ad quod infallibilitas Ecclesiæ extenditur.

Si quis autem huic nostræ definitioni contradicere (quod Deus avertat) præsumpserit, sciat, se a veritate fidei Catholicæ et ab ipsa unitate Ecclesiæ defecisse.

Translation.

The following is the Chapter to be added to the Decree on the Primacy of the Roman Pontiff, to the effect that his Holiness cannot be mistaken in the definition of matters regarding Faith and Morals :—

The Holy Roman Church possesses the supreme and entire principality and control over the Universal Catholic body, and it truly and humbly recognises that it received that authority with the plenitude of power of the Saviour Himself, in the person of St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles, of whom the Pope is the successor.

And as, before everything, it is bound to defend the purity of the faith, all questions which may arise on that subject ought to be defined by it. Seeing, moreover, that the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, ‘Thou art Peter,’ &c., cannot be disregarded, what was said on that occasion has since been proved, for in the Apostolic See the Catholic religion has always been preserved immaculate, and the doctrine has ever been maintained in its purity.

In consequence, we teach, with the adhesion of the Holy Council, and we declare as a dogma of the faith, that, through the Divine assistance, the Roman Pontiff, of whom it was said in the person of St. Peter by Our Saviour Jesus Christ, ‘I have prayed for thee,’ &c., cannot err when, acting in his quality of supreme teacher of all Christians, he defines what the Universal Church ought to adopt with regard to faith and morals, and that this Papal prerogative of not making a mistake, or infallibility, extends to the same matters as those on which the Church cannot be wrong.

But if any dare, which God forbid, to contradict our present definition, let him know that he has fallen away from the truth of religion and the very unity of the Church.

Though a somewhat different translation has already been given in a telegram under Chapter lxxxvii., I take the liberty of adding another, not as better than the above, but as simply not the same. It is impossible to translate theological Latin into English without giving openings for controversy to which I do not feel even physically equal. The reader must bear in mind that this *Schema*, or draft, was distributed to the Fathers on March 7, when the Council had been three months at work, and that it can only be regarded as an early stage of the process, which was not concluded till four months after.

CHAPTER TO BE ADDED TO THE DECREE ON THE PRIMACY
OF THE ROMAN PONTIFF.

*That the Roman Pontiff cannot err in defining Matters of Faith
and Morals.*

The Holy Roman Church possesses the supreme and full primacy and royal authority over the Universal Catholic Church which it truly and humbly recognises to have received with fulness of power from the Lord Himself in St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles, of whom the Roman Pontiff is successor.

And since, before all other matters, it is bound to defend the true Faith, so, if there should arise any questions of faith, they ought to be decided by its judgment. [It has the sole right to define them.] And while that declaration of Jesus Christ, 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church,' cannot be disregarded, these words have the proof of actual results, inasmuch as the Apostolic See has always pre-

served the Catholic religion, and inculcated sacred truths, without stain of error. Hence, with the approbation of the Sacred Council, we [Pio IX.] pronounce and define as a Dogma of Faith, that by the Divine aid, the Roman Pontiff, to whom, in the person of the blessed Peter, our Lord Christ said, 'I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not,' when, in the discharge of his office as the Supreme Teacher of all Christians, he defines with authority what is to be held in Faith and Morals, by the Universal Church, cannot err; and hence the Roman Pontiff's immunity from error, and prerogative of infallibility, reaches to the full extent of the Church's infallibility.

But if anyone, which God forbid, shall presume to gainsay this our Definition, let him know that he has fallen from the truth of the Catholic Faith, and from the unity itself of the Church.

March 12.

The *Français* of this evening states that important questions were discussed at to-day's Council of Ministers. The same journal denies that the Government has yet received the reply of the Vatican to Count Daru's despatch, or that it has decided upon the choice of a representative at the Œcumenical Council.

March 13.

Count de Montalembert is dead.

The *Constitutionnel* states that the Emperor has sent a General to King Francesco d'Assisi, to express his deep displeasure at the dissension between the King and Queen Isabella. The Emperor trusts that an amicable understanding will be effected, in order to obviate the necessity of adopting such measures as would be required to maintain the dignity of French hospitality.

Paris: March 15.

The *France* of this evening announces that the Marquis de Banneville, the French ambassador at Rome, left that city to-day, and will embark at Cività Vecchia for France. There is,

however, up to the present no corroboration of this news. According to the *Français* there is no truth in the rumour of a disagreement between M. Emile Ollivier and Count Daru. The report of Marshal M'Mahon's resignation of his post as Governor-General of Algeria is not confirmed. In to-day's sitting, the Senate passed to the order of the day on the petitions tending to restrict universal suffrage, although the report recommended that they should be referred to the Committee.

Munich: March 15.

It is stated on reliable authority that the Austrian Ambassador at Rome has received instructions from his Government to support the demands of France, though Austria does not intend sending a special representative to the Council.

My readers will be partly wearied, partly amused, with the dilatory and vacillating policy of all the Continental Powers now for three months, not to speak of the long preparation. It would have been impossible to convey any idea of the fact without giving many of the telegrams—more, indeed, than most readers will take the trouble to read. Perhaps the policy of inaction, thus found to have been universal, is not quite so strange and unusual in politics, whether domestic or international, as might be supposed. With regard to many large and complicated questions, statesmen called upon to do something, and even politicians under no obligation to do anything, equally recoil from decision. If they can go on without compromising themselves, and reserve the power to avail themselves of an opportunity, they will not do to-day what they might have to repent of to-morrow. No blame to them. Theologians and Churchmen do the same.

CHAPTER XCIV

PAPAL ASSUMPTIONS

Rome : March 16.

THE Greeks ruled the world ; Athens ruled the Greeks ; Pericles ruled Athens ; his wife ruled Pericles ; her son ruled his mother : therefore her son ruled the world. The Universal Catholic Church is the divine teacher of the world ; the Holy Roman Church has the primacy and supremacy of the Universal Catholic Church ; the Roman Pontiff is the head, heart, mind, and tongue of the Holy Roman Church : therefore, he is the head, lord, master, teacher, ruler, and judge of the whole world. It is quite evident there are many millions of men, women, and children, besides prelates on their promotion, who do not see the slightest flaw in this train of reasoning. So there must be something in it. Englishmen generally, seeing the conclusion, will not listen to the argument ; and, indeed, logic is in evil odour with my countrymen. They seize the first opportunity of rebelling against an assumption in which they cannot entirely acquiesce. They have opportunities here—that is, if they start with an honest and undisguised determination not to accept the Pope as the sovereign lord and master of their bodies and souls.

In the document before me there are not a few as-

sumptions. It is assumed that Jesus Christ gave to Peter supreme and full primacy and principality over the Universal Catholic Church. It is assumed, further, that in so doing He also gave it to the Holy Roman Church. It is assumed that the Roman Pontiff is the successor of Peter ; and in that assumption is included the assumption that Peter was at Rome, and that he was Bishop of Rome—points upon which Scripture is silent. It is assumed that whatever power Peter had, the Pontiff has from him, and this assumption is made ‘truly and humbly,’ for indeed the Pontiff cannot but be all truth and humility. It is assumed that the Roman Church is under a distinct obligation, and has a special power and authority for the definition—that is, for the absolute stopping of all questions of faith that may arise. This is to be done by ‘*its own*’ judgment—that is, by the judgment of the Church of Rome. It is assumed that the words ‘Thou art Peter,’ &c., mean that the Church was to be built on Peter, not only as respects his character, his utterances, and his career, and as a prominent example of others like him, but also on the ground that he was the recognised chief of the Apostles and the predestined founder of a like succession. It is assumed that these words of our Lord addressed to Peter are proved to possess the particular significance ascribed to them by the Church of Rome by the test of results, those results being the singular and absolute immunity from doctrinal error enjoyed by the Apostolic See, which, it is assumed, has kept the whole faith, and that without spot, in a singular and remarkable manner. It is assumed that it is the place of the Pope to define—that is, to make and proclaim—articles of faith ; and of

an Œcumenical Council to approve. It is assumed that when our Lord said he had prayed for Peter that his faith should not fail, that prayer implied a promise that both Peter himself and his alleged successors, the Bishops of Rome, would always have a perfectly right judgment in all theological, spiritual, moral, political, and social questions. The two last heads I throw in, for they are certainly included in morality.

On these assumptions it is argued and concluded that the Roman Pontiff whenever he acts and speaks with authority—that is, in a formal and customary manner, according to rule and precedent—possesses and exhibits all the infallibility promised in Holy Writ to the whole Church; and that as far as the Church is infallible, so is he: in whatever matter it is infallible, in that matter is he. Anybody the least conversant with the question will see that I have not exhausted the assumptions which all Christians are requested to take on the simple word of Rome, and upon which she now proposes to build up once more the vast fabric of her dominion. It only remains to add the doom of him, whoever he be, who refuses to assist in this design, who demurs to the logic of the Holy Father, or to his absolute power of defining his own authority. It is that such a person, if any there be—God forbid it!—has fallen away from the truth of the Catholic faith, and from the very unity of the Church.

It must be some days before I can send you the merest rumours of the criticisms that may be levelled against this stupendous dogma. The critics here have before them the possibility of having to swallow their objections, or bow in silence to the acclamation of a

majority consisting chiefly of men who must be considered the pure creations of the Roman Court rather than the representatives of the Roman Catholic Church. Rome has herself made the votes which are now to be given back to her, and which she will only receive on the express understanding that they are utterly worthless; that they contribute no authority or weight, and that whatever is now concluded and done is by her own absolute and Divine power. How will the men that the world has been hearing of deal with such an emergency? Better never to have walked, or sat, in purple and fine linen; better to have stood only in that magnificent temple with unadorned baldness or gray hairs than be now compelled to lend a hand and tongue to what the inner soul revolts from. But these men have gone very far; they know and feel they have gone very far; some have even said so; and they have opened their mouths as if about to say, 'Thus far, and no farther.' But then it has occurred that perhaps they might be called on to go farther, and that it was needless to anticipate the evil day, which indeed has come, which would test the sincerity of their protest.

But what are they doing? The Italian journals Papal and national, are fighting over Dupanloup as they who once fought over the body of Patroclus. All he ever wrote or said in his days of gushing loyalty is revived to be thrown in his face. It is an important fact, however, that, denied the press at Rome, he has published at Naples a forcible reply to the Archbishop of Malines. Indeed, it is impossible to deny that the Opposition survives, works, and is active, though, on the Roman theory, it ought to melt away like an ice floe

under a tropical sun. The Pope's people ingeniously rate the obstinate opposition at forty, which is the usual number of a gang or conspiracy, banded for evil, and certain to be betrayed, cheated, or baffled. They are looking to see whether any bone, or the merest fibre, will remain when the mass of gelatinous matter has been dissolved, for they assume that whatever has been once thoroughly Roman will be ultimately obedient to the new law of its nature.

Will it be so now? There is, indeed, a bustle of telegrams, despatches, circulars, and meetings described even as stormy, but it will wear itself out. Dupanloup himself said long ago, so he is quoted, 'Once on the floor of St. Peter, the bishops will lay aside their divergencies. The Council will be no field of battle, no arena for oratory, no tribunal of men.' With the fatal facility of genius, the Bishop of Orleans has evidently let his pen or his tongue have all its own way in describing what the Council ought to be and what it ought not; and hitherto it has only shown how much it needed the almost prophetic caution. He has, it seems, pictured so correctly what a Council in the nineteenth century is too likely to turn out that he is now called on to present himself as its promised deliverer from its difficulties.

The last touching appeal to his higher feeling is an allusion to the vile journals that insult him with their praises, and he is even vindicated from the entirely passive crime of having received letters from Daru. Again, for the twentieth time since I have been here, has he been walked up to the Papal mirror, and invited to contemplate himself in that wondrous hat which has wrecked so many natures, hearts, tempers, fortunes, and under-

standings. You will be asking by this time whether it is possible that the champion of liberty should ever hug the chain and ever dance in his fetters.

It would be unjust to the Bishop of Orleans to revive against him columns of declamation which may be only the outpouring of an exuberant fancy. But he is a prophet, and who should better fulfil the prophecy than the prophet himself? Fifteen years ago he saw what others saw, but in which only he discerned a future significance. 'Pius IX. speaks,' he said; 'the Christian world hears and receives. From Vienna, Cologne, Madrid, Dublin, Smyrna, Baltimore, from the rising and from the setting sun, from the depths of continents, from the far-off isle, from the recesses of oceans and the corners of the world, there present themselves the chief pastors of the universal Church, to prostrate themselves before the throne of St. Peter, and receive from the common teacher what others must learn from them.' Is not this prophetic? But prophecy is often curiously circumstantial. I see that long ago the Bishop of Orleans predicted that a Council of the Vatican would have nothing to do with the secrets of political councils. Even to the letter has this been fulfilled in his repudiation of the correspondence with Count Daru. But I must stop here. All is close as close can be in the two camps; the rumour of one hour contradicted by the next. Did our informants but know how widely they differ!

Rome is full and lively. There has been a review of the Papal army this afternoon. On Monday morning invalids, ladies, and clergy were sitting on the Pincian enjoying the sunshine and the fragrance of spring flowers.

At 11 o'clock, the hour of the meet at the tomb of Cecilia Metella, winter came back suddenly, with storms of wind and rain ; and since that we have had the *tramontana* and the thermometer under 40. Pleasant for the last arrivals from our own much-abused climate !

Paris : March 16.

It is probable that France will send no special Envoy to the Œcumenical Council, but will be represented thereat by the Marquis de Banneville, the French Ambassador at Rome.

Bologna : March 16.

Reliable information from Rome states that the French Note of the 20th of February to the Pontifical Government in no way engages France in official steps against the proposition of infallibility. France requests to be heard through a special envoy on the questions raised by the publication of the 21 canons which tend to the establishment of a theocracy. These canons embody as doctrines the principles enunciated by the Syllabus of 1864. The publication of these canons is a new fact whereof the French Government knew nothing when expressing its resolution on non-intervention at the Œcumenical Council in its circular of the 9th of September, and by the declarations of Count Daru in the Senate on this subject. The expectation that the Council would confine itself to the examination of purely religious matters, as expressed by the speech of the Emperor to the Legislative Corps in November last, has been deceived by the publication of the canons, which constitute a rupture with the principles of government and modern society, and are a violation of the law which no Government in Europe could accept. Up to yesterday the French Government had received no reply at Paris from Rome.

CHAPTER XCV

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

I CAN scarcely believe that I failed to report progress on March 17, but I have searched the *Times* in vain. My recollections may be distincter, or less distinct, through the omission, as my present readers may please to suppose. Archbishop Manning was announced to preach at the Church of St. Patrick and St. Isidore. I availed myself of the opportunity to revive old recollections, and to see most of the English-speaking Fathers. The church is small, but not mean, and besides dignified proportions it is full of good paintings and sculptures. Till the end of last century, it was the Church of St. Isidore, the great Spanish Saint, but it had been 'converted into a College for the Irish Observant Friars.'¹

Though I was in good time, upon opening the west door I saw the church was already crowded. What we should call at home a chancel door promised a quiet and unobserved entrance. The door opened at a touch; I stepped in almost on tip-toe, and closed the door behind me. Immediately I saw before me not less than a hundred English, Irish, American, and Australian bishops, packed shoulder to shoulder, on benches, rails

¹ Cardinal York had his brother buried as a king at Frascati, taking care that the formalities at Rome should be inoffensively humble. More than two hundred Masses were celebrated during the thirty hours immediately succeeding the demise. The Office of the Dead was chanted by the Mendicant Orders, the Irish Franciscans of St. Isidore alone being admitted to the chamber of death.

and steps, and on the marble floor. A good many of them recognised me at once, exchanged signals, and very good-humouredly invited me to take a seat in the thick of them, doing their best to make room for me. I was satisfied with my first position, though I believe it involved my being on my legs the whole service.

Manning preached on the Saint : his history ; his mission ; his work ; his example ; but not, if I remember right, on his miracles. He had to admit that St. Patrick was not an Irishman ; that he had been captured by Irish pirates ; that he had lived for years in the most cruel and degrading servitude to his Pagan masters ; that he had witnessed horrors of all kinds ; and that, having found himself free, he returned after some years to Ireland with the single object of converting to Christianity those from whom he had suffered so much ill-treatment. Up to that time the Irish had been irreclaimable, and St. Patrick reclaimed them—for a time at least—and made Ireland the Isle of Saints. Manning had to pass lightly over the interval of seven hundred years between the death of St. Patrick and the arrival of Strongbow, for then began the light and life, the fire and spirit, of his discourse.

From that point the personages were distinct, and the antagonism established. The chief figure was England, England the grasping, England the greedy, England the bloody, England the treacherous, England the tyrannical, England the worldly, the irreligious, and all that an Irishman presumably is not. Displaying a well-formed hand over the side of the pulpit and gently waving the taper fingers, he exclaimed, ‘The hand of England always has been soiled with earth.’

I confess I thought this hard. Even at that time a long and wide experience had led me to the conclusion that the population of England is less bound to the soil, and more ready to quit it at a sufficient call, than any other in the world. There is nothing here to call a battle for the possession of the land. I don't know much of what people are doing north of the Tweed, or west of the Severn, or west of the Tamar, but within these boundaries people are not shooting, bludgeoning, stoning, burning, maiming, boycotting, and vilifying one another for the possession of acres be they few or many. In all classes people follow the example of the wandering patriarch, and leave first their dear home, and then this or that cherished spot, as duty may call, or common sense invite, or the love of peace may dispose them. As a population we really are the most lackland in the world.

It is true there is a pestiferous generation of economic reformers, or social reformers, as I believe they prefer to be called, who are for burying every man in the land up to his neck in the soil, clay, sand, gravel or stone as it may happen to be. How I wish, and how I don't wish, that they might themselves reap the fruits of their own dishonest industry, and add a chapter to Dante's 'Purgatory,' a field of men rooted each to his own acre, burdened, darkened, and chilled by his own leaves and branches!

But I must return to the preacher. He tried fairly enough to trim the balance evenly. He admitted faults on both sides. After ages of oppression and irritation, the Irish wanted friendly counsel and congenial aid. They suffered, it was true, but not so gladly as they might do. They were naturally a religious people, but they were not to make godliness a cloak for malicious-

ness. They should recognise the order of Providence even while prosecuting a just quarrel. England was not altogether a bad neighbour, for she did them good even when least intending it, and thinking only of her own interest. Above all—and on this point he dwelt with earnestness—she provided ships wherein, as on the wings of a dove, the outcast Irish could flee away and be at rest. Upon the whole the preacher seemed to meet the various necessities of the occasion, and one of these necessities was to leave Ireland a good deal to complain of.

As it turned out, he failed to satisfy either side. The church is on the brow of a slight eminence and is approached by two winding flights of steps, meeting at a platform, which commands the little piazza in front. As I stood on the platform preparing to descend, a tall, handsome, well-dressed young lady, took her station in front, and delivered herself freely and loudly to the departing congregation below, ‘I never heard such rubbish in my life.’ If the statement was true, she must have been singularly fortunate in her experience. But I soon heard that the assembled Fathers had their quarrel with the preacher. They thought the sermon a cold, tame, and namby-pamby affair. Any one of them could have done it better. It was a grand occasion thrown away.

This chapter I wrote yesterday, June 4, 1890. To-day I read as follows :—

Cardinal Manning and Mr. O'Brien's Novel. — Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., has received the following letter concerning his novel ‘When We Were Boys,’ from Cardinal Manning :—‘Archbishop’s House, Westminster, June 3. My dear Mr. O'Brien,—In my last letter I promised you that I

would write again when I had finished reading your book, but when I came to the end I forgot the book and could only think of Ireland, its manifold sufferings, and its inextricable sorrows. For years I have been saying these words: "The Irish people are the most profoundly Christian and the most energetically Catholic people on the face of the earth." They have also been afflicted by every kind of sorrow, barbarous and refined. All that centuries of warfare, of race against race, and religion against religion, can inflict upon a people has been their inheritance; but the day of restitution is nearly come. I hope to see the daybreak, and I hope you will see the noontide, when the people of Ireland will be readmitted, so far as is possible, to the possession of their own soil, and shall be admitted as far as possible to the making and administration of their own local laws, while they shall still share in the legislation which governs and consolidates the Empire. Their Ken and Mabel shall be no more parted.—Believe me always yours very faithfully, HENRY E., Cardinal Archbishop.

Perhaps it is unfair to criticise an effusive letter to the author of an Irish novel, admitted to be forgotten as soon as read. But it may be allowable to point out that the Cardinal here freely recognises (1) the right of any one race, under all circumstances, to the exclusive possession of the soil to which it can lay a geographical claim; (2) its right to share the possession and accruing advantages of a neighbouring island which has attained an unexampled prosperity by a more distinctly Christian policy; (3) to enjoy equally with this hospitable neighbour the government of a great empire comprising many other races; (4) to maintain, by all the means in its power, the claims of an Italian bishop to the spiritual and, in effect, to the temporal dominion of the whole world. Are these claims compatible?

CHAPTER XCVI

MONTALEMBERT

Rome : March 18.

ON Sunday the Pope received, they say, as many as 800 strangers, and had a word for most of them. Addressing a Frenchman, he said :—‘ I grieve to see the death of a distinguished countryman of yours, who has done great services to the Church. A few days before his death he wrote a letter which gave me much pain, and made me feel anxious. But I will hope that in his last hours better thoughts came back to him.’ Thus far the letter is the historical fact and remains the dying confession and conscience-clearing of Montalembert.

The French bishops of the Gallican party, headed by De Mérode, the Pope’s almoner, and brother-in-law of Montalembert, ordered a funeral service for him at the Ara Cœli for 10 o’clock yesterday morning. On Tuesday or Wednesday notice of the service was given from the pulpit of the French Church, S. Luigi de’ Francesi. Notice was also sent to the *Osservatore Romano*, where the censor saw it, reported it to his superiors, and had orders to strike it out. On Wednesday evening, when the French bishops were with the Archbishop of Paris, they received a notice that the service had been prohibited.

Nevertheless, on Thursday morning about twenty bishops and a great number of Frenchmen and other friends of Montalembert, including Duc Mario Massimo, went to the Ara Cœli, where they read on the doors a notice that the service would not be held, and inside found the Papal gendarmes taking down the catafalque and other preparations for the service, by order of the Cardinal Vicar. In answer to inquiries the sacristan said it was because Montalembert having in his Letter professed his adhesion to Gratry's opinions, and called the Pope 'the idol of the Vatican,' had been guilty of heresy, and become *ipso facto* excommunicated. The prohibition of the funeral service caused great excitement, and many who could not guess the reason were aware that something had happened. The Pope, it is said, would not permit a demonstration, as this threatened to be, against himself and the Council. No doubt, however, the service would have been naturally accorded to Montalembert but for his Letter, so the prohibition becomes the demonstration.

But it would appear that the Pope has better hopes for Montalembert than might be rashly inferred from these summary and not very agreeable proceedings. This morning, upon rising, he called for his carriage, and upon being reminded that his Court was not yet assembled, said he would do without it, and drove at once to the Church of S. Maria Traspontina, where you may remember there was once a talk of holding the ordinary sittings of the Council. Arriving there, he found a bishop, of whom he asked whether he had celebrated Mass this morning. He had not. Thereupon, the Pope ordered a Mass for the repose of the soul of Montalem-

bert. It is possible the Pope may have received better accounts of his last hours ; possible, too, that he may take a more kindly view of these matters than some of his louder-tongued courtiers seem to do.

I can only say that I have now heard and read at least a hundred times, ever since I came to Rome, that there is no resting-place, no middle at all, between absolute submission to the Pope as infallible teacher and absolute unbelief. The people here, including now three-fourths of the Council, are Papists in the extreme sense of the word ; and they will admit that Deism is a rational creed, but for the pretended Churches and communions that are neither one thing nor the other, they have no words that can express their contempt. Of course, this has told most in Italy, where men of the least education are either priests and monks or nothing. If anyone wishes to remain a Christian in Italy, but feels misgivings as to what is required from him in the house of Rimmon, I for one am prepared to say to him, ‘Go in peace.’

Rome : March 17.

The reply to the Note of Count Daru has not yet been forwarded, but will probably be sent off to-morrow by French steamer.

Madrid : March 17.

In to-day’s sitting of the Cortes a motion was brought forward for placing all provinces on exactly the same footing as regards the payment of wages to the poorer classes and rent coupons. The motion was rejected by 74 against 38 votes. It is asserted that the Government have resolved to abstain from sending a Special Envoy to the Œcumenical Council in consequence of the spirit which prevails at Rome. The general belief is that the promulgation of the Infallibility

Dogma would be detrimental to the *prestige* and the interest of the Catholic Church in Spain, as tolerance now prevails both in religious and political questions, and complete liberty has been granted to ministers of all creeds.

Munich : March 17.

It is here currently reported that all the Catholic Powers, although concurring with the views of France relative to the Œcumenical Council, have resolved not to send special representatives to Rome. The Catholic Powers will mutually concert measures to insure by existing laws, each in its own territory, respect for those civil rights which are menaced by the *Schemata* submitted to the Œcumenical Council.

Rome : March 18.

A funeral Mass was celebrated to-day for the Count de Montalembert. The service had originally been arranged by Monsignor de Mérode, the brother-in-law of the deceased, and Monsignor Dupanloup was to have officiated. The Pope however, prohibited this service as being a manifestation of opposition to the Council. This incident having produced a most painful impression, the Pope to-day ordered the celebration of a funeral Mass for the deceased, by an Italian bishop chosen by himself, at the church of Santa Maria Traspontina. His Holiness was present in the gallery of the church.

Paris : March 20.

A private despatch from Rome, dated yesterday, contains the following :—‘ It is probable that the Marquis de Banneville will be absent three weeks. The discussion of the *Schema de Ecclesia* by the Council will not commence before his return. The Vatican’s reply to Count Daru’s despatch has not left for Paris. A large number of bishops would have been present at the *requiem* Mass for Count Montalembert, had not the Pope purposely caused it to be celebrated during a sitting of the Council.’

The mother of the lamented Count Montalembert was

neither a Scotchwoman nor a Presbyterian. She was the daughter and heiress of Mr. James Forbes, a branch of the Granard family, a retired Bombay civilian, author of the *Oriental Memoirs*, and a member of the French Institute. The Countess de Montalembert returned with her husband to France at the Restoration, and in the suite and service of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, by whom she was prevailed upon to become a Roman Catholic.

Paris.

Montalembert has left a very lengthy will. The arrangement and use to be made of his letters and papers he has confided to four executors. These are M. Léon Cornudet, a senator and his friend from childhood; M. Augustin Cochin; his son-in-law, Viscount de Meaux; and M. Léopold Gaillard, Editor of the *Correspondant*. His papers are dispersed in Belgium, Paris, and at his château of La Roche en Brény, in Burgundy. The papers which are in Belgium were sent to that country lest they should be seized in Paris. Among them is a long letter to Count Daru, in which is related the history of the *Coup d'Etat*. He leaves in manuscript a *History of St. Bernard*, and the seventh volume, sketched, but not completed, of his *Monks of the West*. He was a man of great order, and his manuscripts and correspondence are classed and numbered with the utmost care. Of all the letters he wrote he kept copies, which for many years had been made by one or other of his five daughters.

To the Editor of 'THE TIMES.'

Sir, — The paragraph respecting 'the mother of the lamented Count de Montalembert,' which appears in the *Times* of this day, is correct as far as it goes. But while it truly states that she was prevailed upon by the Duchesse d'Angoulême to become a Roman Catholic, it omits the important and interesting fact that, after a few years, she returned with ardent attachment to the Church in which she was born and nurtured. I was honoured by her intimate friendship

during many years, and until her decease. Her father was my father's intimate friend from the time of his return from India until his death ; and I can testify to the fervency of her love towards the Church of England during the latter years of her life, and her continual sorrow over her temporary (and, as she often declared, only nominal) adherence to the Church of Rome. During the several years that she resided in Chapel Street, South Audley Street, she regularly attended the services at Grosvenor Chapel ; and she occupied much of her leisure time in writing *Meditations on the Life of King David*. She completed a copious manuscript on this subject, but by the advice of her friend Mr. Beamish, of Trinity Chapel, Conduit Street, she abstained from publishing it. Her remains were interred in the family vault in the churchyard at Great Stanmore, her early life having been spent at Stanmore Hall, her father's residence.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS BACON.

Kingsworthy Rectory : March 30.

Count de Montalembert is the only layman who makes any appearance in the story of this Council. He is the only man, not in orders, recognised as having a conscience, a will, and a voice of his own. He happens to be singularly representative, not only of a school, but of the human race. Emperors, kings, senates, factions, ambassadors and envoys, are dimly discerned moving about like motes in a sunbeam, as interest may sway them. The human eye rests on Montalembert.

CHAPTER XCVII

MONTALEMBERT'S LAST LETTER

Paris : April 13.

THE well-known Austrian diplomatist, Baron Hübner, the man to whom were spoken, on a certain New Year's Day, the unfriendly words which warned the world of a coming encounter of French and Austrian hosts in Lombardy, has beguiled the leisure of his official residence in Rome by writing a book. Independently of the historical interest and value attributed to it, the work is a literary curiosity. Written in French by a German, the French reviewers have expressed themselves enthusiastically with regard to the purity of its idioms and the elegance of its style. Its author himself proposes to translate it into his native German. My reason for mentioning it is its connection with the last hours of a very distinguished man whose memory will long be cherished by a host of admirers, and whose loss is still deeply mourned by a large circle of attached friends. Baron Hübner, during his long residence as Austrian representative in Paris, had formed an intimacy with many eminent Frenchmen, and to a few of them he sent the first volume of his work while the two others were still passing through the press. From Montalembert's

bert he received a letter of what may almost be termed posthumous criticism. None, besides its writer, saw it until after that writer was dust and ashes. It is dated 'March 13, 1870,' and at half-past 8 on the morning of that day the soul of Montalembert had fled and his long-tortured body was at rest. The eve of his decease had passed away and midnight had struck when he asked the Sister of Charity who watched by his pillow to give him writing materials. She in vain remonstrated and urged him to repose. Sleep refused to visit his eyelids, and there was a letter he anxiously wished to write, for, he added, in a prophetic spirit, he had little time left at his disposal. That letter is now before me, written in a close, clear character, on a small sheet of note-paper. It was probably intended as a rough draft to be transcribed by a secretary, or by the affectionate woman who had long been his best amanuensis. At any rate, as it contained some erasures and corrections, a fair copy of it was made after his death and forwarded to his friend Hübner. The original was too precious a relic to be parted with by his widow, but a photographed facsimile was sent to the Baron. The letter runs as follows :—

Paris : March 13, 1870.

My dear Baron,—You could not perform a greater act of charity to a poor incurable than you have done by procuring him the pleasure of reading, in all its unpublished freshness, the first volume of your *History of Sixtus V.* Before thanking you I desired to read you, but I am no longer able, as formerly, to devour a volume in a few hours. Hence the delay of my reply to your very friendly note of February 22. On the other hand, I have read you conscientiously and completely, pencil

in hand ; and this I will prove to you, when next you visit me, by pointing out several printer's errors and oversights, of no real importance, which you will correct in the next edition. I can, therefore, conscientiously offer you my sincerest congratulations. It was long, very long, since I had read a work with greater interest and satisfaction. In the first place, you have enjoyed the advantage of having chosen an excellent subject. There is nothing more desirable, but also nothing is rarer, for a modern historian than to meet with a hero whose name is familiar to everybody, but upon whose authentic and detailed biography nobody as yet has ventured. That is an essential and certain condition of interest and success. The subject thus happily found, you have treated it marvellously well, with an equity, a moderation, and a lucidity for which the friends of historic truth cannot be sufficiently grateful to you. By your example you have justified the testimony you render, at the beginning of your work, to the veracity of diplomatists. I know no work more sincere than yours. At my age, or in my state, when one's sole remaining ambition is to pass quickly into the tomb open before him, you would hardly believe how much one appreciates a sincerity so rarely met with in this world, while one at least has the assurance of its abundant enjoyment in the next. [As a curious mode of expression, I give the French of the last line : *tandis que l'on a du moins l'assurance d'en être rassasié dans l'autre.*]

You have done your best to contribute to re-establish the true point of view from which the past should be judged. You have understood and judged the great Catholic reaction of the second half of the sixteenth century with a sagacity and an impartiality for which I first thank you as a Christian, and afterwards congratulate you upon it as a publicist and as an historian—I also, but of a more remote and forgotten period than that of which you are about to revive the annals. You have concealed neither the shadows nor the stains inseparable from the human element, always so visible and so powerful in the Church ; and by that alone you have all the more

brought out the Divine element which in the end ever prevails, and consoles us by inundating us with its soft and convincing light.

I await with impatience, and I anticipate with certainty, the satisfaction I shall have in reading your subsequent volumes. In your pages, always so instructive and often so amusing, I desire especially to refer to your picture of moral and material Italy at the death of Gregory XIII., and also to your rare talent as a landscape painter. Without yielding to the temptation of describing overmuch, you always allow your reader a glimpse—as when you write about Avila—of the traveller who had seen countries and nations, much and well, before he became the ambassador who has written and acted much in Courts and Cabinets.

Au revoir, my dear Baron, when you shall find leisure to come and see me ; and in the meantime a thousand affectionate thanks.

Is not this a very charming and, under the circumstances, a particularly touching letter? In the still hours of the night this wise and good man—for he must have been good to secure, as he did, the affectionate devotion of his family and the fervent attachment of many friends—forgets the sufferings that for years had racked and prematurely aged him, and seizes his pen to write graceful words of judicious criticism. ‘Better sleep,’ says the nun who tends him. ‘Not so,’ was the reply ; ‘no man can worse afford than myself to postpone until to-morrow what he feels able to do to-night.’ So he wrote, and he slept afterwards a more refreshing sleep, it seems, than it was often given him to enjoy, for he awoke cheerful and declared he felt better. ‘I anticipate with certainty,’ he had just written, ‘the satisfaction I shall have in reading your subsequent

volumes.' Alas! what is certain in this life, in the midst of which we are in death? The ink was scarcely dry the words to his nurse were scarcely spoken, when there came the short, sharp pang, and the sudden summons to eternity.

The above was from the *Times* correspondent at Paris. But who, and what manner of man was this Sixtus V., in whose life, by an old friend, the dying Montalembert found relief from physical pain, and religious anxieties? Felice Peretti, after a long and varied career, attained what appears to have been the object of his life's ambition in 1585. He then comprised in the short space of five years as many grand operations, real improvements, and very questionable acts, as would have made half a dozen common papacies. His work was cut out for him by the extraordinary circumstances of the period, and he did it by one means or another. But no statesman or theologian of any modern school would regard him as much in advance of his time.

CHAPTER XCVIII

FEAST OF SAINT JOSEPH

Rome : March 19.

THE Pope assisted at the Mass he ordered for Montalembert yesterday, but left the officiating Bishop to give the Absolution. Thence he soon went to St. Peter's to do his 'stations,' as customary on the Fridays in Lent. Thereupon the Council rose and followed him in silence to the two Chapels, to the Statue, and to the Tomb. It does not sit again till Tuesday, and may possibly, though it is most doubtful, have Decrees ready for promulgation on Lady Day. As the Decrees prepared are precisely those to which a large part of the world must object, I am not surprised to hear that they are still under consideration. There has been no formal extension of the time for considering the Dogma of Infallibility, but it is not to come on till the matters first discussed have been disposed of. So they say.

Yesterday evening the great bells of St. Peter's, and of a good many other churches, gave the first œcumenical announcement of what is to be the great event of the next decade or the next Pope's reign. They gave notice of the Festival of St. Joseph, which has been observed this morning, at St. Peter's and elsewhere, as never before. I did not go to St. Peter's, but to the

only church here dedicated to St. Joseph, the Church of the Carpenters, built over the Mamertine Prisons. I found it gorgeously decorated, with service at several altars, and crowded with the fraternity. There was a guard of Papal soldiers before the church, under the steps from which old Rome used to exhibit the bodies of the State criminals who had been put to death in the prisons ; and as much as a company of the Legion a hundred yards down the Forum, standing in groups, with their eyes turned towards St. Joseph's. It appears this is the day of another Joseph, and, as the Garibaldians like to keep the Court here always on the *qui vive*, it had been put about that there might be a little disturbance.

But the bells, I said, gave last night a warning which is for all the world and for all time. The next occasion on which Rome is to assemble all her Bishops will be to decree and proclaim St. Joseph the Patron of the Church ; and a whole series of similar events is in store at the Gesù for the use of centuries to come. At this moment every Sovereign, every minister, and every diplomatist in Europe, when he addresses a people or an assembly, repeats what by this time is a cuckoo note, that people may believe what they please, and make what demands upon faith they please, so as they encroach not on the province of civil rulers or law-makers. It is assumed that there is, or will soon be, everywhere such a separation of Church and State, that whatever the Church may choose to profess and teach it cannot matter to the State.

The theory is very pretty, but, as a forecast of the history which is to be, I confess to thinking very little of

it. It is said, if people choose to believe the Infallibility, or the 'Immaculate Conception,' or that Joseph is the divinely appointed Patron of the Church, let them do so ; it concerns themselves and nobody else. I must answer that Rome, though she is glad to see the distinction made for her, does not recognise it herself. Her dogmas *de Fide*, in the *Schemata* now before the world, include everything that can be done or attempted by the British Parliament, the American Congress, the Aldermen and Council of the City of London, the railway companies, the public Press, and whatever thinks, acts, or speaks. Under the single word *mores*, the Dogma of Infallibility claims the entire sphere of human action. Nothing that a human being can do escapes the range of that word. The Dogma becomes thereby the solemn concession of empire over the body as well as the soul of every human being.

As I understand them, all the decrees *de Fide*, bristling as they are with anathemas, have an unlimited secular force. They are a declaration made in the most solemn and awful manner, that no power, no institution, no crown, no right, no custom, no distinction of rank, no claim to authority and respect, no union, alliance, federation or treaty, no law of education or marriage, or anything whatever, has any claim to be observed a moment longer than suits a man's convenience or caprice, unless it has the sanction of the Pontiff. I do not myself see how this can be a matter of indifference to any State in the world. We are not left to imagine an instance, for we have one too near and too substantial. It cannot be a matter of indifference to our own State that a part of its population is told that it is a holy people under the

only true and only rightful government in the world—viz. that of Rome—though compelled to serve Egyptians and Philistines.

One more remark on the Dogma of Infallibility, as it stands, and as it is interpreted by acts. Even in its bearing upon matters of faith, it is a serious affair to have in the midst of us a Power claiming the right to evolve any number, any kind, any description of doctrines. There is scarcely anything, indeed, that we do not allow, finding it the best course in the end ; but we may live to find by experience that toleration becomes impossible when it is no longer tolerated.

Paris : March 19.

Leave of absence for eight days has been granted to the Marquis de Banneville, the French ambassador at Rome, who is coming to Paris in order to concert measures with the Government relative to the Œcumenical Council. It is stated that the French Cabinet will shortly send a fresh Note addressed to the Pope and the Council. It is not, however, known whether the communication will be made direct to the Council by the French Envoy or addressed to the Legate for communication to the Council. A telegram received from Rome, dated to-day, confirms the news that the Marquis de Banneville left yesterday for Paris.

Rome : March 20.

The reply of the Vatican to the French Note has not yet been forwarded. From expressions which have fallen from the Pope on this subject it is believed that his Holiness is resolved not to admit the representative of any Catholic Power to the Council.

Paris : March 21.

The French Cabinet are unanimous upon all home questions, and also upon the line of policy to be adopted towards

the Œcumenical Council. The members are actively engaged in the consideration of the constitutional faculties to be transferred to the Corps Législatif in order promptly to submit proposals to the Senate. The Marquis de Banneville arrived here last night.

Paris : March 16.

Count Montalembert was extremely partial to M. Ollivier, whose decided and passionate eloquence recalled personal impressions and recollections. In fact, some resemblance between the talent of the two men did exist : M. Emile Ollivier has become what Count de Montalembert was in his best days. He defends what the deceased would have defended, and by oratorical qualities which seem to have been derived from the same source. The two men had too many affinities not to enter into the interchange of ideas and sentiments which create solid and profitable friendships. The Minister of Justice went at his leisure hours to visit the illustrious patient. On Saturday last (the eve of his death) M. de Montalembert desired to talk with M. Ollivier : he received his visitor without any idea that this conversation might be the last he would have with the Minister, become his friend :—‘ I wished to see you,’ he said, ‘ to talk to you of the Academy ; you must present yourself as a candidate.’ The Count had made up his mind to assist the Minister of Justice in obtaining one of the vacant seats. He was anxious to give the latter that proof of friendship for his person and esteem for his talent. At the same time, he was of opinion that the Academy, which had hitherto shown great favour to candidates devoted to the absolute empire, would be prepared to accept a Minister of the liberal empire. ‘ We must name you,’ added the deceased ; ‘ I have already gained some votes, and you will certainly have a majority.’ Such was the subject of the conversation. The following day the terrible malady which, during several years, had subjected him to a slow martyrdom had a fatal and sudden termination.’
—*Constitutionnel*.

CHAPTER XCIX

THE POPE'S MASS FOR 'ONE CHARLES'

Rome : March 20.

EVERYBODY seems to have been welcome to the funeral rites of Montalembert at Paris, and nobody quite welcome here. Notwithstanding the last words ascribed to him—not that they tell much one way or the other—it was his fate not to be of Rome. I must repeat a little, and correct some things. Montalembert was made a Roman patrician for his services in 1849, and as such he had a right, by custom, to a funeral service in the Ara Cœli, where are to be seen many monuments of the Capitoline nobility. His friends, including De Mérode, who is in bed with a broken leg, sent the usual order, as they supposed it, to the authorities at the church, and sent round invitations. The Bishop of Orleans was asked to deliver a panegyric, and agreed to do so, taking care to let it be known at the Vatican that he would abstain from every word that could give offence. However, on returning home he thought over it, and wrote to De Mérode that he would say nothing at all. It is now said that there had been a serious omission, the leave of the Cardinal-Vicar not having been first obtained for the service. When they who had been invited flocked to the church they saw the simple

notice, 'The Funeral Ceremony announced for Count de Montalembert will not take place on the 17th of March.' Among those thus sent back were some distinguished Germans, and among the latest arrivals, it was particularly noticed, the General of the Jesuits, with his assistant. Of course, it is thought strange that he did not know what had been done.

There are various reports as to the suggestion upon which the Pope ordered the Mass for Montalembert at S. Maria Traspontina. Some ascribe it to the editor of the *Univers*. It is also said that before sending the order the Pope had received a despatch, in which it was stated that Montalembert's last words, after the Viaticum, were,—'*Pardon, pardon, pardon,*' so spoken as to give the Pope the desired satisfaction. The order for the Mass was sent to the Church the night before, 'for one called Charles,' the usual form, they say, though one not invariably observed. The Pope assisted in a tribune, and all sorts of stories are about as to the surprise of strangers at finding him there, when the world was looking for him that morning at St. Peter's. But it seems there has been another irregularity here, for Cardinal Hohenlohe happens to be protector of that church, taking his title from it, and he ought to have been consulted—that is, if the Pope is bound to consult anybody whatever. If there was no occasion to consult him, it is argued that neither was there any occasion to consult the Cardinal-Vicar for the service at the Ara Cœli.¹

¹ It is said there was no irregularity, either in the act or in the manner of it. The Pope did what anyone has a right to do in asking a priest to say Mass for his intention—in this instance, *pro quodam Carolo*. Cardinal Hohenlohe had no rights in the matter. He had only to watch over the welfare of the church. The Pope, as Bishop of Rome, is Ordinary of the clergy of both the above churches. At Ara Cœli, through his representative

The Pope has written to the widow, and has also sent conciliatory messages to De Mérode ; but there is the greatest excitement on the subject, and there are those who think it will tell for something in the Council. Others may think the forces at work there are too strong to be much affected by a momentary excitement, or even a few mistakes. The French themselves are exclaiming, after their wont, 'It is not a crime, it is a mistake.' Well, a mistake may decide a battle, and even a campaign, but the people here believe a Council superior to such contingencies. On looking over the above I find I have left the French ambassador out of the question, and no doubt that is the place he would prefer to occupy. Some of his countrymen here thought he ought to appear, and took steps, so it is said, to obtain an order from his Government that he should assist at the service. If the order came, it came too late. However, Banneville is now at Paris, to tell his own story.

For the affairs of the Council, all I have to say to-day is that many of the Fathers have petitioned that the question of the infallibility may be taken at once, before all the other matters in hand, and that the Pope's Councillors reply that it is to be taken in its turn. I give the reply for what it is worth. If it means what it says, and if what people say of the state of business be true, infallibility will not come on till the end of June. The absence of the French ambassador counts for a fortnight lost to the progress of the Council.

the Cardinal Vicar, he forbade a public function in honour of a man deemed hostile to the Church. At S. Maria Traspontina John Mastai Ferretti had a Mass said for Charles Montalembert, whom he admired and highly esteemed.

CHAPTER C

REFUSAL OF A FRENCH ENVOY TO THE COUNCIL

Rome : March 22.

ANTONELLI, it is stated, has now sent a formal reply to a formal application of the French Government for leave to have a representative at the Council. The terms of the reply are understood to be that Rome cannot receive a special envoy to the Council, inasmuch as the other Catholic States would claim the same privilege, and also on the ground that the 'mutual reciprocity between Rome and the Catholic States no longer exists.' This is what is said, and there are those who think it important and conclusive. I am not, myself, able to attach a definite value to it. For aught I know, it may be only a formal step in a negotiation ; it may have a bearing on the interpellations in the French Chamber ; it may only mean that the Court here is too well satisfied with Banneville to wish his authority divided or embarrassed ; it may be, indeed, an honest political necessity. You, who probably know the fact already, will also know better what it means. If the worst comes to the worst, Banneville will have to send for more theologians. Some of the people here say that what he really wants is a backbone, and he has been disrespectfully called a mere *chiffon*, which, I believe, means any fabric which

has become too pliant by use. I only hope that the persons who make the charge will not find themselves included in it.

This is Tuesday, and nobody expects a public session on Friday, but that day will be added to history before these words can be in print. Infallibility cannot come on till after Easter, they say ; and there is another story that there was an intention to acclaim it next Thursday, but that certain American bishops said they would have to leave the Council if that was done. This can hardly be true of many of them, for, as a general rule, the Americans, like our English and Irish Bishops, must be Papists, if anything. As they get no position from the State, they must make the most of that they have from the Church ; and their position in the Church is to represent the Bishop of Rome. In the United States and our own dominions any good fellow, at a very early age, with no other accomplishment than the power of abusing England for all the things she has done, not done, could do, could not do, can be made bishop or archbishop, if not of a great city, at least of a station in the Far West ; and if he is not a Papist I don't see what else he can be. However, there is talk of a resistance in some quarters.

Another little rumour I must send, and I really think there is something in it. Napoleon used to launch his flotilla at Boulogne, and embark his army just for practice, and to keep up the excitement. Well. This comes from *Civita Vecchia*. There is to be an embarkation and a disembarkation within forty-eight hours, with corresponding movements at Rome, affording good practice to the Zouaves, and the Legion, and the Artil-

lery, and everybody else that happens to be here at the time. We live in such a haze here that it is not easy to say how much of all this is to be real and how much sham, but this, they say, is the movement we are to hear of some fine morning. By the by, there are shrewd people here who say that Banneville will not return; he was so long preparing to go, and so much stress was laid at last on his having only 'his carpet-bag.'

A new Estatica, named Palma, has appeared at an out-of-the-way place, a little off the road to Brindisi, and accessible to Eastern tourists. Her mission is to confirm the faith of Pius IX., to warn him against attempts on his life, and to direct his attention to the advisers in whom he may place entire confidence. She has been visited by several parties of our countrymen, but I believe they have come to the conclusion that what she picks up from one visitor she reveals to the next. A few inquirers, with properly concerted questions, would soon find out whether she is able to evolve information without first receiving it.

The refusal of a French envoy to the Council referred to in the above Letter, and Notes, was contained in a long and well-written letter from Cardinal Antonelli to the Nuncio at Paris. Archbishop Manning believes—at least in 1870 did believe—Antonelli himself the author. I am disposed to believe all things, but I find it difficult to believe that. The letter is dated March 19. Banneville had presented himself to Antonelli with a despatch from Daru, first acquainting Antonelli with its general purport. The latter had thereupon declined to receive it, but had allowed a copy to remain in his hands. In con-

formity with this beginning, Antonelli sent his reply, not to Daru, but to the Nuncio, who would give Daru its general purport and leave a copy in his hands.

Daru, as he appears in the story of this Council, must have been driven out of his self-possession, his wits, indeed everything but his temper. He had to deal with the Emperor, the Empress, the Legislative Chambers, his immediate political rivals, the Republic, the Paris mob, the Pope, the semi-independent French clergy, the Italians, and other forces and powers coming in turn to the front, and making every day a new crisis. Under such circumstances it is no wonder that a man who could not give his whole time to it, and was not a theologian of either the Italian or the German type, was continually baffled by the Roman Court, and reduced to a temporising and a vacillating policy.

At the initiation and early stages of the Council he had had to assert the ancient right of France to send a representative to the Council, to state the case of France, to be duly warned of intended or expected enunciations, and to take steps accordingly. Antonelli had given very good reasons why, under the changed circumstances of our time, this was impossible, especially as there was no stopping at France, and whatever was conceded to her must be conceded to all Catholic Powers—indeed all Powers so describing themselves.

It is obvious that with envoys it would be no matter of argument, or of votes, for every such envoy would be as good as a President, indeed as the Pope himself, with his five hundred or six hundred Fathers at his service. Nor was there the least occasion for a political envoy, Rome said, inasmuch as the Council would confine itself to

sacred truths and consequent principles, which need never bring it into collision with the civil power, confined, as it should be, to its own provinces. Daru had been contented, or at least had had to be contented, with these assurances, and had confined himself to frequent communications with Banneville, to and fro.

At last, however, through the irregular publication of the *Schema de Ecclesia* in the *Augsburg Gazette*, Daru found it impossible to accept the assurances of Rome as to the abstract and innocuous character of the proposed Dogmatic Constitution. At least there were those at his elbow, those behind him, and those in front, who would not allow him to continue a policy of non-interference. Accordingly, as above stated, he had renewed the proposal of an envoy better qualified, and more distinctly accredited, than Banneville.

The letter now sent to Paris, and described as the Refusal of an Envoy, was in fact a complete declaration of the status of the Church of Christ, from the Roman point of view, claiming for the Church, and for the Pope, as the successor of Peter, the moral and spiritual government of the world, without any limitations or reservations, beyond those which Rome herself had the sole right to apply. Antonelli professed himself surprised that Daru could entertain any other notion of Rome, her claims and her policy. He could indeed have read history, Antonelli said, to very little purpose. Rome always had advanced and maintained the pretensions which Daru now professed to regard as novelties, and she could not hold her ground if she renounced them. Statesmen, of course, would have to take care of themselves—when had they not had to do so?—but Rome had to do the like,

and to stand to her single claim to be the supreme moral power of the Christian world.

The telegrams, and other contemporary notices, few out of many, that I have found room for, will have put the reader *au courant* with the increasing difficulties of the situation at Paris. Daru had again to be content with keeping Banneville up to the mark, if that were possible.

The refusal of an envoy to the Council itself, and the acquiescence of France in that refusal, decided the character of the Council as a purely Clerical Synod. Former Councils had, more or less, represented the laity as well as the clergy, the civil as well as the spiritual element. This distinctly did not. It might be true that, on the Roman theory, there was no need of laymen, and they would not suffer by their absence, seeing that they know so well how to take care of themselves. But when this is thoroughly understood and accepted, it also means that the laity must take care of themselves, as they certainly will.

Rome : March 22.

Among the Prelates 'preconised' in the Consistory yesterday were the Archbishops of Armagh and Toronto, the Bishops of Savannah, Armidale, and St. Augustine.

France and the Council.—The *Mémorial Diplomatique* states that the French Government has decided that the Marquis de Banneville, the ambassador at Rome, shall also be accredited as special envoy to the Council. In order to obviate any imputation of seeking to impose moral pressure upon the august body at Rome, the Marquis de Banneville will limit his communications to the Cardinal Legates who preside in the name of the Pope. When he shall be received by them in solemn audience he will present the remonstrance

which his Government may have to offer against the adoption of certain doctrines which are of a nature to disturb the relations between the State and the Church by tampering with the rights assured to France by the Concordat of 1801. These remonstrances will be embodied in a formulated despatch, which will be handed to the senior Cardinal Legate for communication to the Fathers of the Council. The same journal also states that M. de Banneville is about to visit Paris by leave of the Government. His arrival will coincide with that of the Pontifical reply to the note of Count Daru, which there is no doubt will be of an affirmative character, and the Minister for Foreign Affairs will therefore be able to give instructions to the ambassador relative to the special mission with which he will be charged to the Council. The visit of M. de Banneville to Paris has been induced by private reasons, but his stay will be but brief, as he will return to Rome towards the end of the present month with the letters accrediting him as Ambassador Extraordinary to the Council. —*Times*, March 21.

France and the Pope.—The *Mémorial Diplomatique* publishes a telegram from Rome, dated March 22, stating that ‘a violent attack of gout from which Cardinal Antonelli has been suffering since the middle of last week, and which particularly affects his hands, has prevented his Eminence from completing the Pontifical reply to the last despatch of Count Daru. It is well known that the Cardinal Secretary of State himself draws up all the despatches intended for great Powers. It has been only since yesterday that the Cardinal has been able to resume his pen. His reply may, therefore, be expected to be sent off by Thursday next at latest.—*Times*, March 24.

CHAPTER CI

SCHWARZENBERG AND STROSSMAYER

Rome : March 24.

THE Council has been sitting three successive days, and to-morrow there is to be nothing but the usual ceremonies. To-day makes the fourth given to the amended *Schema* on matters of Faith, and, consequently, to what may be called the second stage of discussion. By this time the Fathers ought to be rubbing off their angular points, and the machine ought to work smoothly ; but the contrary is the case. Even the American bishops begin to see that their best chance of getting home before July lies in the failure rather than the success of the Council. The new discussion opened fair enough on Friday (the 18th inst.), but there was little of it. A long report had to be read, and pleas for absence received. Simor, Tizzani, and the Bishop of Ivrea repeated the old objections to the *Schema*, and declared that it had not been really amended by the Committee on Faith in accordance with the opinions expressed in the former discussion ; in fact, that it was substantially the same. We have the best possible authority for this. The Pope's privileged journals, which serve him with more zeal than tact, have been loudly trumpeting to the world that the amended *Schema* is quite as strong as ever, only ingeni-

ously cast in a new shape, which looks like a change but is not one. However, these three speakers lifted the disguise and found their old friend come back again. As I told you in my Saturday's letter, by the time they had spoken the Council had to rise and accompany his Holiness on his usual Lenten stations. On emerging from St. Peter's the first thing the French bishops and their sympathisers heard was that they had been listening to Latin speeches in the Council Hall while a Mass was celebrated for the soul of Montalembert a hundred yards down the street. They had to pass the spot as they went home.

On Tuesday something or other seems to have come to a head, and various strangers who that day went for the first time to see the Fathers leave the Council reported loud and discordant sounds within for some time before the opening of the doors. What was it? has been the universal inquiry. There are conflicting reports as to the names, but by the better authority the speakers were Strossmayer, Schwarzenberg, and two other 'opposing' Fathers, who all spoke with what is called violence against the *Schema*, whether in its new or in its original form, and the two former were 'silenced' over and over again.

'Here are you launching anathemas,' said Schwarzenberg, 'against those who deny the first articles of the Christian faith; nay, against those who do not believe in a God at all. What is the use of it? Will they care about being called unholy when they don't think there is such a thing as holiness? They will only accept the quarrel. If the Council must decree, let it do so simply. These Decrees have long-winded doctrinal preambles,

which nobody will read, and which will only commit us to language which we have not time to examine. A Council ought not to argue. That is to descend into the common arena. Whom is the argument with? If with us, we don't dispute what is decreed; if with the world, it will take up the argument and leave the Decree alone. The Council had better leave Atheists to their own condemnation.'

However, he did not insist much on this objection, and it seems to be expected that this part of the *Schema* will pass without much further alteration. He then passed to the Decrees which condemn the tenets of Protestantism, and leave no hope of salvation to the holders:—

'This is not the time to hurl anathemas at all Protestants in a lump. Instead of winning them to the Faith, it will only drive them further away. It will widen the gulf between them and the Church. Many Protestants are models of conduct and high feeling. Humanity recognises their merits and feels its obligation to them. It will take their side. This is not a crisis for the revival and exasperation of old dissensions. It is a time to pacify, to reconcile, and to show that unity is not quite beyond the hope of men.'

De Angelis thought it his duty to call him to order. He was wandering from the subject. Schwarzenberg attempted to continue his speech, but found he had lost the thread of it, and walked down from the pulpit in a state of irritation. Ginoulhiac, just promoted from Grenoble to Lyons, was expected to speak as strongly as he did in January; but his promotion appears to have had the usual effect on his style, for he was

calm and moderate in his opposition to the amended *Schema*.

When he sat down Strossmayer rose to take up the thread of Schwarzenberg's speech. This, he said, was not the sixteenth century, when Catholics and Protestants were at open war, and when their words were in accordance with their deeds. These outrageous anathemas will not win a single Protestant.

'Will they win over this man,' he exclaimed, naming him, 'or that man, or that man; or will they even attach a stigma on those whom they fail to win? It's useless; you cannot send half the civilised world all in a mass to eternal reprobation by merely discharging so many words at them. Among those Protestants there are many men of a pure faith, with deep and sound convictions. Unhappily, they cannot agree with us in some doctrinal or canonical points, but they are mirrors of probity and honour. The proper business of a Council in these days is conciliation, and for that purpose the utmost delicacy and moderation are required.'

Here Capalti, hardly restraining himself, gently called Strossmayer to order. He resumed in the same strain. Capalti called to order again, with the same result. A third time Strossmayer was called to order, and returned to the charge more vigorously than ever. Capalti could restrain himself no more, and peremptorily commanded silence. Strossmayer raised his voice and addressed Capalti. He would no longer endure to be called to order when he was speaking to the purpose; and he made a solemn protest against calls to order, which were themselves out of order and infringements of

the liberty of discussion. All on Strossmayer's side, including many Americans, rose to their feet and joined in his protest. The other side—a crowd of Italian and Spanish Bishops—did the same, and in the midst of the confusion there were even cries of ‘*Viva Pio Nono !*’

Vivano i Cardinali Legati !’ In the midst of the disturbance, with some hope of calming it, Patrizi, a personage of great dignity, rose and uttered what some call his single speech in the Council. ‘You protest against us ; well ; we protest against you.’ However, there was an end of the sitting, and the Council rose.

Strossmayer, it seems, has said a good deal more than is commonly known, but of a sort to rankle in the Roman breast. Whatever he now says is interpreted by what he has said before, and he will hardly now have a chance of a quiet hearing. On being once called to order, with the question, ‘Was he not ashamed to use those words in a place where reposed the Princes of the Apostles?’ he replied that it was the peculiar and awful sanctity of that place which inspired him to tell these truths, and that he invoked the Princes of the Apostles who reposed there—St. Peter and St. Paul—to testify to the loyalty of his sentiments and the truth of his words.

So much for these debates, which all say promise to be more lively and outspoken than ever. It is not easy for an outsider to understand even the announcements which are permitted to appear ; but, if I am to take words in their natural sense, the Dogma of Infallibility is included in the matters now before the Council, as an amendment to the original *Schema*. France, you have probably heard before this, has asked to see beforehand

the matters to be proposed to the Council, and has received from the Pope an indignant refusal.

Rome : March 23.

The reply of the Vatican to the Note of the French Government is now on the way to Paris. Since the Congregations have resumed their sittings the Œcumenical Council have been discussing the *Schemata* upon heterodox philosophy. The third public session for the promulgation of the result of the discussion of the Council will not be held before Easter Monday.

Berne : March 23.

A diplomatic Note has been received by the Federal Council from the Papal Government, complaining of an obnoxious manifestation against the Catholic religion, which was lately made at Basle.

Florence : March 24, evening.

In to-day's sitting of the Chamber of Deputies, Signor Lanza, replying to Signor Massari, confirmed a report that at 4.30 this morning forty individuals assembled before the barracks at Pavia, shouting, 'Long live the Republic !' 'Down with the Monarchy !' and replied to the challenge by firing revolvers. An officer with a company coming up, firing commenced on both sides. The officer was seriously wounded, one sergeant was killed, and four soldiers wounded. Two of the rioters were killed, and the rest dispersed. The city was in a state of surprise and consternation, but was perfectly tranquil. A telegram from the mayor announces that the inhabitants support the Government in the maintenance of order.

Paris.

To-day, being the *Mi-carême*, half-way through Lent, is observed by a portion of the Parisian population as a holiday, and a few masks, in vehicles and on foot, are to be seen upon the Boulevards, which are crowded with people and hackney

coaches. The usual Thursday reception at the Tuileries is countermanded, on account, it is understood, of Prince Pierre Bonaparte's trial, the date of the conclusion of which, as I learn to-day from Tours, is not yet positively foreseen, and may possibly be protracted, it is thought, even beyond the end of the present week.

From a most interesting account of a visit to Strossmayer, by the lamented Canon Liddon, which I find under date October 12, 1876, I venture to quote the closing sentence :—

‘Here we have an ecclesiastic who recalls some of the greatest bishops of bygone ages administering princely revenues in a noble and disinterested way. But Bishop Strossmayer, as I have said, is also a great popular leader, a born king of men, who, beyond any other man, reigns in the hearts of the Slavonic populations throughout Southern Europe. At his table, indeed, he recalls a refined English gentleman of the old school, who illustrates his meaning, or hints it, by an apt quotation from Virgil or Horace. But in the street he has a kind word for every child, every woman, every ploughboy he meets. “Oh, if you only knew these Croats,” he said, with a burst of enthusiasm, “you would see what a splendid, what a lovable people they are ; and they are the same people,” he added, “as the poor Bosnians and Servians who have suffered and are suffering so much.” Bishop Strossmayer poured out his mind to us in torrents of impassioned but reasoned eloquence ; I cannot hope to do more than record the salient points of his opinions.’

CHAPTER CII

THE DAILY WORK OF A POPE

Rome : March 25.

THE ceremony to-day has been at the 'Minerva'—that is, the church built on the site of the temple of that divinity. It includes a grand procession from the Vatican, a service in the church, and a distribution of dowries by the Pope's own hand to a considerable number of girls educated and portioned by a society which takes its name from the day. The church is the one most frequented by English members in the Roman 'obedience,' and not many years ago was restored at the cost of 25,000*l.* English money, unfortunately without an adequate result. It is the only church here that can be called Gothic, and how to apply variously coloured marbles to that style was a difficulty which has not been solved with much success in this instance. As the edifice is only as large as a first-class London parish church, it would scarcely hold a tithe of the people who would wish to get in, for everything to-day is as at St. Peter's.

The procession one could see without danger, and it combines a singular feature which it is scarcely possible for an Englishman to anticipate without grotesque associations. I have only to confess that I felt ashamed of them when I saw the reality, as I did on the Bridge of

St. Angelo. The Pope's state carriage, all gold, the six horses with gorgeous trappings, the Pope blessing all about him, a second carriage with six horses, a dozen others of municipal magnificence, dragoons, and so forth, are all as usual. But the feature of this one day of the year is that a Cardinal¹ bears a cross before the Pope's carriage, riding a white mule. That is the programme. What I saw was a dignified figure, in a flowing robe of light purple, with a skull-cap, riding a rather undersized grey mule, with his eyes fixed on the tall cross he bore upright before him, and apparently in devotion. Half-a-dozen shining halberds surrounded him, and the silver cross rose just above its satellites of steel. All took off their hats to the cross, and a few seconds after knelt to his Holiness. The day, fortunately, is brilliant. The point of pressure has been the piazza before the church, the one with an obelisk on the back of an elephant. I did not venture there. The windows of the Minerva Hotel—it must have a hundred looking into the piazza—were to be occupied by the Fathers of the Council, so I was told.

The day reminds me once more of the enormous amount of work expected from a Pope, and done diligently, faithfully, and cheerfully by this old man in his seventy-eighth year. Yesterday he paid a long visit to the Exposition, talking with the exhibitors, and having his jokes with all about him. He has to give interviews to all these seven hundred bishops, and, the enemy says,

¹ So I wrote, and so I leave it in the text. But it was not a Cardinal; only an official of much lower rank. If I was amused at the idea of a Cardinal carrying a large cross on horseback, the Papal organs were in a downright rage at its being thought possible.

to put a strong pressure on all who are recommended to him for the application of the supreme torture. A great deal has been said about his visits to the aged and invalid bishops lodged and nursed in the canonical apartments attached to St. Peter's. Nothing can be more touching than the attention; but some of the objects of it have felt it oppressive. They have had to make their last will and testament in favour of infallibility.

Other bishops, who have been disposed, or compelled by circumstances, to adopt a neutral or a moderate line in the Council, have found themselves sorely tried in a personal interview. They find it vain to declare their devotion or their sincerity. His Holiness tells them plainly they are not on his side; they are among his enemies; they are damaging the good cause; their loyalty is not sound. It is enough that they have signed what they should not, or not signed what they ought. On the Roman system there is nothing wonderful in this personal interference of the Head of the Church. What I most marvel at is that it is all done by this old man, and that it is done with a success which provokes the indignation of those who conceive their cause hurt by it. Even when Pius IX. does make a mistake—and certainly he made one in the case of Montalembert—he retrieves it, not entirely, perhaps, but with amazing promptitude and decision.

Thus passes one more of the days on which there was to have been a public session and something declared to the world. There never is an ordinary sitting now without applications for leave to return home. Twelve American bishops have gone off, and all the rest would if they could with any decency. They avow, without

the least reserve, that they are utterly disgusted with the whole affair. It is quite out of their line. They can do nothing except say 'Amen' to what is done. They don't want the Decrees, but know that they must help to pass them. They have always most faithfully and honestly assumed the Pope to be infallible, and don't see the necessity of saying it in a more express and ostentatious manner, and so provoking a quarrel with people they now get on well with.

As for the cardinals and prelates really doing the work of the Council, the Americans admit that they are wonderful men in theology and in canon law, in books, and in Latin, but call them children in business and in the affairs of the world. They feel themselves humbled to be acting the part of mutes and dummies when such persons have the lead, and most certainly will carry off all the honours and prizes. Anybody who made it his business to cultivate the acquaintance of either the American or the Irish bishops could send you columns of such complaints; but of course you would never learn much of the intentions or the strategy of an army from those who admit themselves to be common soldiers, and no more. I see it boasted, by the by, not only in the Ultramontane papers, but also in the Liberal Italian, that all the ability, all the learning, all the eloquence of the Council is in the Italians first, then the Spaniards, and after them the French and Germans; whereas, they boast, the English, Irish, and Americans don't know what to do, have nothing to say, and are simply lost here. It is the Latin race, they conclude, that is the soul of the world.

Geneva : March 25.

The *Journal* of Geneva publishes an analysis of the despatch addressed by Count Daru to Cardinal Antonelli, and of the latter's reply. According to this journal Count Daru's despatch does not touch upon the question of the Pope's infallibility so lightly as was supposed. He claims for the French Government the right of being heard in the discussion of matters of a mixed character, but does not insist upon it to the extent allowed at the Council of Trent. The French Minister for Foreign Affairs says the Government would be satisfied with a French bishop explaining in the Council the condition and the rights of the country, and he concludes by proposing a modification of the programme of the Council in the above sense, even if it should be found necessary to prorogue the Council. Count Daru's despatch does not make any threat in the event of a refusal being received from the Vatican. Cardinal Antonelli, in his reply, represents that a bishop could not reconcile the double duties of an ambassador and a Father of the Council. Nevertheless, he does not decline to receive observations from France before the discussion on any particular question, but neither can he undertake that the recommendations which may be given will be adopted.

Augsburg : March 25.

A telegram dated yesterday, which appears to-day in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, says that on Dr. Strossmayer declaring, at a sitting of the Œcumenical Council, that a new dogma of faith could not be established without a moral unanimity of the Fathers, he was ordered by the President to leave the Council. This incident gave rise to a most tumultuous scene in the Assembly.

CHAPTER CIII

THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING RACE SPEECHLESS IN
THE COUNCIL

Rome : March 26.

THE home-sickness of the American bishops excites as much alarm on one side as on the other. It won't do for the New World to leave the Old in the lurch ; and there are quite as many on this side the Atlantic who are resigned to vote as they are bid, but who are only waiting for Providence to relieve them from voting at all. At the opening of the Council England was reckoning up rather proudly the proportion of the Fathers speaking her tongue, or understanding it ; and looking forward to the days when a Council to be really œcumenical would be prevailingly Anglo-Saxon. The poor lady has been counting her chickens, not exactly before they were hatched, but certainly before they chucked, for never was there so silent and sluggish a brood. All the Italian papers, whatever their politics or faith, are enjoying the sight of a whole race—and that one which thinks not meanly of itself, and is apt to look down on others—absolutely dumbfounded. On matters of faith—that is, on the questions really at issue, and really moving the souls of men—one English bishop has opened his mouth, one Irishman ; one American, and

there ends this ridiculous exhibition of our national superiority. Dr. Grant is admitted to be an able and learned man, and a good deal of work has been thrown upon him ; but when the time came for him to speak he was taken ill, and is not yet well. The Anglo-Saxon race, wherever placed or whatever called, has very little familiarity with Latin, does not read it with perfect facility, can hardly understand it when spoken and does not speak it at all.

The Council has been sitting to-day—and it is hoped, for the last time—on the first part of the amended scheme upon Rationalism. It was even expected that the *Schema*, so far, would be put to the vote by rising and sitting ; and be in a condition to be put to the vote by placets next week. This will at once suggest the inquiry, What has become of the protest against the New Rules of procedure, signed by 125 Fathers ? The answer is that the protest is maintained, though not yet acted upon. The Opposition waits for the proof of facts—that is, for a result which will be itself a condemnation of the New Rules. It is even said that it will wait till the majority has voted for the definition of infallibility. As I understand these matters, it will be waiting too long. However, when the time comes will it act ? I am told that it will act, and that decisively. A hundred, it is said, will protest, though a very much smaller number, nay half-a-dozen archbishops of large dioceses, would, by their protest, break the back of the Council. Any one of these archbishops has more Catholics in his diocese than the Pope in the whole of his ‘dominions’ as matters now stand, and though the Pope does not see this, the world at large sees something in it.

I sent you some particulars of the stormy meeting on Tuesday last, and have to supply an omission. Kenrick, Archbishop of St. Louis, followed Schwarzenberg. Though a slow and deliberate speaker, and not likely to make an immediate impression on the Council, he is said to have great weight here, and to be appreciated every day more and more. As a large part of his flock are French, it is possible he finds the less difficulty in the language of the Council.

Tramontana again, and everybody quarrelling with the climate. Many would go northward, but that they hear the north of Italy is under snow. Palma, the Estatica, has good news for Cardinal Wiseman's friends. He came out of purgatory on the 7th inst. For some reason or other there has been great anxiety on the subject. Unless it be that the Cardinal certainly had to be cured of a rather random style of statement, reference, and quotation, I am not aware that he wanted more than usual purgation. However, he is out now, so says the medium.

Passing to the visible world and material things, I have to acquaint the British public that there is to be an 'International Maritime Exhibition' at Naples, from September 1 to November 30, this year. Under ten divisions there are to be exhibited objects connected with:—1, Naval Constructions; 2, Steam Engines; 3, Ports and Maritime Establishments; 4, Woods, Metals, and Combustibles; 5, Rigging, Arrangement of Ships, and Navigation; 6, The Commercial Marine; 7, Victualling of Ships, and Sailors' Outfits; 8, Fishery; 9, Science; 10, Chief Italian Exports. There is also to be an Exhibition of Art at Parma in the autumn.

Paris : March 26.

The *Constitutionnel* of this morning says :—‘The answer of Cardinal Antonelli to Count Daru’s recent despatch endeavours to prove that the 21 canons of the *Schema* do not bear the interpretation which the French Cabinet attributes to them. The Cardinal adds, “When discussed in the Council they may be considerably modified. The Church does not contemplate interfering with politics, and the canons referred to are not of a nature to cause France to abandon her attitude of abstention with regard to the Council.” The Cardinal concludes by expressing a hope that, after these explanations, France will not think herself justified in persisting in Count Daru’s demands.’

Berlin : March 26.

Cardinal Antonelli’s reply to the last anxious despatch of Count Beust fully confirms anticipations as to the discreet use the Holy See intends to make of the new prerogative to be voted by the Council. ‘There is,’ Cardinal Antonelli tells the disquieted Chancellor of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, ‘a great difference between theory and practice. No one will ever prevent the Church from proclaiming the great principles upon which its Divine fabric is based ; but as regards the application of these sacred laws, the Church, imitating the example of its heavenly Founder, is inclined to take into consideration the natural weaknesses of mankind, and accordingly exacts only so much from human frailty as is within the power of every age and country to render.’

CHAPTER CIV

IS A MAJORITY TO DECIDE A DOGMA ?

Rome : March 28.

ONE cannot be surprised to find that in an endless continuity of Latin addresses an actual disturbance should excite some attention, even if the reasons were not clearly known at the time. Strossmayer conceives himself aggrieved by the violent gestures and cries of the four hundred Fathers who last Tuesday helped the President to silence him. He has accordingly sent in a strongly-worded protest, with the demand for an apology. He maintains that the Cardinal ought to have stopped the clamour, and reproved what are described as actually threatening gestures. To this demand for satisfaction he adds a question, for which he insists on a categorical answer,—‘Is a majority to decide a dogma?’ Of course this puts the Pope in a dilemma. If the answer be ‘Yes,’ that extinguishes two great principles at a blow, viz. the Unanimity of Œcumenical Councils, and the Infallibility of the Pope, neither of which can hold its ground in the face of decision by majorities. If the answer be ‘No,’ then there is always hope for the minority. It seems to me impossible that Strossmayer can really expect an answer to his question. The reason he gives for putting it is that he and those who are acting with him may

know how to act ; but that can only constitute an additional reason for not answering his question.

Schwarzenberg thought him too violent on Tuesday, and told him after the Council that it would become impossible to act with him if he could not restrain his feelings. However, upon a deliberate review of the affair it seems to have been concluded that Strossmayer had good cause ; for all the French and German bishops called upon him, and, not finding him at home, left their cards ; and on Strossmayer coming to the next meeting of the international committee at Rauscher's, all rose and embraced him. Nothing can be stronger than the words and demonstrations of these men, and the only misgiving is that of the outer world cynics, who still warn us that a bishop is not to be trusted. We shall see.

It is said that in the letter declining the proposal of a special envoy to the Council, Cardinal Antonelli again assured the French Government that the Council would only concern itself with matters of religion, and therefore required no aid from the servants of a State. It is scarcely credible that such an answer could have been made in seriousness, for the Dogmas to be promulgated at or before Easter strike at the foundations of every State in the world. The Opposition, as you see, are fighting for time ; the Court, for despatch. More than forty amendments on the preamble of the first *Schema* were sent in, apparently without much concert between the respective framers.

Meanwhile the Pope is not silent, nor does he deliver his opinions within closed doors ; that was never his way. He is making speeches, long or short, few or many, every day, and they are always *à propos* of the

Council. On Friday he distributed to a large body of missionary bishops and priests a quantity of sacred vestments, sent here by a Belgian society, and made an address, which has been described as an epitome of the whole Conciliar question :—

‘ It is a great consolation to me to find myself in the midst of you, so as to fulfil the desires of these pious ladies of Belgium, who, animated by a lively desire to be able to say, *Domine, dilexi decorem domus tuæ*, have prepared and sent to Rome, in boxes adapted to them, a certain quantity of sacred ornaments of various rites to be distributed among the bishops of the poor missions. I must praise the zeal of these pious ladies, and in giving you their presents I need not recommend them to your prayers, for I am certain that both for them and their families you will implore the blessing of God, and endeavour to satisfy their desires. Within the cases you will find the special prayers they ask ; I am sure you will not forget them. I rejoice beyond measure that these ladies have interested themselves about the ornaments for the Oriental rites. I do not know how they have succeeded as regards the pattern and the cut ; each one of you will try to adapt them to himself. But I rejoice at this thought, for I love the Oriental rites, and desire that they shall be preserved intact. The variety of rites is one of the great ornaments and glories of the Catholic Church. I love all my children, without distinction of nation, of tongue, or rite ; and I ardently desire that this love be responded to, and that it may make still closer the union between the head and the members.

‘ My words are directed specially to you Orientals,

with whom I know that efforts have been made recently to detach you from this Holy See. Instead of this you are more closely united to me, and do not suffer yourselves to be conquered by counsels and suggestions made to you by the enemies of the Church, and those who do not wish us well. Now is renewed in the Vicar of Jesus Christ a similar fact to that which happened to Jesus Christ himself when dragged before the tribunal of Pilate. Pilate was well persuaded of the innocence of the Saviour, and would have desired to set him at liberty, but on hearing these words, "*Si hunc dimittis non es amicus Cæsaris*," he was intimidated and overcome by a respect for man—"tradidit illum voluntati eorum." They are solemn moments which are passing; we are treating of the principles of eternal life, of the rights of the Church, and of the Holy See; the truth, sanctity, and justice of which are recognised by all, and which are yet impugned by those who, calling themselves the friends of Cæsar, are friends of the Revolution. Let us not be seduced by their threats or their promises, and we will not imitate the judges of the tribunal of Pilate; but we will defend the holy cause of God without being flattered by the applause of the world, and without being frightened at that which is called public opinion, of which there are so many unhappy victims. I repeat it: be united with me, and not with the Revolution; be united with me in defending the holy rights of truth and justice, and, in order to guard yourselves against the seductions of the love of popularity and applause, turn your minds to me, and not to public opinion.

‘But to hold ourselves firm in these resolutions, let us invoke the Holy Spirit to descend upon us and give

us the strength necessary for us. Above all, let us be humble in heart and in spirit, not placing any confidence in our own strength or our own light. Founded on this virtue, and guided by faith, we will struggle for the kingdom of God without fear and without danger of error. Oh! my God, give Thy Spirit to animate and fill our hearts with light, so that, above all things, and in despite of our enemies, we may confess and promulgate the truth. Meanwhile, I give you the benediction. I bless you in the name of the Father; I bless you in the name of the Son; I bless you in the name of the Holy Spirit; and may this blessing accompany you in your missions and fortify you for the accomplishment of the arduous and holy work intrusted to your zeal. May it descend upon your clergy, and on all the faithful confided to your care! May it keep you united in this world, that we may be eternally so in another!’

An English family here, consisting of three harmless ladies, after two domiciliary visits by the police, and very minute searches, has been ordered to quit Rome. The police found nothing, and no reason has been given for the order. The surmise is that a female servant, who had become acquainted with a family in the opposite house suspected of Garibaldian sympathies, had posted letters for it. The ladies who have become the victims are said to be anything but dangerous persons, and had taken their rooms to the end of April.

The last paragraph of this letter gives anything but satisfaction to the persons chiefly concerned. They did not wish to be snuffed out with the imputation of harm-

lessness or the suggestion of a mistake ; on the contrary, they wished to be regarded as very dangerous, and as getting the better of the authorities by personal ascendancy. I never saw them, though if I remember right it was not for want of the opportunity ; but they were described to me as handsome, ladylike and dignified ; with persuasive manners and a commanding address. A brother had recently achieved much publicity in England by a row with his regimental superiors, and it was possible that these ladies had conceived a like ambition. There lies before me a budget of notes taken after the date of this letter, and I cannot but share the common belief that these ladies had organised a correspondence between Garibaldi and his Roman friends, making their house, in fact, a private post-office. The letters came in an envelope addressed to them, or to their maid, and, when the coast seemed clear, were carried by the latter to a Garibaldian, a few steps off. Now ninety-nine ladies out of a hundred think nothing of smuggling, and have a very mean opinion of their husbands if they express any scruple about it. To do all this without discovery was the first object ; the second, as scarcely a less prize, was to be found out and have their laugh at the authorities. The police watched and were down upon them. They had notice to quit Rome. Thereupon they set about a round of visits, calling on Randi, the head of the police, then on Cardinal Antonelli, who told them it was not in his department, then on Mr. Odo Russell, who wrote to the Cardinal, who didn't open his letter, then on Mr. Wreford, and, I know not who besides, and finally on Mr. Severn, the most popular and powerful foreigner in Rome. He proved their friend in

need—that is, if they really did wish for so tame a solution—for they were allowed to remain in Rome, I suppose on an understanding that they were to shut up their little post-office, and render provisional loyalty to the powers that be.

Florence : March 28, evening.

In to-day's sitting of the Chamber of Deputies, in reply to a question as to the intentions of the Government with reference to the Œcumenical Council, Signor Visconti Venosta, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, explained that the Cabinet, trusting to the authority of the law and to the established principles of religious liberty, would adhere to its first resolution of abstaining from all intervention in the doings of the Council. The Government confined itself to approving the conciliatory efforts of Italian bishops, but, in conformity with the principle of the separation of Church and State, it would allow the Church freely to lay down what dogmas it chose. After some observations from different speakers the Chamber voted the order of the day asked for by the Ministry.

CHAPTER CV

THE ARMENIANS

Rome : March 29.

THE preamble of the *Schema* on 'Heterodox Philosophy' is still under discussion this morning, with some probability of being passed. It has now been twice amended, and the last amendment is said to have got rid of several passages which would have implied Papal infallibility, and have thus forestalled the proper discussion of that dogma. Meanwhile the atmosphere of Rome is becoming less and less calm. The Orientals are very restless. No wonder. The giant said to be buried alive under Etna had every right to turn in his bed if he could. The Chaldeans—Syro-Chaldeans they ought to be called—have appealed to the French as protectors of the East, stating in express terms that their bishops here have been bought over. This can only mean what all the world knows—that their bishops must vote as they are bid, and do as they are bid, or they will suffer for it. The French Government, however, has promised to take them under its care, as well as the Armenians. The latter are now pushing their quarrel into Rome itself, taking courage possibly from the presence of a Turkish envoy, Rustim Bey, a man of Italian extraction.

There is an Armenian convent here, not far from St. Peter's. Last Thursday or Friday the Pope sent a

Monsignor to make an official or 'apostolic' visit. The Armenians refused to admit him: said the convent was their own property, and that no one had a right to enter. The Pope sent Monsignor again, this time, it is said, with a 'thundering' letter. The Armenians sent him back again with his letter. They then betook themselves to the Turkish envoy, who declined to enter into the religious question, but was here, he said, to protect his master's subjects, and would do so. It appears that the question is not a new one, having occurred before at the Armenian Monastery in the island of St. George, near Venice. The ill-disposed are hoping to see the Turkish flag flying over the convent here within sight of St. Peter's.

In this instance the Papal interference had been provoked, or precipitated, by an awkward incident. On Wednesday, in the Via Giulia, the long straight street leading from the suspension-bridge to the back of the Farnese Palace, the police were sent to arrest an Oriental priest who had been going about expressing himself freely on the Pope's claims to infallibility. The priest made a stout resistance, and got wounded in the scuffle. His friends ran off for help, and found a bishop of his rite, who came to the rescue, and, seeing his brother covered with blood, got involved in the dispute, and received himself a violent blow in the face, which set his nose bleeding. The police seemed to have relented at the sight, for they allowed the bishop to take the priest into his carriage, and drive off, first to the French Embassy, where they received advice and consolation, and then to Rustim Bey, under whose protection they placed themselves. Next day the envoy had an audi-

ence of the Pope, it is not known with what result. It was the day after this unpleasant affair that the Pope, in distributing the sacred vestments supplied by a religious association, expressed himself with so much tact and tenderness on the subject of Oriental rites and customs.

Two decrees have appeared, the one beatifying and canonising a saint, the other recognising the immemorial worship of one.

You may remember that by some mischance an English bishop was put into a wrong box in one of my January letters. As that number of the *Times* never saw the light in Rome, I must accept the fact on the statement of the adversary. But the good bishop's friends are still favouring me with all sorts of rough music for the indignity done to him in supposing him a reasonable being. Here I see it once more filling a column as I turn over the leaves of the *Correspondance de Rome* for last Saturday, two whole months after the alleged offence.

The Papal press was always returning to this unfortunate error as if it was the only mistake I made, which was not quite the case. I have long believed it to have been a mere slip, but on looking over my notes for the present work, I was surprised to find that I had expressed a doubt to my informant, and asked him to repeat the name, which accordingly I noted with inverted commas. I must have concluded that the good bishop in question had on some occasion over-explained his notions on infallibility.

But I have already noticed, and have to notice again, the extreme ignorance betrayed by really well-in-

formed people on persons and things out of their own national beat. Quirinus, for example, shows a wonderful familiarity with all the bishops and theologians within, say, two hundred miles of Munich. Beyond that circle he is often hazy, blind, and fanciful, with nothing but a few strong prepossessions to guide him.

Rome : March 29.

It is stated that the General Congregation has voted to day the *Schema de Fide*, which up to the present time had been under discussion, and that to-morrow other *schemata* will come on for debate.

The Paris *Univers* of Thursday relates two incidents of rather remarkable character. A theologian in attendance upon an Armenian bishop having indulged in language repugnant to authority was ordered to retire into a monastery. He refused, and the officers of the Vicariate attempted to arrest him. The theologian escaped from their hands and took refuge with his bishop, who has protested against the action of the authorities, and thus the matter remains at present. The other circumstance was still more serious. An Apostolic Visitation having been directed to the Armenian convent of the Antonines, the bishop refused to admit the Apostolic Visitor. An order was obtained from the Pope commanding the bishop to make a retreat in a Dominican monastery. The prelate refused obedience, and has written to the Bishop of Marseilles to obtain the protection of France against the Holy Father.

Florence : May 6.

Rustim Bey has returned from Rome, and it is stated that his mission with regard to the Armenian Catholics has been unsuccessful.

CHAPTER CVI

PAPAL AND PARLIAMENTARY PRACTICE

Rome : March 30.

IT is now stated on very good authority that there will be a public Session on the 11th—that is, on the Monday before Easter, and, it is grimly added, infallibility cannot come on till June. But the matter to be promulgated on the 11th is still far from safe. Something was voted, and something else was discussed, yesterday, but whether it was the preamble that was disposed of or some decrees is not known. The amendments proposed on the preamble were not all on the Opposition side, for the Bishop of Moulins, Dreux-Brézé, proposed the insertion of infallibility, as a counterpoise, of course, to adverse amendments. For some reason or other there was a very great noise inside the screen, and there was a report in the evening that there had been a worse ‘row’ than on the 22nd. One can only glean what occurred on that day, and I must give you the bits as they come. Cataldi went up to Strossmayer at last in the pulpit, and told him very audibly in his ear that the bell had rung four times, and he must come down, the enraged majority all the time surrounding the pulpit, with loud cries, and many of them shaking their fists at Strossmayer. The next day he asked Cataldi how he

presumed to call him down—without, I suppose, getting much satisfaction.

But from day to day it is now reported that the Opposition is more strong, more compact, more decided, and more courageous than ever. They declare that nothing shall be passed without 'a moral unanimity' such as that found in the old Councils, and that a moral unanimity must be one representing character, population, and actual cure of souls. Compared with the rest they say that 360 members of the so-called majority have no right to count as representatives of the Church, being bishops *in partibus*, or otherwise little more than titular personages. Rome has its answer to all this. In her eyes a bishop is a bishop whether he represents Paris and two million souls, or one very small congregation in Aleppo or at Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas. Thus there are two distinct ideals of a Council, and they become more distinct day by day.

After four months of weary sitting, and with Easter fast coming on, people are asking for the twentieth time how it fares with infallibility. It has now been extracted from the preamble of the *Schema* under discussion for a future and separate treatment. But there has been plenty of argument out of doors, fair, candid, and reasonable argument, addressed, as the case may be, to the politician, the Liberal, or the Anglican. The argument has been only too successful, and success will be the ruin of infallibility. What is put foremost in Rome, at least, is that the Council waits an interposition of the Spirit, of which the Pope is the expected medium. This has been expressed continually in a way to remind one of the silent and expectant meetings of the Society of

Friends. But it is found impossible to keep out of sight much that is hardly consistent with the sublime spiritual theory. There is the unlimited creation of what must be called fagot votes ; there are the hundreds of votes retained, lodged, fed, and paid so many francs a head ; there are the twenty Cardinals' hats, and innumerable other prizes kept open for competition ; there are the personal pressure, the intimidation, and the flattery ; there is the enormous bill of costs, fast running Rome into an amount of debt which it will require the grandest results to compensate for. Is this a spiritual operation, and is the Holy Father, aided by a chosen few, 'in the garden,' or 'on the mount,' or in 'an upper chamber' ? It is not.

But then, we Englishmen must not object to what we see here, for it is our own way. We are desired to look at home ; at our Parliamentary system, our government by parties, the exalted theory and low practice of our contested elections, the operations of our 'whipper-in,' the distribution of our patronage in Church and in all the departments of the State, the various uses and abuses of social influence among us, and the notorious fact that even our noblest measures are proposed and passed upon the plea of necessity. As for money, is not our whole system one of money, I have been asked, and are not our livings bought and sold ?

It is not easy to deny the resemblance, nor is it necessary. We may not only concede, but even be the first to recognise, that the whole operation here is British in the lower sense and aspect of that word. The affair before us is necessarily complicated with earthly matters and common agencies, and cannot pre-

duce infallibility if it be not already there. They who humanise and rationalise the dogma also vulgarise and debase it. Grant that it has become a political necessity, and that upon ordinary grounds the Pope is justified in compassing it by the most ordinary means, we may be wisely charitable as to practices too like those of our own country, but yet may insist that the Pope's necessity shall not be our law. No doubt, he does want further confirmation and basis for his power. No doubt, too, we are not in a condition to complain of the means employed. But the argument and the line of action in harmony with it sink the Pope and his pretensions to the common level, and reduce Infallibility to the watch-word of a political combination.

But I have something further to say upon what we should call at home the simoniacal character of this transaction. The Pope is about to purchase the very highest conceivable gift of God with money. There can be no spiritual gift—charity alone excepted—no authority or office, so great as that of a perfect judgment and discernment in spiritual things. When an English clergyman pays 1,000*l.* for a next presentation with immediate possession it is called simony. So, again, when the candidate for a living of which the parishioners are the patrons bribes them right and left, he must incur the same imputation. In the colossal instance before us the votes of these Fathers are admitted to be necessary to the authentication and actual possession of the gift of gifts, called infallibility. The Pope, indeed, being infallible, does not need to be made so ; but he wants induction, or some such process, which shall establish his right, and inaugurate its exercise in the eyes of

the world. With a view to this he is now undergoing a sort of contested election, and making a canvass with active and unscrupulous agents touting for votes all about him.

There is no disguise that this is done exactly as seats in Parliament are often sought in our own country; indeed, the resemblance is curiously complete in many particulars. Imagine a rotten borough, carefully and regularly nursed for many years by a neighbouring landowner, or suddenly invaded by a newer and wealthier interest, and you have the like of all that is done here to accomplish the desired 'return.' From beginning to end, from the top to the bottom, in every rank, stage, and process, this is a prodigious pecuniary transaction. In our own contested elections we distinguish between bribery and intimidation, but we are aware that the difference is rather in circumstance, and that they are substantially the same thing. Both are in full requisition here, for terrible will be the case, even in this world, of the man who will not vote for the forthcoming dogma. In its spiritual aspect it is all bribery.

The first inventor of the spiritual offence called after his own name offered money for miraculous powers, and, failing in that suit, is stated, though upon doubtful authority, to have applied to another quarter, and eventually to have come to great grief in consequence of a too soaring ambition. The present instance only differs from petty traffic in livings, and such things, in its enormous scale. From first to last infallibility will cost not less than five million pounds sterling, and, really, once secured, will be cheap at that figure. Its actual value, of course, will depend upon circumstances and upon the

discretion with which it is used. Perhaps, too, it is a question of time, for it has sometimes occurred that when a great price has been paid for a thing it has been shortly superseded by a better article or a new discovery. This is a speculation which may yet, even in the hour of seeming triumph, prove a terrible failure.

A Florence letter published in the *Débats*, dated March 30, gives an account of a discussion in the Chamber on the previous day, in which the position of the Italian Government towards the Council was incidentally defined :—‘In the discussion upon the budget relating to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs a question was raised which elicited from Signor Visconti Venosta a clear and definite statement, the effect of which was that Italy, having proclaimed the principle of religious liberty, had nothing to do with what passed at the Council. If the Council should proclaim any dogmas which would be incompatible with the laws of the State, those laws would, nevertheless, be continued in force. There was no present necessity for considering what was styled the Roman question. Such is a terse but exact summary of the Minister’s speech, which met with the approbation of all parties in the Chamber. After these declarations there was no real debate. Signor d’Ondes Reggio, who is almost the sole representative in the Chamber of the clerical party, ventured to say a few words in favour of the Council, but they produced no effect. Signor Ferrari then made a speech, in which he endeavoured to point out what might be the political consequences of a declaration of Papal Infallibility, and submitted a motion to the effect that the Chamber, without troubling itself with the question of infallibility, passed to the order of the day. The Chamber, perceiving that a solemn declaration that it would not preoccupy itself with that question would really amount to a proof that the subject had engaged its attention, declined to accept the

resolution, and passed simply to the order of the day. Signor Visconti Venosta in his speech had referred to the spirit of moderation evinced by the Italian prelates. This declaration has provoked the anger of the ultra-clerical organs in the press, which insist that the Italian bishops are ready to suffer martyrdom, but none among them will ever enter into any argument with the enemies of the Church. This anger seems to imply that Signor Visconti Venosta was correct in saying that there are among the Italian prelates men who are more moderate than is generally supposed. The great act of persecution of which the journals in question make so much on every occasion is what they call the imprisonment of Cardinal de Angelis, who has in fact been detained at Turin for a certain time. He was not in prison there, but in a convent, and you may be certain that in his detention, if detention it were, there was no barbarous rigour. The Infallibilist party has now attained, at least in words, to a very curious state of exaltation. It compares Pius IX. to Jesus Christ, and that which is occurring in the Council to the preliminaries of the Passion. It is probable that in the minds of this party Monsignor Dupanloup enacts the part of Caiaphas. They do not say so plainly, but such is evidently their opinion.'

CHAPTER CVII

MONSIGNOR CAPEL

Rome : April 4.

THE fate of the very first matter discussed in the Council is so important a fact that I must repeat it in as exact terms as present information will allow. It was the Preamble of the Canons *de Fide*. The earliest discussions of the Council were upon it and the Canons together. They were together sent up to the Committee *de Fide*, and after a considerable time sent down in an amended form. The Preamble itself had received various alterations, one of them, ascribed to Dreux-Brézé, Bishop of Moulins, containing the Dogma of Infallibility so strongly as to give rise to a report that this Dogma was now under discussion, and that the Preamble so often mentioned was that of the *Schema de Ecclesia*. However, it was as I state, and the Vatican journalists were quite justified so far in their boast that the amended Preamble was stronger than the original form. It was Ginoulhiac, the new Archbishop of Lyons, who hit the spot, though he did so with a mildness of tone that reminded the Fathers of his recent promotion. .

Strossmayer will have the credit of the result, which is that the Preamble has been withdrawn altogether as incapable of amendment. Of course another will have

to be introduced in its place ; but, for the present, matter long discussed in two distinct stages is absolutely rejected. The Opposition is very triumphant, but they are met, as one would say at home, with counter cheers. They have been entrapped, so the 'Ultras' boast, into recognising and accepting the New Rules of procedure, and the consequent necessity of bowing to the majority. However, they have been all along fully aware of the dilemma created by the appearance of the New Rules, and it is to be presumed that they have not accepted them to the alleged extent.

The public session is fixed for Tuesday, the 26th. The Prussian Government is sending Herr Schlitzer, who was *chargé d'affaires* here in 1865 and the two following years. His services to Prussia, here and elsewhere, and his known principles, lead more than one party to expect important results from his mission.

Though this Easter may pass without a decree, it may still be signalised by some important conversions. The best German, French, and English preachers have been at work here ever since the meeting of the Council, and their sermons have been among the things to be regularly 'done' by the indefatigable crowd of visitors. They preach under difficulties, for they have to present Rome just now in her kindest, most indulgent and most liberal aspect. I was one of a large congregation, chiefly ladies, hearing Mgr. Capel yesterday afternoon, and regret that a mistake as to the hour left me only the conclusion of a sermon which it was known before was to be on 'Salvation out of the Church.' With the assistance of other hearers I believe I know most of what was said. Mgr. Capel succeeded in showing that in the matter of intoler-

ance and persecution the doctrines, the principles, and the actual practice of Rome are very much the same as those of all other religious communities and schools of opinion, as far as they really believe and are in earnest.

The *argumentum ad hominem* certainly was strong. It is a favourite thesis of the schools. Every believer is a persecutor. Presbyterians and Anglicans, he said, not only denied salvation to those out of their pale, but socially excommunicated, persecuted, and turned out of doors those who dissented from their doctrines—excepting, of course, utter unbelievers, whom they found it easy to tolerate. The last is, perhaps, the strongest point of resemblance between the Churches here in question. If any Roman gentleman, or tradesman, or working man were to join the English Church, or any form of Protestantism, he would not find Rome a pleasant place ; whereas if Rome were to expel all the known unbelievers and scoffers she would have to ask Victor Emmanuel to send hands to supply their place, for, otherwise, all the work and business of the city would come to a sudden end, and Rome would find herself sitting in ruins and bare walls. Mgr. Capel opened the gates of mercy to baptized babes, to the poor and ignorant, so as they have the soul of Catholicism ; to all who are inwardly tending, inquiring, and struggling towards the true Church, and only hindered by circumstances or anticipated by death—in a word, to all who would be Roman Catholics, if they lived under the Church, if they were better informed, if they were older, or had the chance.

Who, then, are under condemnation? For this purpose the preacher imagined a class the existence of which will strike most Englishmen as a novelty. You

have to suppose a race of travellers, well-educated, well informed, full of interests, caring about pictures, antiquities, arts and sciences, but not about religious truth and unity, full of hatred to the Church, attending the services to scoff at them, running after the Pope to say irreverent things about him, inquiring after the Council to make naught of it, with no desire to mend their souls, and given to all sensual indulgences and wicked excesses, especially those that most debase the soul and darken the understanding. Mgr. Capel certainly described with eloquence a spiritual condition which one must admit to be possible, and which one should beware of. In the presence of five hundred elegantly-dressed ladies he took a safe and easy course in putting the class described beyond the reach of mercy. But is this a faithful portrait of the husbands, the fathers of families, the brothers, or even the young University graduates we see here fresh from English homes? Does it apply to these particularly, even if they have no leaning whatever to Rome—nay, even if they be most thoroughly resolved against it—nay, even if their resolution becomes stronger and stronger every day they remain here? Their condemnation, as the preacher puts it, is that they are here within the reach of grace, because they see the services and the spectacles of the Holy City. I would speak of these spectacles with respect. They are the religion of the place, which otherwise would have little or none. But an ordinary Englishman must be changed very much indeed before he can recognise in all this pageantry and this enormous mass of ceremony that special call to Divine truth and unity to resist which is utter condemnation. But it is fair to say I was very

sorry to be late at Mgr. Capel's church, and sorry that his sermon was so soon over.

Paris : March 31.

Count Daru is said to be maturing a Note in reply to Antonelli's recent despatch, but still people are to be found who doubt that such a Note will ever be sent. Diplomats say that it must be—that to leave the Cardinal's communication unanswered would be to acquiesce in a rebuff, and give Rome a triumph. Nay, some go so far as to declare that such a course must entail M. Daru's resignation, especially as it is well known that his first decided step in this matter was of a rather independent character, without, it is believed, the cognisance, or at least the approval, of some of his colleagues, however much they may have given their assent to the accomplished deed. The present Foreign Minister is so worthy and estimable a man, and has won such excellent opinions by his bearing during the short time he has been in office, that his retirement would be a cause of great regret. It is not to be supposed that any Note that could be sent would move the Vatican from its resolves, and it is a prevailing opinion that it would have been better never to enter upon a diplomatic correspondence unless this Government had been prepared to back its demands by menaces and even by acts. The fate of Rome is in the hands of France, who has but to withdraw her garrison to render the position of the Papacy desperate. There is no present probability of so decided a step being taken. The expected Note will be to the Council rather than to the Pope, and it is said that means will be found of presenting it to the great assembly otherwise than through the Pontifical Government, which might decline to act as intermediary. It is difficult to say how this will be done, since the Council has no regular *bureau* or Board. There is, however, a Congregation which intervenes between it and the Pope, and, perhaps, the French bishops might be made useful in the matter ; at

any rate to the extent of ascertaining whether the Note, if sent to Antonelli, was communicated to the Council correctly and unabridged. In short, the line of conduct to be adopted by the French Government in this question with Rome is just now discussed with particular interest in diplomatic circles in Paris, and was a leading topic at last night's official receptions.

The question of the *plebiscitum* for the changes in the Constitution is still much discussed, but the probability of that step being resorted to seems to lessen daily. Notwithstanding the reports I recently mentioned, it is beyond a doubt that the Emperor goes with his Ministers in disapproving it. The general opinion is that there is no occasion whatever for such an extreme measure as an appeal to the people, and neither of the two parties which have advocated it is likely to insist upon the adoption of its views. On the other hand, the impression gains strength that a modification in the Ministry may occur sooner than was lately expected, and that more Liberal elements will be brought into the Cabinet.

A good deal of attention was excited two days ago by a paragraph in the Ministerial *Français*, speaking of revelations said to have been made to the Council of State, *à propos* of the discussion of the Extraordinary Budget of the city of Paris, on the state of the finances of this capital. These revelations were said to surpass all that the most mistrustful adversaries of M. Haussmann could ever have imagined. The loan of 250 millions was said to be absorbed by work already done, but not yet paid for. The *Français* is a Ministerial organ; the paragraph was mysterious in its terms, but very damaging to the ex-functionary to whom it alluded. In yesterday's Chamber, M. Ollivier, replying to some remarks of Jules Simon, said that the Council of State had discovered, in its examination of the Budget of the city of Paris, 'new elements of appreciation and discussion not previously known.' 'We seek,' he added, 'the most complete truth; we have been obliged again to refer the matter to the Municipal Council, and at this moment the Minister of the Interior is at the Council of State, where the

definitive examination is being terminated. We desire to liquidate completely the situation of the city, and to make it known without any kind of ambiguity or dissimulation.' The Chamber applauded this declaration. To-day I am informed that the Minister of Finance is about to appoint two Inspectors-General of his department, to examine and sift the accounts of this city during the period of the Haussmann administration.

March 31.

Advices from Rome state that the Pope and the Ultramon-
tanes appear to have abandoned all idea of conciliation. Nothing has yet been decided respecting the period of the Marquis de Banneville's return to Rome. The *Presse* of this evening states that Prince Pierre Bonaparte embarked at Havre this morning for America. The Princess and children have gone to Switzerland. The state of affairs at Creuzot is unchanged. The miners are gradually resuming work, but the efforts of the agitators continue.

Paris : April 1.

The assertion of the *Presse* that Prince Pierre Bonaparte had left his residence is unfounded. The Prince was still at Auteuil last night.

The *France* of this evening says that the Government leaves the Roman question entirely in suspense.

Rome : April 1.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* publishes an article with the object of proving to the world that unanimity of the Fathers on the question of the personal infallibility of the Pope is not necessary, a simple majority being sufficient to define the dogma.

Schaffgotsche, Bishop of Brünn, is dead.

Augsburg : April 1.

To-day's *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung* publishes the most important paragraphs of the *Schema de Fide Catholica* and the canons deduced therefrom, which are now being discussed

by the Œcumenical Council, at which they will shortly be put to the vote, and in all probability be adopted. The canons are directed against materialism, atheism, and pantheism.

Marseilles : April 2.

The ex-Grand Duke of Tuscany has arrived here from Rome, and has left for Bavaria.

April 2.

The *Mémorial Diplomatique* learns from Rome that the Pope has postponed all promotions to the Cardinalate until the Consistory, which will be held in September next. This determination has been induced by a desire to avoid all appearance of attempting by the introduction of 18 new cardinals into the Council to exercise a favourable influence upon the question of Pontifical Infallibility. It appears certain that Monsignor Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, will be included among the new promotions, as also will be Monsignori Chigi and Antonucci Falcinelli, Apostolic Nuncios at Paris and Vienna.

CHAPTER CVIII

DEATHS IN ROME

Rome : April 5.

THERE have been many deaths among the visitors here, whether in the hotels or in apartments ; some from fever, some from congestion of the lungs, and other disorders. There are several thousand visitors here, and a good many have come because they were ailing, or because they wanted rest, or change of air and scene. A certain average mortality is to be expected, and you may remember that people rather freely speculated on the probable rate of mortality among the Fathers, which has certainly not been exceeded. Yet people are much shocked when they hear of a visitor dying, and seem ready to throw blame on somebody. The guide-books insinuate that certain hotels are unhealthy, and 'A Traveller' warns tourists to protect themselves against the carelessness and cupidity of hotel-keepers. To the best of my experience and information, the landlords and the servants omit no precaution or duty in the matter. They keep their rooms and their houses as clean and sweet and airy as they can, opening the windows at every opportunity, watching every arrangement, and at any interval in the occupation of rooms giving a thorough washing and cleaning. This care is

redoubled in the case of death or illness, when everything is changed, and the room kept open for several days.

The blame, if blame there be, lies with the visitors themselves. When a gentleman, with only a common constitution, goes up Vesuvius, runs down from the Crater into Pompeii, takes the train there, and dances till five in the morning at a Palace Ball, all within twenty-four hours; travels next day to Rome, catches cold, and is dead in a few days, whose fault is it? When a gentleman, long accustomed to task his brain at the expense of his health, nurses a sick wife for a fortnight, having his only night's rest in an armchair, leaves a sick chamber for a long walk on a bitterly cold day, feeling it necessary to take a glass of wine at starting, with the same sad result, the only reasonable comment is that he has sacrificed himself to conjugal duty. People will do everything here. They come to Rome, perhaps, once in their lives, to see things and people, and they think it worth a little risk. They walk out of glorious sunshine into churches and galleries even colder than the catacombs, and out of crowded rooms into dank evening air.

No doubt Rome is a dangerous place. It is a city of six-storied palaces, separated by narrow and often dirty lanes. The ground-floor of many palaces is given to stables, and to abominations of all kinds. The basements are worse. The population of horses and cows is immense, the latter always out of sight. As for the streets, they cannot be kept as clean as an English stable-yard. There is always a smell, and where there is a smell there is mischief. On every side, except

where the Tiber enters and leaves, Rome is surrounded by hills, quite high enough to check the ventilation. The air must often stagnate and be cold. Under such circumstances the English ought to take as much care of themselves as at home. In one respect, certainly, they do not. They do without fires, being out most of the day, and a wood fire costing a guinea a week. Whenever they return from a walk, or leave the hot saloon, they enter a room as cold as a cellar, to read, to write, to dress, or to undress. I wonder how they live, not why they die. However, they say that this is the Italian practice, and that the Pope never sees a fire, even when the snow is on the ground. 'Sun, no fire,' is the rule of the best houses. The drink of all classes is the lightest of wines—highly diluted. The Italians must have special constitutions, and a fire in them or under them, for they could not stand an English parlour fire, and two glasses of sherry would upset any one of them. It is right to add, what I believe to be the case, that there have been more deaths among the Americans than the English.

CHAPTER CIX

CARDINAL BARNABO AND THE ORIENTALS

Rome : April 7.

ALL is calm in the Council, so it is said, and order reigns out of doors. The Armenians are quiet, in the streets at least ; our troubled countrywomen who have been the town's talk for a fortnight, are let alone ; the Zouaves and Legionaries are marching to and fro in anticipation of the ever-impending *émeute*, now fixed for the Pope's own day, next Tuesday ; the preparations for the Easter fireworks are making rapid progress ; and there is not much to show that one lives here under an absolute sovereign, who gives laws to the whole world, still less that his authority is here and there disputed. But it is apparent that the Council has only just begun to do something after all its talk. One chapter of the *Schema de Fide* has been voted, and that is all that is known for certain ; they are still making speeches about the rest of the *Schema*.

An immense list of names is down for speaking, but as many of them are only inscribed to be withdrawn when necessary, it is useless to give the figure reported. The Court party has any number of good men and true ready to speak or be silent, as the emergency may require. The missionary bishops, a hundred of whom

were received the other day, the bishops *in partibus*, the mass of the Italian bishops, many even of the Orientals, and also of the bishops from the more distant sees, have been entirely educated at Rome. Here they have learnt to speak Latin, not only fluently, but with a distinctness and pronunciation which enable them to make a real use of the language. If England and Ireland and the United States, and even France and Germany, have not contributed as much as might be expected to the discussion, it is because the bishops of these countries have generally received at least all the earlier part of their education in their own countries.

Work, however, advances but slowly. There will be no promulgation before Easter, and when it is stated that the fireworks are to be a few days later than usual this year, it is natural to suspect that they and the Decrees are to be fired off together. The Fathers are making up their mind to stay till June 29, the usual finish of the business year at Rome, and to meet again in October. There is a savage idea of continuing the Council by weekly sittings all through the year, on the calculation that the Pope's best friends are those who can also best stand a Roman summer. Upon this point, as also on the alleged unhealthiness of the season, it may be as well to mention here that in Spirito Santo, one of the chief hospitals, there are now only 236 cases of acute disease, that in August and September the average is between five and six hundred, and there are sometimes as many as a thousand. This looks ill for the unacclimatised. But all the Roman medical authorities throw the danger of the climate on those who come here with the idea that they may be guilty of any

imprudence ; who reduce their system by walking, morning, noon, and night ; who act like madmen in Italian eyes, and who refuse to recognise the most violent, and, at the same time, most regular, atmospheric changes.

To return to the Council. They hope to vote all the *Schema de Fide* before Easter, to promulgate it immediately after, and then to set to work at once on the *Schema de Ecclesia*, with the all-important questions involved. Such is the hope, and such hopes have there been often before. But somehow or other the chariots of the great host are still driven heavily. The Fathers say unreservedly that all is confusion, that the people here don't understand organisation and administration, and that business is needlessly hindered and protracted. Most likely they don't see very well what is going on, and don't know a tithe of the difficulties. One great question occupies their minds, and they may have prepared to take their respective sides upon it. They may even have mastered the ground sufficiently to understand the various modifications that will be offered. But there is something like a sluggish listlessness, perhaps a weariness, as to the many minor questions involved in the matter now before the Council. As a spectator I have often wondered how it is that so few of the Fathers have their yellow-books with them. Here and there a grave Oriental or his secretary carries the well-known volume as solemnly as if it were the Tables of the Law ; but the Westerns seem to spare themselves the encumbrance. The great mass of the Fathers look to have the questions of the day put into distinctness and relief by their respective leaders ; and are ready

enough to fight the battles when they see the position to be maintained. The Opposition is as firm as ever, and there are those not of it who are ready to do justice to its sincerity and its heroism, knowing well its difficulties and its sacrifices. As usual, there are many here only too glad to see the battle fought for them, so as they are spared fighting it themselves.

As I said above, there is peace, or the semblance of it, between the Vatican and the Armenians living here under its shadow. Casangian, Archbishop of Antioch, and Avak-Wartan-Angiarakian, Archbishop of Tarsus, have been allowed to return to their convents. By the by, one of the bitterest complaints of the Orientals is that whereas Cardinal Barnabo, as head of the Propaganda, is the great enemy of their peace and independence at home, they find him the President of the Committee on Rites and Eastern Affairs when they come here; and, in other respects, they enjoy no proper representation in the Committee. They have not a chance, they say, for the appeal from Barnabo is to Barnabo himself, only Barnabo is in a stronger position than ever. They would like a change of some sort, even were it only a new name or some new person to tell their story to. They have told it to Barnabo a thousand times, and he knows it by this time as well as they do themselves.

CHAPTER CX

BANNEVILLE'S MISSION

Rome : April 9.

THE public Session stands fixed for Low Sunday, the 24th, unless anything should prevent it. 'Unless' has so often been said, and so often justified by the result, that one cannot help asking what it means now. It does not mean the want of matter ready for promulgation, for a considerable part of the Decrees on Faith and Philosophy only waits what may be called the third reading and the Papal sanction. It is not known how much of the four chapters are in this forward state. There have been several votings this week, yesterday accompanied with much noise, they say. The 'Little Catechism' would have been added to the matter for promulgation, but it cannot be got ready, and appears to be an unsafe subject. What, then, is there to make a Session still not quite certain? It is the compact body of a hundred men in the Council, who, it is admitted by all, have it in their power to break up the Council altogether any day and compel its prorogation for an indefinite period. These hundred men have only to know their own mind well and resolve on their line of action, and they can dictate reasonable terms. They can insist on a freer and fairer discussion, and they

can put an absolute veto on any matter which their consciences may condemn. This power they possess ; this position they occupy ; for Rome, though yielding to no earthly power in resolution and audacity, would not, and indeed could not, launch a decree which would start without the sanction of a universal acceptance.

What, then, do these hundred men want if they manifestly can hold this Thermopylæ without dying for it, and, indeed, without much harm or loss? The answer is that if they can do it themselves there is no need to help them. They want nothing but the will, and that will they will have to exercise. Italy and Spain tell the Council it may decree just what it pleases, and the former too evidently wishes that it may widen the present gulf between Church and State. France, it is here believed—but you will know by this time—finds herself reduced to the same actual policy, with whatever repugnance. She must leave the Fathers to do what they think proper in the Vatican, bearing in mind that every document coming thence will have to be interpreted by the grammar of French law. The answer Banneville is said to bear is described as a great blow to the Opposition, and an evil augury of things to come. As things are, and as France has allowed them to be, she can only communicate with the Papal Government, and must leave it to convey, if anything, what it pleases to the Council.

All may remember the loud jubilation, long before the opening day, on the important fact that the Council of the Vatican would have the advantage over all previous Œcumenical Councils, in not being complicated and embarrassed with earthly powers. It has not

enjoyed their countenance ; it is under no obligation to them ; it has no requital to make ; no assistance to ask ; no advice to seek. This is the hour of Rome's triumph, so far as this matter is concerned. So the Fathers constituting what we must continue to call the Opposition are left to themselves. They say they will use their strength, and do all that the occasion requires. We shall see. In the meanwhile their organs, or rather the organs taking their side, north of the Alps are solemnly warned by Rome, and no doubt the warning is addressed to the recalcitrant Fathers themselves. In the official organ of the Court they may read this week :—

‘ Ever since the opening of the Œcumenical Council some Ultramontane journals, which pretend to be devoted to the Holy See, have endeavoured, by their correspondence and their articles, only to weaken the authority of this Holy Assembly. It was hoped that time would have made them more just in their judgments ; but as they persist in misrepresenting the deliberations, in attacking the rules which direct them, in falsifying the reports of the Sessions, and have the evident intention of outraging the most numerous portion of the Bishops, it becomes necessary to blame severely these correspondences as exaggerated, false, and offensive to the honour of the Council, to the dignity and liberty of the Church, as also to the rights of the Holy See. Faithful Catholics are warned to be on their guard against such journals.’

The ‘ Pope’s Day ’—that is, the anniversary of his escape at S. Agnese, and of his return from Naples—coming in Holy Week, is postponed to Easter Tuesday. The ceremonies begin to-morrow, and are to be more than usually solemn and magnificent. There is an un-

pleasant rumour that the financial difficulties of the Government are coming to a head, and that a serious operation will be necessary for any real relief; but as Rome and Florence are constantly playing the part of Job's comforter to one another on this head, one does not know how much to believe. All interested in the Council are asking what is to be done after the 24th inst. If all is quite smooth, it is said, the Council will resume the Little Catechism and the Decrees *de Honestate*, or the clerical life. That would be the right order. But it is possible that upon a requisition from the Fathers the Council may proceed at once to the *Schema de Ecclesia*, and in due course to the great dogma of dogmas now contained in it. On the other hand, it is also possible that the Opposition may take their stand upon the necessity of postponing that question to the autumn or to another year.

People think there has been some understanding which the world is not to know till the present has passed into history. Why has France talked so much and done so little? Plenty of good reasons are given, but the fact remains, and looks ill. The last excuse is that France never intended separate action, being not singly responsible or singly interested. She intended to take her equal part in the joint action of all the Powers having Catholic populations in the form of a collective Note. They refuse to act together. They have already taken their own lines. France also has lines of her own, in her Concordat. She has less occasion to move than the rest, and is still free to act should the occasion require.

It is stated by the *Mémorial Diplomatique* that the memorandum which M. de Banneville has been instructed by the French Government to deliver to the Sovereign Pontiff was, previous to the ambassador's departure from Paris, communicated to the representatives of Powers possessing Catholic subjects. M. Daru, on April 8, furnished each of the representatives of those Powers with a copy of that document, which was immediately forwarded to the respective Governments. The majority of those Powers, particularly Austria, Prussia, England, Bavaria, and Belgium, were enabled to inform the French Cabinet, before the departure of M. de Banneville, that they were about to forward suitable instructions to their representatives at Rome. 'This fact alone,' says the *Mémorial Diplomatique*, 'will suffice to show the improbability of the rumour accepted by some journals that after the retirement of Count Daru the French Ministry ordered M. de Banneville to suspend the delivery of the memorandum. It is not consistent with diplomatic propriety that a collective measure agreed upon between a Minister of Foreign Affairs in actual authority and foreign Cabinets should be revoked by an *interim* successor.

In the Paris *Liberté* of Sunday there appears the following letter to the editor from M. Loyson, hitherto known as Père Hyacinthe :—'Paris, April 8. Sir,—It is believed in many quarters that I have a great though concealed share in the publication of *La Concorde*. Such a course of proceeding would not, I am sure, be attributed to me by any of those who know me, but I feel bound to give a public denial of it. There can be no doubt that my sympathies are with a work to which my brother is a party, and which promises to add strength to the cause of religion and liberty. That cause is more than ever mine, but there are different ways of serving it, and I think it best to remain in that silence which my conscience imposed upon me at the beginning of the crisis through which we are now passing. "Humble thine heart," says the inspired book, "and wait patiently, and hasten not to the

day of darkening." Receive, Monsieur, &c., HYACINTHE LOYSON.'

Paris : April 9.

Rumours are current of a Ministerial crisis arising from the Ministers insisting upon a modification of Article 13 of the *Senatus-Consultum*, which says the Emperor is responsible to the French people, to whom he has always the right to appeal. The rumour is considered unfounded, the whole Ministry having accepted the responsibility of the integral text of the *Senatus-Consultum*.

6.10 P.M.

The Cabinet is in full crisis. The resignation of M. Buffet has been presented and accepted, and it is stated that Count Daru and the Marquis de Talhouet have sent in their resignation. The entry of Viscount de Laguéronnière and of M. Magne is spoken of, in which case the former would be Minister for Foreign Affairs. A Council is being held this evening at the Tuileries to confer on the position of affairs, and to choose the successors of the retiring Ministers. M. Emile Ollivier remains Premier.

April 9, evening.

In to-day's sitting of the Legislative Body M. Barthelémy presented a proposal demanding that the vote of the *Plebiscitum* should be taken in a single day. The discussion of the motion was ordered to be deferred till Monday next, in accordance with the wish of the Government. In answer to an interpellation from M. Lefèvre-Pontalis, M. Emile Ollivier said that all political meetings would be permitted during the plebiscitary period ; and, in reply to M. Gambetta, he declared that the plebiscitary period would be shorter than the electoral period. Replying to Count Kératry, the Minister of the Interior stated that the recent instructions sent to the Prefects could not furnish any ground for complaint. M. Ernest Picard having asked if these instructions would be published, M. Emile Ollivier said that the Government had recommended the functionaries to avoid all pressure against liberty, and

earnestly to invite the citizens not to abstain from voting. The Minister added that the Government could not remain inert considering the activity displayed by all political parties.

Among those who delivered themselves in a sense more or less adverse to the Council, one may now venture to name John Henry Newman. On the eve of the Council he wrote a letter to his bishop, expressing much uneasiness and something like irritation. It was in a confidential tone, and ought not to have been published. That is all that need be said about it.

What the writer thought and felt on the subject appears sufficiently in his great work entitled 'The Grammar of Assent,' published Feb. 21, 1870, that is, about ten weeks after the opening of the Council. It was reviewed at great length in the *Times* of the following April 21. I am not sure that I ever saw the volume at Rome, or met there anyone who had the least acquaintance with its contents. All candidates for Orders in the Roman Catholic Church are taught the art and practice of belief from their infancy, on the principle that belief requires a corresponding education. In their schools they take both sides of every question by turns, but ample care is taken that the logic employed shall always lead to the desired result. The 'Grammar of Assent' would never fit in with this system.

CHAPTER CXI

PALM SUNDAY

Rome : April 11.

PALM Sunday is one of the most picturesque spectacles of the Roman year. It is the opening scene of the great Epic. Our own Reformers carefully eliminated all notice or reminder of the day out of the Calendar. Psalms, Lessons, Collect, Epistle, and Gospel are all equally without allusion to the striking incidents described in Holy Writ, with exact time, place, manner, and circumstance. Perhaps the ceremony was overdone in those days, as many might fairly think it overdone here yesterday, or, perhaps, the compilers of our Liturgy wished to avoid the recognition of Maccabees, to which we must have recourse if we want an express and undoubted precedent for carrying the palm branches. Neither the Jewish nor the Pagan precedent seems to have been thought sufficient by our good people at home, and Palm Sunday in England is a name and no more.

An old friend (Sir George Bowyer) was very anxious that I should see what it is here. Standing in the rain before Pialet's on Friday, he 'coached' me well through the service, and expatiated on its peculiar beauties. By his kindness I was driven to St. Peter's yesterday—the single unsightly object in a carriage full of Knights of

Malta in the most splendid of uniforms. As I was in regulation black, and the look of things forbade the supposition that I was either a waiter or an undertaker, English observers must have set me down for 'the Prelate of the Order,' or at least the Grand Master's private chaplain. The Order, I must tell you, has a palace here, in the Condotti, a spacious but ordinary-looking mansion, the property of the Order ever since it had Malta, and the residence of its ambassador as long as it asserted its right as a sovereign power. It still numbers several hundred knights—sixty of the first rank—and shares with the Guardia Nobile the protection of Œcumenical Councils. Some thirty knights have now mustered to assist at the long-expected promulgation of decrees, and defend the act by word or deed, as may be wanted.

Entering at a reserved door, where the knights rendezvoused, I was passed through various hands, one of them Mgr. Mermillod, whom I was glad to have this opportunity of meeting. He is a bishop *in partibus*, now making a great fight for his Church at Geneva, a man of extraordinary eloquence, and, accordingly, turned to good account by a Church which, like the Abbot Carlyle wrote of, knows a man when it sees him. On this occasion, however, he was only very pleasant, and, putting me into a tribune immediately behind the Fathers, commended me to the attention of a retired diplomatist, who did his best to explain things to me. This gentleman pointed out a good many personages, among them the Duc de Nemours; but though just opposite, they were a hundred feet off, and the day was very overcast. The adjacent tribune was the one

assigned to mediatised princes, and on my saying I feared it would have to be made larger, I perceived that I had 'put my foot into it.' My kind friend was of opinion that Germany had found out its mistake, and that change had set the other way. Four times the old taxation, and a good deal more military service, with a fair chance of being killed in a cause you didn't like, had told, at least on the peasantry, who are the people, he added. My friend said more, all in good part, but the crowd increased even in our reserved place, and by-and-by chanting was heard far down the nave.

The Pope came in his usual pomp, but had descended from his chair before he came near the High Altar. On the left of the throne, which was at the end of the church fifty yards from the High Altar, I had noticed, immediately on taking my place, a good waggon load of the palms. The colour—straw or gold, as you may please to call it—was all one could then distinguish. I had expected green. Already, the day before, there had appeared in the shops what one might suppose a new kind of toy, sceptres with various fanciful devices, the colour of straw or macaroni. After the usual preliminaries there came the 'obeisance'—that is, the homage—done by Cardinals, Patriarchs, and a good many others. That over, the Pope, rising and turning to the heap of palms, with a strong, clear, and musical voice, intoned a good many long benedictions, conveying to the palms, and through them to all who received them, all the graces and gifts of which they may be the fit emblems. I should say that he had already received some palms from the priests ministering at the altar, and that there was a

ceremony with these ; but I only say what I saw and heard. The Pope then sprinkled the palms well, as it seemed to me, with holy water. Then he incensed them very earnestly and thoroughly. After each of those processes he turned towards the vast congregation and, with sprinkling and incensing, blessed all the palms and all the sprigs of olive that anybody might have brought into the church for that purpose.

Then came a long succession of privileged persons, mounting up the steps of the throne, in a lane formed by Cardinals, Patriarchs, and Officers of State, to receive palms from the Pope's own hands. Nothing could be more beautiful than the pyramid of gorgeous figures, surmounted by the only mitred head in the church that day. The favoured recipients were Cardinals, Patriarchs, Officers of State, Officers of the Household, soldiers, diplomatists, and a great number of persons or representatives of bodies that have enjoyed this privilege for many centuries. Every name, every movement, every degree of submission or obeisance is prescribed by ancient usage, and were I to begin I should never end. There is a whole literature of annals, antiquities, rites, and ceremonies about Palm Sunday alone.

The Patriarchs descended the steps, carrying immense tiaras or mitres with one arm, their palms in the other ; their trains borne by one attendant, with another at their side. As they returned to their seats, then one could see what kind of a thing the palm of the Church is. It is a straight rod, or staff, five feet long, golden straw-coloured, thickly covered with bows or loops, each, say, three inches long, with a large bulb of open work just above the handle, and another just below two long

feathery tips, with which the rod ends. The original palm entirely disappears in the conventional creation, which unites the idea of a sceptre, a sword, and a mace. It is, however, a very beautiful thing. The guide-books all tell you that it comes from S. Remo, that the nuns make it there, that they have to subject the palms to some curious processes in order to straighten the stem and blanch the leaves, and that the privilege of supplying these palms was granted upon a remarkable occasion. Besides the more usual form there were two immense specimens upright before the throne, and quantities of smaller ones, with much variety of shape and workmanship, brought to share the Papal blessing. Some resemble the finest filagree work, and some combine flowers and even jewels. This morning I saw a footman carry one up the steps from the Piazza di Spagna so exquisitely beautiful that I could not help asking a question. It was going to the Cardinal Vicar at the church there, and for once I envied him. All the bishops as they left the steps of the throne carried their palms upright, and placed them upright by them as they sat down. The soldiers and diplomatists first carried them as spears, then shouldered them, and afterwards disposed them all sorts of ways. While the favoured classes were receiving their palms from the Pope's own hands, large armfuls were carried about and distributed to the mass of the Fathers. By-and-by the church was a golden grove.

At last the Pope rose, ascended his chair, palm in hand, and was carried out of the church, followed, not by all the Fathers, but by all who had received their palms from his own hands. This was the prettiest spec-

tacle I have yet seen in St. Peter's, and more effective than that on Candlemas day. Where I stood I could only hear, but not see, what occurred at the entrance. The Pope and train go out into the portico ; the great door is closed ; the cross-bearer knocks with the foot of the cross, and asks admission ; there is chanting alternately within and without ; the door is opened, and the procession returns. You are to suppose it the entry into Jerusalem, or into the Temple, or into this kingdom here, or into Heaven, as you please. All one, if you can. When all were again in their places the service of the Mass began. But I find I have omitted to mention the transporting music of the anthem at the beginning of the ceremony. The feeling with which my retired diplomatist whispered 'That's Palestrina' reminded me of an elderly country gentleman who, in days long gone by, addressed me just before the witch scene in 'Macbeth,' 'Now you're going to hear the most beautiful music in the world.'

But Palestrina himself was only enchantment compared with what I now heard. It was the 'Passion,' as it is called in the services of this week. The 'Passion' of this day consists of the 26th and 27th of St. Matthew, two of the longest chapters in the Bible, altogether 141 verses, and it was chanted in the tone of an agony at its highest pitch of effort and endurance. It was an appeal to earth and Heaven in a cause transcending human thought and feeling. The chant is a nameless tradition of many centuries, peculiar to this day, and the like of it I never heard before. The emphatic passages in the narrative are all but acted in voice and tone. As I read in one of the books about it, 'The history itself is sung

by a tenor voice, the words of our Saviour by a bass, and those of any other single voice by a contralto, called the *Ancilla*, from his singing the words of the maid to St. Peter; the choir sings the words of the multitude,' and is called the *Turba*. At the words 'He yielded up the ghost' the chant ceases, all kneel, and there is a long silence. The chant itself is far more melodious than most of those lately revived among us, and infinitely more expressive and touching. The 'Passion' must have lasted half an hour, and the many thousands in the church must have hung for the while on these few voices—voices and nothing more—as if their lives were in the strain. After this the service, called the longest in the year, was soon over, and about a thousand palms were carried from the church by their favoured possessors, most of them to be carried further to all parts of the world.

As for the Council, it sits to-day, and will probably sit a day or two next week, for every effort is to be made to have decrees sufficient to justify a public session on Low Sunday. The utmost possible are four chapters out of the twenty *de Fide*, for the remaining sixteen have not even been laid before the Council. At the present rate of progress the task is interminable. But all is uncertainty even as respects the public session. The sudden and decisive action of Prussia, and the renewed threat of a joint Note by the Catholic Powers, have created a new phase of affairs. Darboy and Dupanloup have both gone home for their Easter ceremonies. The chief question of the day hitherto has been whether Banneville is coming back, but to-day there is a stirring rumour of a change in the French

Cabinet, and a policy as regards Rome more in unison with the Italian and Spanish.

April 13.

The *Official Journal* of last night claims a great victory. It says the sitting yesterday finished the voting upon the Amendments proposed to the several parts of the Constitution *de Fide* before the Council. The votes were afterwards taken by calling of names upon the entire text of the matter under discussion. Six hundred Fathers were present. There were no negative votes. A moderate number voted with conditions, *juxta modum*. All the rest were simply affirmative. The next meeting is fixed for Easter Tuesday. Of course, much depends on what the journal calls a moderate number, and on the conditions. The Archbishop of Paris, who, as well as the Bishop of Orleans, is here, and not gone home as reported, claims a victory. Upon what precise grounds I have yet to learn. The objections made to the vote, and attached to it in the form of protest, were not to the matter, or to any principle involved in it, so I hear; but were rather on the ground of informality. Indeed it is admitted, and put in the way of excuse, that the Opposition was taken by surprise. Darboy and many others imagined they would have another opportunity of speaking before the voting by name-call; but found themselves silenced. Yet they say they have gained something, and stand better than before, and also that the Opposition is stronger than ever. Rome, it is needless to say, recognises a providential interposition in the coming *Plébiscite*, which will reduce the French Government to non-intervention with the Council, so it says.

Paris : April 10.

M. Ollivier, replying yesterday in the Legislative Body on the subject of the Plebiscitum, declared that neither the Empire nor the Emperor was called in question ; the point to be submitted to the electors was the choice between the autocratic Constitution of 1852 and the Constitution of 1870.

April 10, noon.

At the Council of Ministers held last night M. Buffet persisted in his resolve to retire from office. No successor to him is yet designated. It is stated that an accord was established among the rest of the Cabinet. Another Council is to be held to-day.

5.30 P.M.

The crisis continues, and there is every probability of M. Daru leaving the Cabinet. M. Parieu is now spoken of as the probable Minister of Finance. The split in the Cabinet arises from a disagreement upon Article 13 of the *Senatus-Consultum*, certain of the Ministers opposing the continuance of the plebiscitary power in the hands of the Emperor. The *Français* of this evening believes that the withdrawal of M. Buffet renders the resignation of several other Ministers inevitable.

11.40 P.M.

Buffet and Daru have resigned. Their successors will not be appointed till after the *Plébiscite*. Parieu and Ollivier will take charge of the Ministries *ad interim*. The other Ministers are expected to remain for the present.

M. de Banneville left to-night for Rome with a Note to the Council, but its presentation will probably be deferred.

Paris : April 13.

The withdrawal of Count Daru from the French Ministry is now definitive. Nothing certain is as yet known respecting the successors of those Ministers who have resigned, or whether the Ministry will remain incomplete until after the

Plebiscitum. The resignation of Count Daru is in all probability the cause of the suspension of the delivery of the French Note at Rome, as the French policy towards the Œcumenical Council is now becoming expectant. A meeting of the Centre-Right party was held yesterday evening, when it was resolved to institute a central electoral committee in view of the Plebiscitum. Many Deputies of different parties, Senators, journalists, and business men have offered and become members.

The *Mémorial Diplomatique* is cautioned by its correspondent at Rome against a rumour current in that city to the effect that the majority of the Fathers of the Council have determined to proclaim by acclamation the infallibility of the Pope at the public sitting of the Council, to be held on Easter Monday, under the presidency of the Holy Father. The representatives of foreign Powers officially accredited to the Holy See are always invited to be present at the public sittings of the Council. The rumour referred to has obtained such consistency in Rome that the greater number of diplomatic agents have declared beforehand that they will not attend on Easter Monday. The correspondent of the *Mémorial* admits that a certain number of prelates belonging to the majority in the Council had really avowed an intention of putting an end to the controversies respecting the opportuneness of a declaration of infallibility by proclaiming the principle by acclamation; but the Pope, when made acquainted with this intention, placed his formal veto to it, being unwilling that so important a question should be decided by a surprise.

Rome: April 11.

It is stated that the Vatican, after consulting the Spanish Bishops, has decided that the Spanish clergy cannot take the oath of fidelity to the Constitution. The date of the third Session of the Council is not yet fixed. The Marquis de Banneville is expected here on the 13th inst.

Rome : April 12.

In the General Congregation of the Œcumenical Council the voting on the remaining amendments to the *Schema de Fide* terminated. Subsequently the entire text of the *Constitutio de Fide* was put to the vote, when 515 bishops unreservedly and 83 conditionally voted for the measure as it stands, making altogether 598 ayes. Not a single contrary vote was given. Another General Congregation will be held on Tuesday next.

Rome : April 14.

A certain number of the Fathers were absent yesterday from the general Congregation in which the *Schema* against heterodox opinions was voted. Several other Fathers accompanied the vote by written declarations, stating that it should not be inferred from their approbation that they approved the regulations under which the *Schema* was discussed. The Marquis de Banneville arrived here this morning.

The affair of the Hassounist Catholics, which has been so long a source of agitation among the Armenian Christians, is by no means settled by the supposed recent decision in their favour. This decision was the first act of the new Grand Vizier, Hussein Avni, whose predecessor had remained constantly proof against the insistence of the Catholic party, although strongly supported by the authority of the French Ambassador. In this resistance it was understood that Chirvani was upheld by Herr Eichmann, who represented until very recently the German interests at Constantinople. Hussein, taking a different view, on his accession to power at once offered the Hassounists to allow them the Vakeel, or official representative at the Porte, which they had hitherto in vain pressed for. But he lessened this act of favour by laying down the condition that the person appointed should be a layman. The Hassounists, however, accepted this, and named a well-known Ultramontane, Pouzant Effendi ; but their chagrin was excessive when, on this gentleman's receiving his letters of

office, they found themselves four times cited in them as 'the Hassounist sect,' and only once mentioned as 'Catholics,' though their claim extends to being the sole recognised body of Armenians allowed that title. And when Pouzant applied to the new Grand Vizier for an official seal he was informed that the Government had none to give him, but that he might be permitted to engrave one for his own official use, with the inscription 'The Hassounist Sect of Constantinople.' This semi-recognition so little met the views of the clergy for whom he acted, that on their instance he has sent in his resignation of his new functions to the Vizier. But the latter refuses to accept it, or to admit the proffered mediation of the French Minister, who has warmly, though privately, remonstrated against the half-measure taken as insufficient. At last accounts no accommodation of this difficulty had been arrived at, and the so-called Liberal Armenians—who are opposed to the Hassounist submission to Rome—were looking with anxiety to see what line of conduct Count Arnim would adopt in the matter in order to prevent their cause being crushed by some further exercise of French influence.—*Pall Mall Gazette*, April 11.

Athens : April 12.

Thirty brigands, after a conflict with the gendarmes, have seized near Marathon two Secretaries of Legation, one English and the other Italian, three English travellers, and two women. The brigands released the women, but have kept the men, for whom they demand a heavy ransom.

The following was received at Mr. Cook's Tourist Office in Fleet Street :—

Athens : April 12.

'Lord Manchester, Messrs. Vonner, Loyd Herbert, Secretary Italian Legation, and Bayl, taken by brigands, near Marathon, yesterday. Ladies liberated. Ransom demanded this morning, 2,000*l*. Cook's party all safe.'

CHAPTER CXII

THE EUROPEAN CRISIS

THE fortnight between Palm Sunday and the third Open Session of the Council, on April 24, was critical in the affairs of Rome, France, Germany, and all Europe. It is impossible to say how much was then hanging in the balance, and what might or might not have happened under certain eventualities. It is not within the compass of these volumes, or of my own capacity, to attempt a general history of the period. But I may be permitted a remark or two.

The first is, that we are bound to regard with the utmost consideration any personage called upon to play a prominent part at this crisis. Everybody had to make the best preparation he could, and the best show that his preparation could warrant, and then wait for events beyond his foresight or control. Our own home troubles may help us to estimate those of our neighbours far or near. The English Church at that time was in the agonies of the Public Elementary Education Bill, which might be a necessity, perhaps even a just retribution for long neglects, but which had its costs, and its new crop of difficulties. This was one of many blows, deserved or not, to be accepted or not, but to be endured,

and made the best of. Curses, they say, come home to roost, and many had to bear themselves that which they were wishing for Rome.

For my own part I cannot pretend to say what Pio Nono and the Court of Rome ought now to have been doing, or leaving undone. It is a universal maxim that people know their own business best, for they alone can know everything that has to be taken into account. Any attempt they can make to establish their case completely, and demonstrate its rightfulness and its wisdom to a reluctant and prepossessed world, is sure to end in nothing but injury to the cause.

Passing from Pio Nono to the French Emperor, I cannot even now say what he ought to have done. France never has been quiet or content since the beginning of history. She always has been either crushed or rebellious. She always has had two governments, one looking up, the other looking down. She always has been crossing, or recrossing, her own frontier. She always has had the peace party and the war party. She always has shown the same marvellous transition from unwarrantable confidence to unaccountable imbecility. The Franco-German war might almost pass for a Book in the *De Bello Gallico*, the only difference being that Cæsar would not have wasted his force and his supplies upon such multitudes of prisoners. The story of Sedan would have been told in half a dozen lines, and there would have been the end of it. Then, not to speak of England, or of any other country, France always has found in war its only escape from revolution at home. It may be doubted whether Louis XIV., or even his two immediate successors, would have reigned as long as

they did, but for their wars, little good as those wars, otherwise, did for them.

If the candid reader will bestow the most cursory glance at the long string of telegraphic and other notices given above, he will see reason for charity in his estimate of Popes, Emperors, Kings, Churches and peoples, theologians and philosophers. At this time all Europe was in convulsions and paroxysms; full of senseless, aimless, and misdirected energy, tearing itself to pieces, looking, indeed, for the discovery of the part that should govern the whole, and give a new life and a new course to human affairs.

The French Emperor was fully aware of his dangers. Very recently he had offered to reduce his army and to increase the civil element in the administration; but such proposals now flew as chaff before the wind in the storm of French politics. It was a case of *multi quibus utile bellum*. There occurred to me often at this time the answer given me by an Apulian gentleman at Naples twelve years before. I had asked what was the quarrel the Neapolitans had with the Bourbons, and why they wanted a change. 'How can you expect people to be satisfied,' he replied, 'when there are in this city alone five thousand gentlemen as well educated as you are, not one of them with 50*l.* a year?' Though somewhat taken aback at the enormous dimensions of the statement, I had no doubt there was much truth in it, and in the conclusions drawn from it. How it will be in our country when there are several hundred thousand men and women, as well educated as an ordinary Oxford 'pass man,' having to be content with a good deal less than 100*l.* a year, I will not venture to predict—I do not wish to see.

CHAPTER CXIII

THE CEREMONIES OF HOLY WEEK

Rome: Easter Eve, April 16.

ON Tuesday the new arrivals began to show themselves. It is the third invasion of Rome since I came here—first, that for Christmas, then for the Carnival, and now for the Holy Week. The last has come to take Rome by storm and sack it in eight days. They have everything to do in that time, whether Christian or Pagan, and, fortunately, they are active, healthy, and robust. They go about with binoculars slung from their shoulders, with new ‘Murrays,’ and in light summer clothing. It was reported that special trains had brought in Cook’s tourists by hundreds, and that more than sixty of them dined at the ‘Allemagne,’ lodging it is hard to say where. The shop windows were again beset with eager eyes, the shopmen once more hopeful, and everybody in spirits, except the sculptors and painters, who complain that the Council has driven away the men who give orders.

I went to St. Peter’s on Wednesday evening for the first ‘Miserere.’ The day was bright and warm, the sun was finding its way into the church, and there was a vast crowd with as much movement and hum of con-

versation as in our Crystal Palace. Women were talking in circles, old acquaintances recognising one another with delight, and people looking for some one whom they didn't find, though before long they found somebody else.

The service begins, and soon there is a 'Lamentation' by Palestrina to listen to and follow, if one could. All round there were sad-looking priests, and devout young Englishmen, with books, trying to follow. But ladies were talking, and ladies' maids were chattering, and there was no escaping them. Well, perhaps, they hadn't seen one another for a dozen years. I had missed my chance of a good place, but there were still quiet corners.

I have now heard three 'Lamentations.' They are the wailing of a people ruined and miserable, yet hopeful and resolute. These conflicting feelings are expressed in the alternate verses. A mixed multitude of women, children and aged pour out to heaven the tones of grief and expostulation; and they are taken up by the strong and deep tones of manly determination. Some one from the sister island said the former was like 'keening'—that is, the voice of professional wailers. The extreme peculiarity of the two together indicates a tradition, which one can hardly expect to trace to Pagan Rome. It takes one back rather to the dwellers in the Catacombs, and further back to the Captivity, and even to the House of Bondage. A people that mourn in this way may have its weakness, but it will also have its strength. I could not help thinking of poor Ireland more than I wished to do, provoked as one is by its utter impracticableness. The tone was not that of Eng-

land ; whether the fault of England, or of the ' Lamentation,' I cannot say.

Then were chanted Psalms, during which was done a little ceremony, significant enough, but very unnoticeable unless one is on the look out. There is a triangular candlestick before the altar, with thirteen lights. These are one by one extinguished, the greater lights on the altar being extinguished too, and finally, at the word ' traitor,' the last light is removed and placed under one end of the altar. Easter is late this year—there was daylight in the church, so this ceremony made no show. But most of the people in the church were aware of it.

When the last light was thus removed there followed a silence for prayer, and then began the ' Miserere.' It is simply a wail, without the mixed, national, and distinctly alternated character of the ' Lamentation.' It is what it should be, the grief and struggle of a mighty soul, or whatever you may please to call that which is within us. The English and, indeed, all nations talk of the ' Miserere,' but one seldom hears of the ' Lamentation ' or the ' Passion,' though equally peculiar to this place and time. The alternate verses of the Psalm, the fifty-first, are chanted in a very uniform tone with a sort of rapid and convulsive energy. From this there are outbursts of frenzied grief and impassioned confidence—hope rising out of despair.

I have now heard three versions of the ' Miserere.' In the first two it seemed to me that the prevailing tone was feminine in its character, according to the old idea of the soul in its passive and helpless aspect. But that tone was most delicious, most soothing, and most wonderful. The last, which I heard last night, seemed to me as beautiful, but more manly, more energetic, and more

relieved. There must be perfect execution or a 'Miserere' will be monotonous. But on all three occasions the execution, to my ear—not first-rate, I confess—was perfect.

It was a marvel how a dozen voices, shut up in a small cage of gilt lattice-work, could hold that vast assemblage in thralldom. Two or three of them, and only one at last, and that reduced to the utmost tenuity, would keep captive for half a minute the ear of those many thousands spread over five acres of marble floor. I am describing impressions for what they are worth, and I cannot say that either the 'Lamentation,' or the 'Miserere' came home to me as the 'Passion,' on Palm Sunday, though the 'Passion' and the 'Miserere' are referred to the same source or sources, and no doubt the latter is the grander work of art.

When the last thrill of the 'Miserere' had died away, and before people could be quite sure it would not rise again, there was a strange noise. Not being then prepared for it, I confess that it suggested to me approbation of the performance just over, by some action of the feet or hands, on the floor or benches. Why not? There were strangers here, and there were Orientals, with one never knows what customs.

Then it is certain they applauded the preachers in good old Primitive times. However, it turns out that this is a singular custom, I know not how many centuries old. The 'murmur' or 'confusion' is to express the miraculous appearances, the earthquake, the rending of the veil, the crisis of nature, and the overthrow of the old state of things. But books, they say, have been written about it.

After another silence—I speak now of Wednesday evening—there was a loud and continued bell-ringing overhead, and all eyes turned to a gallery now in a blaze of light. It was the customary exhibition of three great relics—the head of the spear that pierced the Saviour's side, a piece of the cross, and the handkerchief of St. Veronica. These were all framed in crystal cases; that containing the 'true cross,' by Benvenuto Cellini. The devout all fell on their knees to the relics; the curious all around me presented their binoculars.

So closed Wednesday evening, but what I had been hearing and seeing was, by the book, the matins of Maundy Thursday, for the Church, as it is explained to me, always anticipates. Rome certainly does, and it is a fact which I cannot but think people are not enough alive to. Strange it was, after such a service, to see the multitude spread over the vast Piazza, with the rush and rattle of gaudy equipages, and the galloping of dragoons this way and that to keep order and clear the way.

On Thursday I went to St. Peter's, and took my station in a quiet corner, under St. Longinus, with a clear, though distant, view of the choir,¹ where the Pope and Fathers were. The crowd was immense, the greater part wandering wild about the church and not knowing where best to see and hear. To many of these everything was new, and most had rather indefinite expectations. Fraternities of pilgrims were to perform a part

¹ This word is used, for want of a better, to designate the further end of the church, opposite the chief entrance, which at St. Peter's happens to be east. The only choir at St. Peter's is the Cappella del Coro, which is, architecturally, a side chapel.

in the ceremony, and were looked for. They were to visit the tomb of the Apostles, to worship the relics, and to be received by the Pope. But they were lost in the crowd. The people one did see were the simple folk from the Campagna, in their picturesque costume, not quite so artistic, or so handsome, or so well-favoured, but vastly more honest and industrious-looking than the 'models' on the 'steps' and in the region of the Piazza Barberini.

These poor, hard-favoured people were, some of them sitting before St. Peter's, some making groups in the nave, some leaning against the walls, and waiting for their turn at the confessionals. I must tell you that in all the hubbub of these Easter ceremonies, and with something very like Vanity Fair raging around, all the confessionals were occupied, and poor creatures were whispering their tales of sorrow. There was hardly a foot of interval between the penitents and the careless crowd. Possibly the noise and disturbance would suit some cases better than horrid silence.

The Pope came into the church quietly, through a side entrance. The first distinctive feature of the Mass on this day, as it was explained to me, was that two hosts were to be consecrated: the one consumed, and the other to be enshrined, or rather entombed, for Good Friday, when there is no consecration. The consecration was therefore marked by a longer interval of silence at the act. At a point in the service shortly after the act silence is imposed on all the bells of Rome for two days—that is, till the 'Gloria in Excelsis' to-day. The Pope, with a grand procession, himself carried the reserved Host under a canopy to the shrine in the choir

chapel, where it was to remain under a mountain of burning candles and gorgeous decorations.

The Mass over, the Pope was carried down the church, out of which the whole multitude were struggling to escape through five wide entrances. When I got out the sun was shining bright and hot ; the Piazza was full ; and it was not easy to force one's way even a few yards from the front, though the nave we had just left seemed still crowded. All turned their eyes up to the balcony, adorned with tapestry, and overhung by an immense sail cloth. At first one saw only a row of tiaras, crowns, and mitres, evidently of the privileged Orientals who had been taking part in the service. By-and-by the poles of the Pope's chair were seen resting on the balustrade of the balcony. I had not advanced far enough towards the Piazza, and could not swear either that I saw the Pope or that I did not. However, there was a silence, and we immediately heard the familiar voice of the old man intoning his blessings, not this day for the city and the world, but for his court and household. I am sure that every word of the three collects he had to intone could have been well caught by everybody in that vast Piazza who was already acquainted with the words. More could not be expected. The guns fired—unless my memory deceives me, and it was before the blessing.

Immediately the multitude retraced its steps into the church. I was under a false impression that both the ceremonies to follow would be in the church, in consequence of the great numbers now at Rome. I had, too, seen a table spread with linen cloth, and covered much after the fashion of a sideboard. On the contrary, the

waiting at the table of the poor pilgrims was done, as usual, in the hall over the portico. So this I saw not, and can only say what I heard. A long table was spread, and very tastily adorned with vases of flowers—much, I should think, as at a London dinner party. The pilgrims were placed along it, and had something given them, nobody could say what, and equally inscrutable was the amount of the Pope's service. The squeezing was terrific. One of my informants saw a priest carried out insensible by two Zouaves; but, on the other hand, a lady, whose looks would win her way, reports that she got a good sight of the Pope and the table, and was presented with one of the flowers.

The Pope returned to the church, and soon did the feet-washing. There sat on a raised platform above the heads of the assembled Bishops twelve men in large, loose-fitting, whitish garments, with very tall caps of the same hue. The Pope came to them, well supported by Cardinals, and supplied with water and towels from the dressing-table, which I had thought a sideboard. All one could see was a wonderful quantity of bowing and kissing. Wherever the Pope's hand went, a head bent down to kiss it. They say that he really does throw some drops of water on their feet, and rub them off with a napkin. The poor men, it is said, are priests who ask the honour. The service was over at last.

I went to St. Peter's again in the evening. The attendance was thinner, the church quieter; the Pope was not there, and the grandest worshipper was a Patriarch, in a robe of purple and gold. The service itself was much as before, the music by different masters, but variations of the same living tradition. What struck

one, perhaps at last painfully, was that all was done by the choir, consisting of a few singers behind a gilt screen, and not visibly forming part of the congregation. At certain passages some score bishops rose to their feet, and they and the assembled crowd went on their knees, but I did not once hear a sound, except from the professional choir. They alone were vocal in their praise, or their prayer, or their suffering; all beside were voiceless.

When the last of their notes had died on the ear, after a short interval of silence there was a loud rattle, as of a hailstorm, though hailstorms are not likely to be heard in St. Peter's. The only sounds that penetrate these thick walls are those of the Pope's guns and drums, and of his state carriages as they roll down the outer slope. What was this? Looking up, one saw that the grand relics were being exhibited, and that the rattle had announced them. But why a rattle? It was because, as I have said above, from the moment of consecration at that day's Mass, bells were prohibited till Easter Even—that is, till this morning's Mass. From that moment the bells of Rome—fifteen hundred I once made them out—were silent for two days. The church-clocks here are the merriest in the world, for they proclaim both the quarters and the hours every fifteen minutes, so that it takes fifteen strokes to tell a quarter to one. The bells are all rung at noon, and again at the *Ave Maria*, and of course for services and for funerals. I hear bell-ringing at midnight, and at two in the morning, at five, and half-past. Indeed, I should say there always is a bell-ringing upon some pretence or another. But from Thursday morning to this morning every bell

was dumb and Rome was silent as the grave, overhead at least.

Yesterday, boys in surplices were rattling various contrivances of wood and iron before the churches to summon people to services, and seemed to like the fun of it. One stroke of the church bell would have brought at least a Cardinal-Vicar down upon them. I asked some Americans, arrived the night before, whether they had heard a bell in Rome; they had not, and they set it down to the natural and proper solemnity of the place. They must be undeceived by this time. I need scarcely observe that this silence was to signify that the Church was dead. The ^{little} world, however, was still alive yesterday, not in our Good Friday fashion, but in the way of business. The shops were all open, traffic went on as usual, and the streets were as lively as they always are on a fine day.

As to the Council. Thus far there has been no official notice of the public session. The number of the Opposition who voted for the *Schema de Fide, juxta modum*—that is, with some sort of protest—was eighty-four. This is much more than the proportion admitted to be sufficient to destroy unanimity; and at the sitting of next Tuesday the Pope's friends hope that they will be able to come to a better understanding with the Opposition, and so be ready for a promulgation. At present they are not, and the long-expected day is really as far off as ever. Strossmayer has gone to Naples—to rest, I suppose. They say he considers that he has not received sufficient satisfaction for the affronts put on him in Council. Nor is that all. The French *Illustration* has been delivered in Rome with a leaf

cut out. On that leaf were a portrait and notice of Strossmayer. Banneville is here at last, and we are to hear next week what he brings.

In my letter of the 7th inst. my eye catches a phrase which I must guard from mistake. I mentioned 'the Missionary Bishops, a hundred of whom were received the other day.' It only means that they had the honour of a special 'reception' in the palace. This reminds me that three thousand names are now down for the reception to-morrow, and that some conscientious English and Americans are pleading their objection to Sunday work, and trying to get audiences on a week-day.

A custom the origin of which is lost in the obscurity of time prevails in the neighbourhood of Guildford, of making a pilgrimage to St. Martha's (or Martyr's) Hill on Good Friday. Thither, from all the country side, youths and maidens, old folks and children betake themselves, and, gathered together on one of the most beautiful spots in Surrey, in full sight of an old Norman church which crowns the green summit of the hill, beguile the time with music and dancing. The annual assembly and revel were held as usual on Friday last, when the concourse of persons was greater than has been known for some years past. The green sward at the foot of the hill was crowded with dancers, who, in pursuing their favourite amusement, seemed to attain the height of rustic enjoyment. Others who were too old, or whose inclinations did not prompt them to such active exercise, ascended the hill as far as the curious old church, which stands alone, far away from any human habitation, where they had the opportunity of enjoying a splendid panorama, including a sight of that picturesque part of the county near Haslemere where the Poet Laureate has built himself a new abode, and whence may be expected to

proceed some of the happiest efforts of his muse. From every indication which presented itself it was apparent that the pilgrimage to St. Martha's, whatever its origin, is one which commends itself to the taste of the present generation, and is not likely to die out with the lapse of years, but to increase in popular estimation as long as the green hill lasts to attract the worshipper of natural beauty, or to furnish the mere votaries of pleasure with the excuse and the opportunity for a pleasant holiday.

The *Levant Herald* recounts another stormy incident in the Armeno-Catholic quarrel. A few Sundays ago, during the performance of divine service in the large Pera church of St. John Chrysostom, some emissaries of Monsignor Pluym, the Papal delegate, attempted to post up on the walls of the building a sentence of excommunication against the whole body of priests who have sided with the anti-Hassounites. The attempt was resisted, and partisans of the two parties coming to the aid of their respective friends, the courtyard of the church was, for nearly a quarter of an hour, the scene of a free fight, in which Armenian throttled Armenian, as these usually unbellicose *protégés* of St. Gregory had never done before. It was, however, a case of 'more noise than wool,' for when the Turkish police at length tardily appeared the casualties were found to be limited to a few scratched faces and torn *setrias* (buttoned-up frock-coats). Some half-dozen of the combatants were however, led off to the Zaptieh, where, after a short detention and a wiggling from the Bey, they were set at liberty. In the meantime news from the provinces reports that both the laity and clergy are joining the secession in large numbers, nearly the whole of both at Trebizond, Samsoun, Bafra, Biledjek, Broussa, and other towns, having sent in their adhesion.—*Echo*.

Rome : April 16.

Cardinal Gonella died here yesterday evening.

Paris : April 16.

We hear that M. Buffet is jubilant at having got rid of a responsibility, political and financial, which weighed heavily upon him. M. de Banneville, before leaving for Rome, is understood to have declared to his friends that in the then state of affairs (Daru's resignation had been given in) he felt much at his ease, and would keep the memorandum for the Council in his pocket.

From the TIMES Correspondent.

Paris, April 16.

M. Ollivier has sent a circular to the chiefs of embassies and missions in Paris, informing them of his temporary assumption of the duties of Foreign Minister. You have learned the arrival of M. de Banneville in Rome, but I doubt your soon hearing that he has delivered the Note of which he was bearer. The idea of withholding it seems to have occurred simultaneously to the Emperor and to M. Ollivier, and it was a fortunate inspiration. I have grounds for believing that the decision has given much satisfaction to the Nuncio in Paris, as it also will have done at the Vatican. The French Government has acted wisely in its own interest. The exit of Count Daru and the non-delivery of the Note will certainly have a favourable effect on the result of the *Plébiscite*. There was great danger that the clergy would dissuade their parishioners to abstain from voting. It seems generally agreed that M. Daru acted imprudently in sending the first Note. The *Temps* says : 'M. Daru is the most honest of men ; everybody acknowledges that, and he had no need to proclaim it ; but he evidently is not adapted for politics. It is quite enough that he at first espoused and patronised the idea of the *Plébiscite*, which he afterwards conspicuously repudiated by his resignation, at the risk of provoking a very serious crisis.'

CHAPTER CXIV

HOLY WEEK AT ROME

Rome : Easter Eve.

TO begin where I left off in my previous letter with this date, I was observing on the singular effect of a long service, performed by a few professional persons, thirty of all ages, in a cage of trellis-work, and a congregation of many thousands, including some hundred bishops, joining only by standing, and kneeling, and crossing themselves at the right time. That is an outside view of the case. The inside view is, in the first place, that the people like it themselves. They always know where they are in the service, quite as well as an Anglican does with his prayer-book before him ; and if you are to have five or ten thousand people in a church, they will be much better able to follow two or three good and well-trained voices than any number of congregational volunteers with less truth of time, tone, and tune.

But it is proper to add that this is an extraordinary occasion. The 'Miserere' and the whole service of which it is a part have always been performed in the Sistine Chapel, which a few voices can fill well, and almost without effort. That chapel, however, would hardly contain the Fathers of the Council, putting the multitude of strangers out of the question. So the service

has been in St. Peter's, and the choir has been a little strengthened, and the music invigorated in tone and style, to meet the occasion. It was a bold experiment, and all say it has answered. I believe I shall be told that I have not done justice to the 'Miserere' as the expression of One who was more than human, but people must feel as they can.

On Thursday evening, as I said, after a pause there was a murmur, or 'disturbance' as it is technically called, done because it has been done exactly so a thousand years or more, it is not exactly known why; then followed a loud rattle announcing an exhibition of relics, each older even than the 'murmur.' The rattle was repeated before the exhibition of each of the three famous relics. The bishops, the choir, and all the officials rose and left, but the congregation remained and gathered nearer to the altar. Serving men came and removed the candlesticks and the coverings, of the altar till it was stripped to the bare marble. After a time—for the thing was done very leisurely, and one's patience was tried—a troop of acolytes brought a dish of big sponges, and laid it on the pedestal of one of the great pillars, and then a dish of napkins. Others then placed on the altar seven bottles, or green glass vases, of wine. Then singular implements made their appearance—aspersors, I believe, they are called: between a mop and a brush, made each out of one piece of wood, by shaving the wood and gathering the shavings into a large flossy head. Large lights were placed round the altar, and were necessary, for the church was now dark.

Then came a procession, consisting of all the clergy belonging to the Basilica, I suppose, headed by a

bishop with his mitre.¹ The seven foremost ascended the steps, and standing in line before the altar, emptied upon it the seven bottles of wine. Then taking the little implements I have described, they mopped the surface, each slightly and perfunctorily, but enough to send the wine dripping over the sides. The rest followed, a hundred or two, I should think, of all ranks and ages, each passing his brush along the surface of the altar, some only touching it, others gathering the wine more into their brush, or taking a wider sweep. For several minutes they were ascending the steps on the Epistle side, and descending at the Gospel side, till I thought there was no end of them, and began to suspect that some small town must live by making these queer little toys. The sponges were then applied in more business-like fashion, as also the napkins.

The whole ceremony was done with a sort of funeral chant, which sounded weird in the darkness of the church and silence of the assemblage. What it all means I know not, unless it be derived from the blood-sprinklings of the Law. The brushes, like the candles on Candlemas Day, and the palms on Palm Sunday, become perquisites, an infallible way to keep up a custom, even if the perquisite be only a trifle to amuse children. The performers, particularly the more juvenile, did their mopping very cheerily, and several thousand gentlemen and ladies, from all parts of the world, looked on admiringly. The abolition of such a

¹ In Salmon's *Rome*, 1798, it is stated, 'The Chapters who officiate in this church are remarkable for their quality and number, consisting of thirty canons, thirty-six *beneficiati*, four chaplains, and twenty-six beneficed clergy, besides a great number of other clergy and musicians. The arch-priest is a cardinal, who keeps a bishop for his vicar.'

custom, then, would be a positive loss ; but it, nevertheless, is a curious fact in the science of tradition.

Good Friday, as I have said, was a day of no bells, and acolytes were rattling boards or shaking boxes with pebbles in them, before the church doors, as I went a round of churches. Everywhere the high altar was stripped and ungarnished, a napkin or two lying upon it with studied negligence, no lights, the crucifix, of course, in a dark cover, and the pictures veiled. Everywhere, also, one chapel or side altar was brilliantly lighted, and fitted up with such pictures, wax figures, and flowers as the church could afford. Where possible, there was always a garden extemporised in front, sometimes prettily laid out, and always having little lights on the ground that reminded one of glow-worms. In some churches the style was good, in others coarse enough, for a *Pietà* may be worth 5,000*l.* and another not be worth five shillings. Of course, there were hangings of crimson, red, white and gold ; and of course, too, plenty of box and other leaves spread before these Easter sepulchres, as I think they are called. The devout were collected there. The rest of every church was no better than the public street. In the Gesù, behind the high altar, bare as I have described, and under a sombre canopy, was a large, dismal, and almost colourless landscape, in which I could just make out a dark valley, three crosses on a low mount, and city walls from which light and hope seemed to have departed.

There was a good deal one ought to have done on Friday, but which I did not. I had work, and a sick friend. In the afternoon all the world was at the Colosseum, the Golgotha and Calvary of Rome.

The devout were on their knees at all the stations arranged round its blood-stained arena, and friars were preaching. Being out of doors, in a bright day, and in a place not easily divested of holiday associations, English people must have been reminded of the something between Holy Day and holiday which Good Friday is at home, and of the way in which our Dissenters especially observe it.

I went to St. Peter's at half-past four. There were not so many thousands there as I have seen lately ; perhaps only five or six. There were few Fathers, and no Pope. For anything that one could hear, the service was simply a performance by the choir, most beautiful indeed ; and I was well pleased to find myself agreeing with everybody that the ' Miserere ' of this day was the most beautiful of the three. I here purposely avoid giving names, for no versions or modifications, or other processes of composition can change the identity of the tradition ; but names have, nevertheless, won honour upon it, and are still winning it.

The service over, the Pope was to come and perform a customary devotion before the relics, the tomb of St. Peter, and the great relics I have several times mentioned. The exhibition of the latter was the same as before. The Pope came in, and knelt at the modest little faldstool or desk you may almost tumble over as you walk up the nave. There he silently prayed for five or ten minutes ; but round him was a forest of brass helmets, white crests, drawn swords, halberds and bayonets—not that there was anybody that might hurt him, but because so it has always been, at least ever since these things were invented. So I saw him not,

though only a few yards off. Again, it was strange, indeed, after such a service, ending after sunset, to go out of the dark church into the still lingering daylight, and see the Piazza all a tumult with soldiers, gaudy equipages, and a crowd which, however shrunk within, expanded itself indefinitely outside.

This morning I returned to St. Peter's, needlessly early as it turned out, though the service had begun. There were fewer people than I have seen there this week, for a reason which will soon appear. A ceremony was going on at the altar, upon which many things were laid. I believe it to have been the blessing of the lights, but may be wrong.

By-and-by the choir came down from its gilt cage, and a procession of all the clergy of the Basilica, as they seemed, came down the church with a processional chant, so beautiful that I was sorry for the many who were missing it. The procession entered the Baptistery, a small chapel immediately to the left within the main entrance, gorgeously decorated for the occasion. Then followed a service of some length in the Baptistery, such a mere corner of the building that the people then coming in could not be aware anything was going on. I believe it to have been the annual blessing of the water in the font. That font is an immense vase, if vase it can be called, of porphyry, which has successively done duty as the tomb of the Emperors Hadrian and Otho II. In due time the Pope came, and then a multitude of people came pouring in, with more and more men of the excursionist type, in good mountaineering costume.

They had been to see what I had rather avoided.

The great spectacle of Holy Saturday is the annual conversion of Jews at the Baptistery of St. John Lateran, part of the Emperor Constantine's house. This morning a cardinal, assisted by thirty bishops, and three thousand other Christians, baptized three Jews—an old man, a young man, and a female—who, they tell me, looked honest and good. If they were, it is a pity so much has been done to spoil them.

However, the three thousand and many more all flowed now into St. Peter's in time for the event of the day. All over the church people were taking down the symbols of mourning, putting up festive decorations, and clothing the altar with white and gold. Mass followed. At the first notes of the 'Gloria in Excelsis' the guns of S. Angelo fired, and all the bells of Rome began to ring. Easter had begun, somewhat before our own reckoning, at 11.30 on Saturday morning. Certainly it was evident enough that a change had come over the spirit of the scene when I passed through the streets. No wonder the day is called Resurrection Saturday, and all Italy firmly believes the great event to have been on that day of the week.

CHAPTER CXV

EASTER DAY AT ROME

Rome: Easter Monday.

YOU will think me long on the road to Easter Day. But there is much to be done in Holy Week, and, since one cannot be in several places at once, one must submit to be well guided or well informed. When you have done everything there remains another 'everything' which you are assured was much better. Thus, it is said the 'Miserere' services at the Lateran have been more solemn and devotional than at St. Peter's, and, of course, with less of a crowd. I forgot to say before that on Good Friday I heard a 'Passion' at the Gesù, where they are said to do all things well. The tenor, that is the chief part, was well done; the rest was feeble in comparison. Among other churches I went into the Pantheon. The 'Passion' there was to my thought much better than at the last-mentioned church, though the Pantheon must be very poorly endowed. But the legitimate congregation standing round the clergy could not be more than a dozen. There were, however, at least a hundred excursionists making the best of their time, and evidently without the slightest idea of what was going on; and there was also the usual Easter

sepulchre in a recess where an Olympian deity once stood for three centuries.

But before I leave Holy Week I must remember our picturesque visitors, the 'Pilgrims,' as they are called. They contrast well with the excursionists. One is told that they are pilgrims, and no doubt they are as much pilgrims as their predecessors for fifteen hundred years or more. They are country people, dressed in very light colours, with a great deal about the shoulders, very little about the body, very hard faring, rather swarthy, and looking dead-beat. They sit on the steps of St. Peter's, and make circles sometimes on the ground. They seem lost in the crowd. Half a dozen or a dozen of them, making a line, will try to insinuate themselves, through soldiers and foreigners, to the nearer and more reserved sites. A look from an officer, perhaps even a rougher hint, sends them back into the crowd. The tailed coat—ugly as it is—has precedence of all the costumes in the world.

Then the country people, be they pilgrims or not, make little settlements in the aisles and chapels, and there are always some waiting their turn at the confessionals. The confessors work I know not how many hours a day in Holy Week, and St. Peter's boasts confessionals for all the languages under the sun, about seventy by the Roman reckoning. Every confessor has a slender rod a couple of yards long. A poor penitent comes kneeling to ask a turn. The rod comes out of the box and gives her a gentle touch on the head. She moves away: I suppose it is because the confessor has his hands full. He has at least one penitent on each side of him.

By the by, the English ladies here who have submitted are naturally jealous of the extravagant demands made on the time of the private confessors by those who are still halting between two opinions. On the afternoon of Easter Eve a number of ladies were waiting their turn, with the honest intention of taking a drive or paying visits with a lightened conscience before dinner. A pretty female waverer was announced, and the good Father, running off to secure a prey, plied his rod and line without the smallest success for two hours, leaving the neglected penitents to run up a fresh account of venial sin.

But for the pilgrims, strictly so-called. They must have certificates from their parish priests ; they must live not less than sixty miles from Rome, which now will generally mean an enemy's country ; they must walk every inch of the way, and they must not wash their feet or change their stockings the whole way. As far as one can see, they are either very clever Gibeonites or just what they profess to be. They come to Rome to share the benediction on Easter Day, and to entitle themselves to many spiritual benefits upon which a particular understanding exists.

Of course they are suitably entertained. The fraternity of the *Trinità de' Pellegrini*, and other bodies, I believe, take them in charge, conduct them to the relics, wash their feet, give them supper, and put them to bed. The Princes and other noblemen do this for the men, and the Princesses and other high-born ladies for the women. It is the only occasion in the year on which a Princess can be seen doing something, and heard as well as seen, so I cannot tell you the inquiring

for tickets, the difficulty of approach, the pushing and squeezing, and the intolerable heat to be endured for a couple of hours by English, American, French, and German ladies anxious to see a Roman Princess, and to say they have seen one.

Gentlemen only are allowed to see the Princes at this good work, and ladies only to see the Princesses ; but it so happens I have not yet met or heard of a single gentleman who has availed himself of his privilege. I have not, though perhaps I might, upon special leave, have gone to see the Princesses. They tell me there are hundreds entitled by their rank to do this service. The ladies do the work very thoroughly and really, though they must not use soap, which in Italy is suspected of raising blisters, and I know not what. They talk, ask pretty questions, throw in a word right and left, chaff a little, and show a vivacity which makes the spectators rather afraid of them. They then set before the pilgrims bread, fish, salad, and wine : of the last rather more than these frugal folks usually take at a meal. That nothing be lost, the pilgrims bring old bottles of wonderful quaintness, in order to put by what they cannot drink. They take all this kindness in very simple part, for they really want what they receive, though there is a great deal of soul-saving besides in the affair.

The pilgrims from the Neapolitan territory have all been strictly charged by their friends to ascertain when the Holy Father means to send them their King again. I have not heard the answer usually given. The English and American spectators come home late, exhausted with the closeness and crowding. Their first anxiety is

to find whether their black silks have suffered, next whether they have really seen any of the chief personages. It is a terrible disappointment to find that there were two Borgheses there, and they had no one to point them out. 'Oh, didn't you see them—two lively girls with bright black eyes, and a word for everybody?' You can imagine the feelings of a lady who has come from New York, spent three months here, and who has done, most dutifully, all the worlds that lie dead and buried at Rome. Depend on it, she will make another visit to the Hospice with somebody who can point out those Borghese girls. She has a conscience, and won't swear she has seen them, except on good authority.

On Easter Day all Rome was waked, and waked well, at a quarter to five, by the guns of St. Angelo, and long before seven everybody with a faith was on his way to some church or other, for the quiet little services which prepare for the grand ceremonies of the day. Most of the English had done their duties by nine. St. Peter's was about as full as it ever was, or ever could be. The good Bishop yclept of Hebron, but fighting with wild beasts at a certain disputatious city nearer this part of the world, again befriended me, and I sat almost among the mitred Fathers. The service is the most magnificent of the year, but the most magnificent part is that which is ordinary, while the extraordinary parts did not fully explain themselves. Eight gorgeous mitres were placed on the altar in a row, whether to signify new bishops, or new bishoprics, or nothing at all, I know not. What seemed to be offerings were placed on the altar, and solemnly presented afterwards to the Pope. There was the usual obeisance or homage.

The Pope 'celebrated.' For the third time I heard the silver trumpets, except that one also hears them performing a simple march when the Pope, at Christmas and Easter, is carried in his chair. Do they lose their charm by repetition? I should be sorry to say 'Yes,' but I suspect one ought to hear them only once in ten years.

As it seemed to me, after the 'consecration,' the Pope returned to his throne at the further end of the church; he then 'received,' the bread and wine being successively brought in grand procession from the altar; he then, after two like processions, administered from his throne to certain Cardinals and other privileged communicants. The youngest acolyte in the churches here would convict me perhaps of a dozen blunders at this point, but I speak from what I saw. There were addresses made to the Pope, as it seemed, from the extremity of the church; there was a good deal of intoning by persons who did not seem much used to it.

But whenever the Pope himself had either to intone, or to give the first notes of the grand sacramental hymns, his peculiarly cheery voice rang through the whole church and woke a response from everybody within reach of it. The murmur he roused was so universal and hearty that I could almost have fancied there was a touch of mirth in it. The jubilant character of the music strongly contrasted with the wails we had been hearing lately, and by this time was welcome.

The next act was the great Benediction of the year, *Urbi et Orbi*. I got into nearly the same place as before, but somewhat further into the Piazza, and looked the way everybody else was looking. The balcony was

successively filled with patriarchs, bishops, and others, come out to see the multitude. It was rather balking and a little ridiculous to see a second exhibition of the row of mitres I had seen on the altar. But they were soon removed. The 12 o'clock gun fired. The bells of the churches, great and small, kept up an incessant roar and jangle. The multitude was immense, the largest, old Romans say, ever seen there. The sun was shining brightly. It must have been twenty minutes past 12 when the bells ceased; some signal guns were fired; then a dead silence. At first I could see only the chair, or portable throne.

In a few seconds the well-known voice came forth, strong, sweet, and clear. When this had been heard some time the Pope rose and came to the front, for up to that he had been out of sight. The last clause of the Blessing he intoned with a degree of action we English seldom witness. It was solemn, and also very graceful. The Pope seemed as he spoke to raise his arms, join his hands over his head, and then bow so low—head and arms together—as to make one tremble for his huge tiara. This I thought he did twice or thrice. Whatever he did, it is an exact tradition, but done by him in no formal manner. Then, after a second or two, followed a loud and universal acclamation, mingling with the sound of cannon, bells, and military music. People talk of cries here and there. The only cries I heard were ‘*Viva il Papa Pio Nono!*’ I give it as my ear caught it. There was universal acclamation on Thursday, but nothing like this.

I got where I could see the Piazza well. Four thousand soldiers massed in the middle, round the

Obelisk, seemed a mere patch in the vast sea of heads. A military man, taking all things into account, estimated the number at 80,000. The open space consists of the steps and the slope up to the church, the oval enclosed by the colonnade, and the Piazza beyond it. The whole is about 350 yards long, and 200 yards wide. Seven persons placed in it at the greatest possible distance from St. Peter's—that is 350 yards from it—assure me that they heard distinctly every syllable of the Benediction.

Pio Nono's voice has this peculiarity, that it cannot but be remembered, and, therefore recognised. He was always remarkable for combining two gifts, seldom found together—a good musical, and a good speaking voice. This, combined with what I have heard called a pretty action, made him one of the most popular preachers in Italy. It was, they tell me, his graceful and taking manners, rather than any exact knowledge of his opinions and intentions, that led the Sacred College to choose him for Pope. They wanted a king, and it is quite possible they have found him more of the priest than some of them would prefer. But the sweetest manners in the world would not have preserved the temporal kingdom, which has departed, may be is still departing, from the Holy See.

The next thing was the illumination of St. Peter's. The *tramontana* was still blowing, not hard indeed, but strong enough to make the task of the 365 lamp-lighters employed, not only unpleasant, but difficult. In a perfect calm the right course is to go first to the Piazza of St. Peter's, and see all the lines of the architecture

picked out in light. I elected to take first the view from the Pincian. At that distance the mischance of a few lamps here or there did not signify ; and what one saw was an edifice not so much illuminated as itself of fire. I never saw the architectural design to better advantage, insomuch, that I said to myself, ' Now, this is St. Peter's as it existed in the architect's mind before he had to do it in stone and lead.' Yet there is a novelty in the fiery design. The outline of the dome and lantern surmounting it becomes more flowing and graceful, and acquires even an Oriental character. At that distance the illuminated colonnade vaguely suggests a region of light out of which rises its own fitting temple. The sky was a clear green, and the stars a pale blue, over the redder fires of human art. The sword of Orion hung just over the cross, as the illumination was completed. But the chief contrast was that of the glowing pile with all the domes and towers and lower edifices between us, on the Pincian, and the fading twilight.

In a moment—and had one not been looking that way, one must have missed it—a shower or mantle of brighter glory seemed to fall from heaven, and, beginning with the cross changed every light to a brighter and purer flame. It is scarcely possible to conceive how it is done, but the change is really instantaneous. At first the wind blew flakes and sheets of fire far away from every part, as in our own city conflagrations, but soon the lights were all as steady as before, and much more brilliant. The effect is due not to a multitude of smaller lights, but, I believe, to only 4,000 large ones—literally fire pots. By this arrangement the design of the dome is improved, even in its lower portion, or bulb, the lines

being relieved with what we should call lozenge-shaped interruptions.

Later in the night, when even the larger lamps were beginning to expire, and the smaller ones were mostly out, I went to the Piazza. From the Bridge of S. Angelo what one saw was a mountain, as irregular as an Alp, and any height one might imagine, for it might be near and it might be far, all of a glow, as if it had burst out of the burning centre of the earth by the fracture of its crust. There it was, as possibly the Matterhorn glowed for ages after it emerged from the fiery realms below. It looked an incandescent mass, the stones only glowing somewhat less vividly than the flames themselves, bursting out where they could. The Piazza itself was almost as light as day, and, as it were, wrapped in the surrounding, though now expiring, flames. So closed Easter Day.

The state of affairs in the Council is very serious indeed. It is now stated on undoubted authority that the eighty-four Fathers, said to have voted conditionally for the *Schema* before the Council, did not vote at all, giving in blank papers. This would amount to a strong, and rather disorderly, protest against the Rules of Procedure, which allow only three courses, of which this was not one. The three courses are aye, no, or *juxta modum*; but it is plain that *juxta modum* means something, not nothing. It is also said positively, that more than 100 Fathers were absent from the sitting, though many of them were known to be in Rome. You will know by the time this reaches you, whether any arrangement will be effected to-morrow. Failing that, another attempt is to be made on Thursday. A good

many of the bishops, however, are under a strong impression, for which, no doubt, they have good grounds, that if matters are settled pleasantly for Rome this week, so that there may be a promulgation next Sunday, a prorogation will immediately follow. The bribe is almost too great to be resisted.

On Saturday afternoon the Pope received 2,000—nay, a chamberlain said 4,000—but that seems impossible. They filled the largest gallery in the Vatican, insomuch that there was great pressure and heat. The great majority were ladies, many of them struggling to touch the Pope's vestments as he passed up and down the gallery, or to obtain his blessing on crosses, rosaries, and the like. He preached what all describe as a most beautiful, short sermon, addressed to mothers on the education of their children, exhorting them to lose no time in bringing them to the foot of the Cross. People say, but I cannot believe it, that ladies were actually tearing off bits of the Pope's clothing, having heard, I suppose, that the *pallium* given to bishops is theoretically a subdivision of the Pope's own.

CHAPTER CXVI

THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM

Rome : April 20.

ALL the world has heard of Roman fireworks. Should wars ever cease under the peaceful and beneficent sway of the Holy See, it will find a new use for the gunpowder in store, as we did after the Russian war, but Rome takes her time about these things. Whatever is worth doing at all, she holds to be worth doing well. For a month past, thoughtful, intellectual men, with hidden fire in their expression, have been seen on the Pincian, note-book in hand, poring over large drawings, solving the difficulties of workpeople, and bright with new ideas. It was plain that a city at least, if not half a universe, was in conception, and lay in the form of numberless huge *Schemata* on the ground. Pillars, arches, canopies, pinnacles, battlements, slowly revealed themselves. At last there rose up rows of tall masts, a lofty tower, and lower down towards the Piazza del Popolo a vast amphitheatre of inscrutable preparations. The western side of the Piazza had been meanwhile filled with seats and galleries.

The hotels had early dinner, and at seven on Monday, a party of us secured, without difficulty, a good position in the Piazza which soon contained as many as

it could hold, perhaps 50,000 people, not to speak of house-tops and other points commanding the scene. It was a fine night, but the wind, which had been a little too much for the illumination of St. Peter's the day before, was not quite enough to clear away the smoke of the fireworks. After due warning in the way of guns, and enough musketry, or what sounded such, to make a pitched battle, we had an exhibition of which I can only say that I cannot recall one more beautiful. Of course there were the invariable features of a pyrotechnic display, but all beautiful in their kind.

I had been stupid enough not to put together the parts of a vast series of preparations on the face of the Pincian, half encircling the Piazza, about two hundred yards long, and seventy yards high, to the top of a temporary tower. I had not imagined a combined effect. After a brilliant and rather stunning battle, done with serpents, wheels, meteors, and what not, they all ceased, and through the ascending smoke we had the Heavenly Jerusalem to which Pio Nono and Dr. Cumming equally invite us. It was designed by Vespigniani, and must have cost him as much headwork as the Exposition of Catholic Art, though unfortunately not to last more than ten minutes or so. The dimensions, you will observe, surpass the broad side of Westminster Abbey. There was the city wall glowing with emeralds and rubies, towers, three gates out of the twelve, Ephraim, Judah, and Manasseh, as far as I could see; temples, domes, minarets, and steeples rising one over another, so well done that it was difficult to believe it was not a real edifice of the Mount St. Michael class. From a cloud above an immense glory diffused itself, wrapping

the city in many-coloured lights. High up, on the left, an angel was showing the vision to St. John, still, I think, on his knees. This ought to have come last, but that could not be managed, and the necessities of the construction involved anachronism.

The city of Zion disappeared, and after some terrible convulsions and conflicts in heavenly places, there appeared a great act of homage and congratulation to Pio Nono on his entrance into the twenty-fifth year of his Pontificate. The whole face of the Pincian seemed to be garlanded with the most brilliant and real festoons of flowers. Even this, however, passed away, and left not a rack behind. In the interval, and afterwards, engineers amused us and themselves with showers of rockets, meteors, serpents, and what not, that flew over our heads and struck the buildings round the Piazza. As for showers of gold, snowfalls, and rivers of blood, they were as beautiful as they were harmless. The Obelisk must have been reminded of much that it once saw in the land of Egypt.

It is due again to say a word for the crowd. We had been warned against pickpockets, and alarms made in their favour, so our party left purses, watches, and brooches at home. I never saw a quieter or better behaved assemblage. A baby in arms was just before us. Ladies were sitting on camp-stools all about us. There was no pushing after people once got placed. When a great circle of Bengal lights, at the close, brought out every face in the crowd into stronger than daylight I saw ladies with rather obtrusive coral decorations in their hair a few yards from me, in the middle of the Piazza. People asked where the 'roughs' were

They had modestly taken their station in the outskirts of the crowd, and under the porticos of the churches. The crowd, however, had a good leaven of Legionaries and Zouaves. The return through the Corso, the Ripetta, and the Babuino—all narrow—was rather fearful to think of; but, as it turned out, the only danger was a succession of royal and ex-royal carriages escorted by dragoons.

Yesterday Rome went to Cecilia Metella to see some races. As every carriage paid a guinea the company was the chief sight. The racecourse is the old Circus of Romulus, not the founder of Rome, but a son of Maxentius. A lady tells me the races were good—at least, there was one good horse, for it won nearly all the races. Two gentlemen ran a hurdle race, the hurdles of bushes, which somehow could not be got to stand up. Not four years ago a Roman gentleman lost his seat and was killed at one of these races; so this is the first time they have been allowed since.

This is 'the Pope's Day.' He is gone to S. Agnese, where he had the escape which is commemorated to-day. But the whole city is in the hands of illuminators, decorators, upholsterers, and even more ambitious artists, for exhibitions, which we are all to make the round of to-night from eight to twelve.

The Marquis of Bute has left after a long and I should think to him a costly season. Among other instances of his liberality, one has much gratified many kind people. There is a Miss Lewis here, a sculptress of merit, born in a wigwam, her mother a red Indian, her father a negro. In common with several score brothers and sisters of the craft, she has been without

orders this season, or, if with an order or two, without ready money. Sculptors have to pay rent for a studio, wages to workpeople, and immense sums for marble which sometimes turns out good for nothing when it is cut into. Their own personal expenses may be trifling, but they always have friends. The Marquis has not only ordered a Madonna from Miss Lewis, to be a copy of one now in the workmen's hands, but has also paid her promptly for it, and so relieved the poor girl from some embarrassment. I hope this will not draw upon him a crowd of canvassers, representing, I fear, equal claims and equal needs. The Marquis is by no means so rich as people supposed. With a large but speculative income, he started with a large debt, and has had to borrow more. He is now on board his yacht, and is to spend his next winter in Scotland. The Pope has given him the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Gregory.

CHAPTER CXVII

THE POPE'S DAY

Rome : April 21.

AN illumination at Rome is one of the things that make one a little ashamed of one's country. There is nothing like it at home. On the Queen's birthday there are seen, flaring away, hackneyed devices over the public buildings, the clubs, the shops of the Royal tradesmen, and of those tradesmen who wish to attract particular attention. Even at a declaration of peace, the most public-spirited people send an order to the oilman or the gasfitter, and pay a fabulous bill for some stupidity or other. Rome puts her heart into it. She is a mistress in the art of illusions and preternatural effects, and can hardly help doing even a thing of the hour with propriety and grace.

Last night this city was simply transformed into one vast palace, of which the piazzas were saloons, the streets galleries, and the smaller openings lobbies and landing-places. It was only when people looked up and saw the stars that they were reminded they were out of doors. Of course, every man, woman, and child was out of doors at the universal 'at home' of the people till not far from midnight. One stream of carriages, flowing one way only, in single line, took a very serpentine course through the principal points. Unless you fell into it early

you would miss the right moment, and be liable to much detention.

I soon left my own party, joined it again at St. Peter's, left it to run up to Tasso's lodgings at S. Onofrio, and never joined it again. All the rest I did on foot, and in the course of my wanderings lost myself for half-an-hour as thoroughly as one might in the Catacombs, but still amid lights, devices, carriages, and people. This is written with an earnest desire to contribute hints towards the improvement of our own illuminations. It is true they say that London is already illuminated every night, that gas-lamps make coloured glass feeble, and paper lanterns ridiculous, and that London is too large for an open-air entertainment, especially in the night time.

I must take you the round, beginning as all Englishmen must do in Rome. As one looked up the Via Condotti, one saw a lofty structure, surmounted by a tall spire, one blaze of the whitest light. This was an illumination done with the simplest materials, on the successive faces of the great staircase, and up to the top of the Obelisk. The workmen employed ascend the Obelisk by jointed ladders, and attach to it the merest strips of wood, just strong enough to support the fire-pots. These, I must explain, are of iron or earthenware, from six inches to a foot wide, and they contain white grease, with a bundle of shavings for a wick. A little off, every flame is a huge brilliant.

The Obelisk in the Piazza del Popolo did duty as a terminus of fire to the three long streets converging on that point. Facing us, as we approached the Bridge of S. Angelo, was a lofty canopy, some sixty feet high, with

a deep recess, various accessories, and everything that colour, form, and light could do for it. The chief figure, surrounded by a glittering circlet, was the Virgin between Moses and Elias, David and Isaiah occupying niches above. A vast multitude was gazing in silence or reading from the inscriptions the words which described the mystery thus commemorated.

Beyond the Bridge you may remember the unsightly termination of streets coming from St. Peter's. The unsightliness was disguised by an immense double triumphal arch harmonising with the buildings at that point. On the canvas front a singularly stern and very colossal Saviour proclaimed himself the Way, the Truth, and the Life. A hundred yards further a facsimile of the Arch of Titus, in what seemed white marble, and brilliantly lit, attested with proper inscription the loyalty of the Borgo, as that region was once called, and as its streets are still. Through the whole of it we passed under enormous chandeliers most effectively made of wood and coloured paper.

The Piazza of St. Peter's was all dark, but was rapidly filling with carriages, and soon there was hardly standing room for man or beast. All were expecting the Pope on his return from S. Agnese, the scene of his providential escape, where he had been spending the afternoon. By-the-by, as this is the last time probably I shall have to mention that church and village, I will take this opportunity of reminding readers who are curious about such matters that the gravel pits, and even the soil there abound with fossils, particularly the bones and teeth of elephants and extinct species. Dr. Ceselli has a large and interesting collection, and, indeed anyone

can obtain a good many pieces on the spot. I picked up myself what I believe to be five inches of an elephant's tusk on the roadside.

However, Pius IX. had been there yesterday to thank S. Agnese for preserving him for the confirmation of the faith of the Church, and was expected back. First there was a rocket, then another, then clouds of green, white, and red light rising from the quarter whence he was looked for ; then cheers, then louder and nearer cheers, then a good many explosions, and then in a minute the façade of St. Peter's and the colonnades all stood out in bright green ; the windows and other recesses in red. The Pope with a cavalcade of carriages and dragoons was slowly passing through the Piazza by a route winding through the crowd. Before he had passed through, the colours changed—red outside now and green inside. In five minutes he was gone, and the Piazza in darkness.

Then we had to dive into the recesses behind St. Peter's, skirt the colonnade, pass under the fortifications, and find ourselves in a sudden blaze of glory upon entering the Lungara, one of the main streets of Trastevere. It is a region of hospitals. The Porta S. Spirito there commands a long straight street, and therefore was illuminated brilliantly enough to show across the English Channel. In due time we all recrossed the Tiber by the Ponte Sisto, near which is the Trinità de' Pellegrini. That reminds me to supply an omission in my account of the noble Roman ladies washing and waiting upon the poor pilgrims. No lady, princess or otherwise, is allowed to take part in the public ceremony till she has twelve times visited and helped to nurse the sick in the hospital.

The Farnese Palace, being in trouble, by the death of the little Neapolitan princess, made small show. St. Bridget, too, was as humble as her name sounds to English ears, and the English College exhibited sixteen very small paper lanterns and the usual street lamp. But there is a straight street, called *Via de' Baullari*, stretching from the Farnese nearly to the Piazza Navona, may be a quarter of a mile long. No ball-room could be more tastefully lighted and decorated than this was from end to end by glass and paper lamps, in chandeliers and festoons. After this I got into a labyrinth, stumbling now and then on sudden glory, or following some strange light which pleased, but did not show me the way. At last the sound of music led me to the Piazza of S. Marco, where was an orchestra, a military band, and a listening crowd. The Collegio Romano had converted its Piazza into a fairy garden.

The small Piazza before the Ministry of Finance, where the lucky numbers of the lottery are proclaimed by the Cardinal at twelve o'clock every Saturday, was got up in a way which I trust may be considered to give the lie to the maligners of the Papal credit. It was converted into a garden, surrounded by immense pairs of fat boys, in silver, with garments of gold; supporting, of course, the Papal arms, alternated with immense vases in silver with massive gold wreaths. Who will now deny that the cellars of the adjoining palace are sufficiently furnished for every demand?

The Piazza Colonna was, as it always is, cheerful and bright; but the Zouaves, whose barracks form the west side, have either small means, or not very inventive wits. Twenty identical trophies in white plaster, twenty identical

vases in plaster, with artificial flowers, twenty identical vases of another pattern, with sufficient lights, made up their contribution. It had the unmistakable look of a mess-room made into a ball-room for once in a way. The lofty obelisk before the Courts of Justice was made the core of a Gothic edifice with gables, pinnacles, inscriptions, and the Pope. The fountain of Trevi was illuminated with Bengal lights. The Piazza of the Apostles was made a garden ; and every Piazza in the city, lighted, decorated, and furnished with everything except tables, chairs, and a roof.

Three great attractions remain. The entire Papal fleet had been judiciously moored opposite the custom-house and the Palazzo Borghese in the Ripetta. A handsome temple had been built on the other side of the river, with sailors keeping guard. The craft showed the flags of all nations, ours and the Stars and Stripes among them, and at night innumerable lamps on deck, in the rigging, and on either shore, put the Tiber all in a blaze.

But the great resorts for the true people of Rome were the Minerva and the Pantheon. How the good Fathers lodged in the former got any rest last night, I could not guess. At both places there was a band, and as they are well within hail of one another a multitude passed to and fro. The familiar elephant and the obelisk on his back were all but hidden within an immense kiosk or alcove, with draperies and flowers, half filling the square, but an object of admiration, not of use. That was at the Minerva, much frequented by converts and other English people born to the fashion ; but the taste presiding here was at least exceptional.

Rome culminated at the Pantheon, which, after all, is the heart of Rome. In the centre of the Piazza was a mountain of rockery surrounded by grassy slopes, shrubberies, fountains, and rills. The vast cavernous interior of the Portico glowed a bright red with Bengal lights ; but suspended from the beams, and clear of the red surroundings, was an enormous Latin cross of the brightest silver light. So far, so good.

The rest it is sad to tell, but truth must be told. On the side of the Piazza opposite the Pantheon, and covering two houses, was an immense transparency. There was Pio IX. with the Church, or Faith, or Religion by his side, and the Virgin looking down upon him from above. Two Fathers of the Council, the one representing the Western Church, and the other the Eastern, were rushing towards him, the former presenting a large sheet of paper whereupon might be read by one who ran the word ' Placet,' and that word only ; for otherwise it was a *carte blanche*. A crowd of mitred Fathers stood behind and showed their self-devotion. Immediately behind the Holy Father was a pit of fire, from the flames of which poor creatures were lifting up their arms in agony to Heaven. An angel with a very big sword was slashing and dashing them back into the flames. The sword, I presume, signified only the Papal anathema. It would be rash to conclude that the poor creatures thus treated are the Non-placets. Yet, though the picture was fairly exhaustive, there was evidently no other place for them. Such was the catastrophe with which I wound up the night's wanderings, and now this account of them.

By the time you get this you will know whether

there has been a public Session next Sunday. It is now as sure as anything, except the sublimest mysteries, can be in Rome.

Rome: April 22.

The ex-King of Naples has embarked at Cività Vecchia for Marseilles, whence he proceeds to Austria. The Queen goes by land, *via* Foligno, with the consent of the Italian Government. The Marquis de Banneville, the French ambassador, only read the Note of his Government to Cardinal Antonelli, leaving no copy with his Eminence. The Powers that have agreed verbally to support the French Note will only adopt that course if the Note be officially communicated.

Rome: April 23.

Everything is in readiness for the third public Session of the Œcumenical Council, which is to be held to-morrow, and the Great Hall has been arranged in the same manner as on the day of the opening. The ceremony will commence at 9 A.M., and last five or six hours, Cardinal Bilio officiating at Mass. No speeches will be delivered. The Fathers will vote orally in the presence of the Pope, and his Holiness will promulgate their resolutions immediately afterwards. There are comparatively few foreigners in Rome.

Madrid: April 19.

The Spanish papers comment severely on a statement that is being circulated to the effect that at a recent banquet in Rome in honour of the Prince Alfonso, Lord Derby, in the presence of various generals, cardinals, Spanish bishops, and members of the ex-Royal family of Naples, gave the following toast:—‘In my name, and that of all my friends of the British Parliament, I drink to the Prince of Asturias.’

The Pope's Day was a double commemoration ; first, of his 'glorious return from Gaeta,' as I find it described in a semi-official account of the illuminations and transparencies ; secondly, of his 'prodigious salvation' in the casualty at S. Agnese.

The real anniversary was on the 12th, which this year fell in Passion Week, so the celebration was deferred to the 20th.

It was treated by some contemporaries as a very got-up affair, but it has established itself in my memory as the most beautiful transformation I have ever seen, as well as the heartiest, as regards the part which all classes, ages, and conditions seemed to be taking in it.

CHAPTER CXVIII

THIRD OPEN SESSION

Rome : April 25.

THE Council has brought forth, and I have been present. I have all but assisted. Whatever was to be heard, I have heard ; whatever was to be seen, I have seen ; for I have been among the most favoured hearers and seers. But at this moment anybody in London may know what has been done better than either I or anyone else in the ten or twenty thousand present yesterday outside the Council Hall. What is more, of the crowd of promenaders yesterday on the Pincian there were probably not half-a-dozen men, or women either, who asked what had been done with the smallest seriousness, or with the faintest idea that opinion, faith, and eternal happiness might depend on the answer. Rome, of course, will say, so much the worse for them, and so much the more necessary for her to teach that there is, at least, something to know and believe.

Rome, however, is still taking her time about things. She yesterday gave the world an important manifesto, and a score new Canons for the guidance of faith and opinion ; but it is to be two days, I hear, before the very text is published. That is what we are told, though there is too much reason to suspect that the document

is already on its way to the Pope's own newspapers. It may well happen, as before, that you see that document some time before we do here. I can only say what is reported. Both the Decrees and the Preface are said to be very much altered from the forms first laid before the Council. On the other hand, towards the end of the Decrees, it is said some phrases have been introduced in regard to the 'Congregations'—that is, the actual Papal Government—making them, and, therefore, the Pope who appoints them, practically infallible. This I give as I hear, understanding it not.

But I must follow my usual course and take you with me through the day's work. My good Knight, for the honour of his country, and I will say of his Order, came forward again to befriend me, and undertook to bring me to the front. My rendezvous, as before, was under that immense canopy of marble which a marble skeleton is lifting from the door underneath ; and before an altar with a grand mosaic of Simon Magus falling from the sky at the prayer of St. Peter. A good many people, including a dozen Knights of Malta, were having their Mass. By-and-by more than thirty Knights mustered and were paraded. They marched into the Choir,¹ taking with them one of Her Britannic Majesty's Ministers and your humble servant. The former was put in train for admission to the Diplomatic tribune in due time. I hung on the red coats, though several times questioned, and all but violently repelled by officials. The Choir, you are to understand, was empty and

¹ I must again explain that by the word Choir, I mean the part of the Church which we call the Choir in England. It is not the Choir at St. Peter's.

deserted yesterday, the service being in the Council Hall, from which the centre portion of the screen had been removed, the first time since Epiphany. We heard the service beginning ; soon the Knights advanced to their post, which was to stand at the opening made in the screen, and, together with the Guardia Nobile, 'protect' the Council. I followed afar, fell to the rear, and had to be sought out and dragged from the crowd by my Knight, who insisted that I should be where I could see, hear, and, if possible, understand.

I must at least reward his excessive kindness by telling you where I stood, and in so doing I shall be describing that portion of modern civilisation and of the human race to which the first Act of the first Vatican Council was immediately addressed. There were actors on either side of that threshold, the Church within and the World without, to take the Roman view of the case. The company outside I can tell you something about, for I was one of it. The opening in the screen, corresponding to the proscenium of a theatre, was about eleven yards. Across it were placed the Knights of Malta and the Guardia Nobile, both making a very good show ; the latter exclusively Italian, I believe. They usually stood at ease, having the material assistance of a strong rail and plenty of stout auxiliaries to do the rough work. But two—*i.e.* one from each corps—were always on duty as sentries, one at each side of the opening. Every half-hour during the Session there was a pretty little movement. The sentries were relieved.

This process, always amusing, was complicated by a singular compromise on the question of precedence

between the two bodies. The Knights have undeniable precedence of the *Guardia Nobile* ; but the latter are in possession here, and are, in fact, the nobility of Rome, whereas the Knights are from all Christendom, and are content to bide their time for the resumption of their once sovereign powers. The compromise is this. The sentry posted by the Knights is taken alternately from the first and the second rank—that is, he is alternately a Knight of Justice and a Knight of Devotion. The first ranks as a Colonel and, like the Knights Templars, cannot marry without losing rank. Accordingly, when a Knight of Justice is on duty he takes the right side of the Council door ; when it is a Knight of Devotion he gives precedence to the sentry from the rival corps. You must bear in mind that the Knights of Malta are under oath to protect General Councils, and have performed that duty for I know not how many, the last that of Trent.

Outside the cordon made by the two corps was another line, in a semicircle, made by Swiss Guards and some of the Papal Guard ; so that immediately before the entrance there was a most reserved, and almost sacred, semicircular space, a mere saloon of moderate dimensions, in which there were at first only a score or two persons, every one with a grand uniform, or half a dozen decorations, or a very commanding presence, or a very pretty face. These could look into the Council Hall without any obstruction to the sight, except the altar, with its tabernacle and its candles. The hall was full, to appearance. It could not be quite full, for there are more than 900 seats, and there were not 700 Fathers present. The sameness of the white mitres was a good

deal relieved by the splendour of the vestments—crimson and gold, and by the Oriental varieties of vestment, mitre, and tiara. The Mass was as usual. When it was ended, a large and highly-decorated candle was put out with great difficulty, for it went on smoking a quarter of an hour, and the usual six lights were left burning on the altar.

By-the-by—excuse a trifle, a significant one, perhaps—Rome cannot put out candles easily. In Holy Week, when this was a real ceremony, the candles resisted extinction with wicked obstinacy. I saw three extinguishers waging war with six candles, and they would persist in flaring out again the moment the extinguisher was removed. One powerful light did this six times, and had at last to be almost thrashed out.

But to return to the hall. While the large candle was smouldering, the pulpit, a rickety old affair, that any English ‘Ebenezer’ would be ashamed of, was wheeled in, with much groaning and tottering. All at once the Fathers rose, and took off their mitres. The Knights of Malta and the Guardia Nobile formed and drew their swords. The Pope was entering, and taking his seat on the throne which the day before I had seen workpeople divesting of its four months’ coverings. In two minutes there followed an opening prayer, for the Council was now proceeding to business. A thousand voices within the hall, and many thousand without, swelled the ‘Amen.’ Then was sung a hymn of sublime music, but to me ‘a song without words.’ Then all knelt. Then a prayer was intoned, and ‘Amen’ responded grandly as before.

Then followed the Litany of the Saints—good for

all times and occasions in this Church—and which I have heard chanted this morning by several thousand clergy, of all ranks and orders, in an annual procession through Rome to St. Peter's. It is always rendered with a 'go' and an increasing vigour that astonishes English Church people. Yesterday—that is, in the Council Hall—it was done as, perhaps, it was never done before, and may never be again. Every separate prayer rose like a bolt shot at the gates of Heaven, and the response was the vast human echo. Cardinals then, or about then, made their obeisance, or homage—proud to do it for the bishops as well as for themselves. Then a cardinal read the Gospel, so I was told. Then, immediately before me, the sentries were relieved, and the Maltese Knight coming on duty, being this time a Knight of Justice, and white-breasted, took the right side of the portal before us.

After this there ascended, as it were, to the roof of the vast hall, and filling the whole church, the hymn *Veni Creator Spiritus*. It was sung, indeed, with a will and in faith, though all that could be asked of Heaven on this occasion was faith to say *Placet* or *Non-placet*, as the case might be. With sounds one has a chance in a church which is not one's own, for it really is one's own fault if one does not follow good words sung or said. As regards the sights there is more excuse.

Some one now said the cardinals were at their obeisance. A kind neighbour attempted to point out to me those who stood round the throne. Of course there was the grandest of figures, Antonelli. Orsini was 'Prince Assistant,' that is, the representative of the Roman nobility. But the altar was sadly in the way ;

the distance was fifty yards, and the light in St. Peter's is not one to show objects clearly.

A bishop then ascended the pulpit, with his secretary, or theologian, behind him. The bishop was Mgr. Valenziani, and he was about to read the Decrees upon which votes were to be taken. He happens to be one of the guests of the Knights of Malta during the Council. He read loud, with distinctness, and with emphasis; but I could not make out a single word. Nobody about me made the attempt; nor can I conceive how any of the Fathers behind the pulpit could make out a word, except from the text in their hands. The reading seemed long, half an hour to the patience, though less by the clock. But the effect was greatly to demoralise the little circle, or semicircle, in which my good friend had placed me, and also to expose it to much pressure from without. A general conversation ensued, first in a low tone, then in livelier accents. People asked one another what was going on, who was who, and then went off to other topics. Binoculars passed about. We were only about forty or fifty, and were the only people in the church with a chance of hearing or even seeing distinctly.

Two pretty girls, one more than pretty, protected by cavaliers and distinguished-looking personages, were in an argument which it was not only easy, but very pleasant to listen to. They were standing on their stools, and therefore could be seen as well as heard. The more than pretty one had a flickering tongue, and rapped out her replies quick as fire. 'She was so happy,' she said, 'to think that all those good men were of one mind and one opinion.' The other said, 'That

won't make a thing true if it is not true already.' The first said, 'She used never to know what was true till she joined the Church. Since that time she had been at rest.' The other expressed her surprise that anyone could pass so quickly out of one state to another, and thought everybody must feel it very strange to be a Catholic. The first instantly replied that 'she had gone into it like a duck into water. She had found it all natural.' The other still thought that her earlier state, though one of inquiry, was better than the last, being more rational. 'How, then, could my soul have been saved,' the first replied, 'if I was always doubting, and did not know what to believe?' The other boldly avowed that she did not believe in lost souls. The first asked her how she could know a soul to be saved unless she was told it? The other said that she did not call it believing just to take a thing because you are told it. She added, 'How can people pretend to believe such a quantity of things as they cannot even take in?'

You will see that one of the fair disputants was a convert, and the other, as yet, in the path of free inquiry. I had not then the least notion who they were. It so chanced that we, a select delegation of the human race, to whom the entire Church, as Rome holds it, was now at this moment declaring the conclusions of all the doctors of the Church, and a revelation from Heaven after three centuries of silence, in point of fact heard nothing of all that, but instead thereof heard the great question discussed anew, very prettily and very ably, by two young ladies who, Heaven so ordered it, had possession of that arena. To us assembled there they

constituted the third open session of the first Vatican Council.

The lady who had neither found rest nor come to want it had some decided political views. She regretted that human progress was not fast enough to promise large results in her own lifetime. She wanted a reign of justice as well as truth. 'What sort of changes?' The House of Lords, and all that, should be reformed. 'Would she do away with it?' No. Let people get into it by merit; for what they did, not for what they were by birth. She did not see why a man should govern us because an ancestor of his was a great man.

Well, you will think, I am far away from the Council. What can I do but relate what I saw, heard, and understood? I stood almost on the threshold of the Council Hall, and what I saw and heard that I tell. One prim gentleman, in a sort of court dress, with a gold chain, looked sadly scandalised. He could only whisper 'Hush!' and attempt to silence with his eyes; but his looks were powerless. As I was looking hard at the Council, it was supposed by some ladies near me that I knew something about it. So they asked me questions which showed that a world of explanation would be necessary. One of them even lent me an opera-glass, and asked to know what I saw through it. When I attempted to answer her the prim old gentleman looked at me as if I ought to set an example. So there I was, close questioned, and prohibited to answer, unless, like everybody else, I would defy the censor. I was not unwilling to be so silenced, if I could also stop the questioners.

Once or twice in the midst of the reading a lull was

heard, what or why I know not. Monsignor was now evidently reading Decrees, for there were small intervals in the delivery. Then followed a very short pause. Some one else ascended the pulpit. He said a few words, and then followed '*Placet*,' first by one voice, then by another. Some about me thought the voice always the same. That, indeed, is the usual effect of the echo in large rooms with stone walls. It was only with close listening and comparing opinions that we came to the conclusion the names were now being read, and the Fathers were being separately called on to answer. Several pauses occurred. The process became very tedious, and seemed endless. Our sanctuary was invaded. Ladies, chiefly the young and pretty, oozed through the Swiss Guard, and were dragged by distinguished friends to the front. I had been strictly charged not to give up my front position, but the ladies emerged there by an irresistible law of forces, and I lost ground. The two disputants rose, of course, by merit, to the front rank, and the Progressionist then and there set her portable stool and sat down *vis-à-vis* to the Pope. Knights, Chamberlains, Papal Guards, and all sorts of functionaries looked at her till the cup of their indignation was at last filled, and she had to stand. Little girls twelve, even ten years of age, were got to the front, and one could not help reflecting that some of them may live to tell the tale in the middle of next century.

At one time during the *Placets* a body of ladies formed themselves into a column and advanced through us as if they would carry both the Altar and the Throne. This was too much. There are in the Swiss Guard

several men of peculiarly gigantic and ogreish aspect. Three of these were fetched, put side by side, and directed to make a steady retrogressive movement against the feminine invaders, who found themselves basely repelled a couple of yards, and under the shadow of three broad pairs of shoulders. At length the *Placets* ceased. There was a pause. Then an address, as if to the Pope. His voice was then heard. It was a short discourse on the blessedness of harmony and peace. As I am promised more of it I could not say more now. It appears that there were 667 *Placets*; not one *Non-placet*, but some absences, for whatever reason, variously estimated from 22 to 35. Shortly after the Pope's voice and a murmur of approbation, the *Te Deum* assured us that all was happily settled. The following is the result.

CANONS

I.—OF GOD, THE CREATOR OF ALL THINGS.

1. If anyone deny the One True God, Creator, and Lord of things visible and invisible, let him be anathema.
2. If anyone blush not to affirm that there is nothing besides matter, let him be anathema.
3. If anyone say that the substance or essence of God and of all things is one and the same, let him be anathema.
4. If anyone say that finite things, corporeal as well as spiritual, or, at least, spiritual things, are emanations from the Divine substance; or that the Divine essence becomes all things by the manifestation or development of itself; or, lastly, that God is a universal or indefinite being, which by imposing laws on itself constitutes a universe of things divided into genera, species, and individuals, let him be anathema.

5. If anyone confess not that the world and all things contained in it, both spiritual and material, were made by God out of nothing, in respect of the whole of their substance ; or say that God created them, not by a will free from all necessity, but by the same necessity as that by which He loves Himself ; or deny that the world was created for the glory of God, let him be anathema.

II.—OF REVELATION.

1. If anyone say that it is not possible, by the natural light of human reason, to acquire a certain knowledge of the One and True God, our Creator and Lord, by the things which He has created, let him be anathema.

2. If anyone say that it is not possible, or that it is not good, that man should be taught by Divine Revelation the knowledge of God and of the worship to be rendered to Him, let him be anathema.

3. If anyone say that man cannot be raised to a knowledge and perfection which are above nature, by the Divine aid, but that it is only out of himself and by natural progress that he can and ought to attain to the possession of all that is true and good, let him be anathema.

4. If anyone do not accept for sacred and canonical the whole and every part of the Books of Holy Scripture as the Sacred Council of Trent has defined them, or deny that they are divinely inspired, let him be anathema.

III.—OF FAITH.

1. If anyone say that such is the independence of human reason that God cannot demand of it faith in Him, let him be anathema.

2. If anyone say that there is no difference between Divine faith and the natural knowledge of God and morals, and that, therefore, it is not required for a Divine faith that the truth revealed shall be accepted on the authority of God revealing it, let him be anathema.

3. If anyone say that a Divine revelation cannot be made credible by external signs, and that, therefore, persons ought only to be moved to faith by everyone's own internal experience, or private inspiration, let him be anathema.

4. If anyone say that miracles cannot be, and therefore the accounts of them, even those in Holy Scriptures, must be assigned a place among fables and myths ; or that there can be no certainty as to the fact of miracles, and that the Divine origin of the Christian religion cannot be rightly proved from them, let him be anathema.

5. If anyone say that assent to the Christian faith is not a matter of free will, but is necessarily dependent upon the conclusions of human reason, or that the grace of God is necessary only for the living faith which worketh by love, let him be anathema.

6. If anyone say that the condition of the faithful and of those who have not yet come to the true Faith is the same, so that Catholics are equally at liberty to suspend their judgment, and continue inquiry, upon the Faith which they have received from the teaching of the Church, until they have worked out a scientific demonstration of the credibility and truth of this Faith, let him be anathema.

IV.—OF FAITH AND REASON.

1. If anyone say that in Divine revelation there are not contained any mysteries, real, and properly so-called, but that the universal doctrines of Faith can be understood and demonstrated by sound logic from natural principles, let him be anathema.

2. If anyone say that the systems of human opinion may be studied with that freedom that their maxims may be regarded as true, even though opposed to revealed truth, and that they cannot be proscribed by the Church, let him be anathema.

3. If anyone say that the doctrines of the Church can ever receive a sense in accordance with the progress of science,

other than that sense which the Church has understood, and still understands, let him be anathema.

In duty, therefore, to our supreme pastoral office, by the bowels of Jesus Christ we earnestly entreat all Christ's faithful people, above all those who preside, or who discharge the office of teaching ; and we also command them, by the authority of God and our Saviour, that they study and labour to expel and eliminate these errors, and display the light of the purest faith.

Since, however, it is not enough to shun heretical pravity unless care be taken to avoid also those errors which more or less tend to it, we warn all to do their duty, and to observe the Constitutions and Decrees by which such erroneous opinions, though not here explicitly enumerated, have been proscribed and prohibited by this Holy See.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that these ' Canons ' generally express the doctrine and the usual teaching of the Church of England, and of all the religious communities affecting an orthodox character. They are the teaching of the Bible as commonly received and interpreted. They are implied in the very idea of a revelation. As regards the anathema, that is commonly held in view, but ever kept in reserve. It is supposed to be always imminent, but we no more venture to deliver the sentence, and hurl the bolt, upon our own ' private interpretation ' and decision, than we should to direct heaven's own lightning at our own will and pleasure. It was understood, at the time, that the terms in which these various errors are described pointed to certain well-known authors, theories, and schools of thought.

CHAPTER CXIX

THE ROMAN ARTISTS AT CERVARA

Rome: April 27.

THE artists had their revenge on the Council the day after the Session. They had been open-mouthed in their complaints of the huge nightmare which has at once insulted their reason, offended their social tastes and their Pagan prejudices, and deprived them of bread. The Fathers don't give orders, neither do the sort of folk who come to see the Fathers. So to soothe them, I suppose, by special indulgences, they were allowed their annual festival, which for reasons of State has been prohibited for twelve years. Nor would it be very surprising were twelve more years to elapse before another like celebration. So they made the very most of it, and if Paganism ever had a chance of getting its own again, that was on Monday. All the artists went out of Rome by the Porta Maggiore, all their friends, and everybody who had the time and could afford carriage hire. There must be at least twice as many carriages in Rome as there were twelve years since, and by 4 o'clock on Monday it was impossible to get a vehicle of any sort to get to the station to save your life. What the eye saw was the gods and goddesses leaving Rome, as Homer tells us of their once going

to spend a day on the Upper Nile. There were the Olympians, and the lesser Divinities, Nymphs, and Priests of every order. Waggons drawn by superb oxen conveyed majestic beings, whose utterances were human, though sometimes rather scathing to the irreverent observer. Not only were all the properties of the studios utilised, but the theatres lent their attractions. Every civilisation, except our own, was represented, for there were knights, senators, and personages that nobody could give any account of. The Seasons, the Elements, and the Moral Ideas came in *ad libitum*.

People tell us that, whether going or returning, it was really one procession all the way from Rome to Cervara—a picturesque region in the much-maligned Campagna, reached by striking off from the Tivoli road, four miles from Rome. There are rocks, deep caverns or grottoes, meadows, streams, and shrubberies. Here they all disported themselves in rather Teutonic fashion. Spring came out of her cave, encountered Winter, and overcame him, stripping him of his icicles and bear-skin. There was, it is affirmed, an actual sacrifice to Bacchus, done with antiquarian fidelity. That divinity himself, as well as a good many others there, was so conscientiously rendered as to the little drapery allowed, that modest people had to avert their gaze or hold up their hand at his approach. There were speeches in many tongues, orders were instituted, and emblems distributed. There were races on donkey and on foot, wrestling, javelin throwing, &c. After the ‘picnic’ the fun was fast and furious, and a great number of amateurs contributed the most original ideas to the entertainment of the day. Fathers of families who were there open

their eyes wide, and say it was a thing to be seen once, but not a second time. A good many of the Fathers of the Council went in simplicity, looked, and came home, neither able nor willing to say exactly what they saw or heard. I don't know how many thousand people there were, but it was 'all Rome.' The return was even more imposing and lively than the going out. That I might have seen, but I was engaged, as I shall have to tell.

As to the morning of the day, some will think I made a very indifferent choice of entertainment. In the year 594, Gregory the Great ordered a procession of all the clergy of Rome from St. Mark's, it being the day of the Evangelist, to St. Peter's, in order to obtain the cessation of the Plague. 'The Great Litanies,' as the day appears to be called, have been done ever since, now for 1300 years. At 8 precisely I assisted at the starting from the magnificent and very Venetian church behind what is now the Austrian Embassy; I walked to and fro by the side of the procession, and assisted to receive it in St. Peter's. Exceptions I suppose there were, but, in a general sense, there were all the Regulars and Seculars of the city—that is, all the Orders, all the Colleges, all the parochial clergy, and all the Capitular bodies. The procession must have been a mile long, numbering, perhaps, 3,000, with a multitude of banners, crosses, and very tall conical canopies of embroidered silk. The whole thing, whether as to its composition or as to the class of spectators, had a prevailing parochial and middle-class air. It was welcomed wherever it came with the jingle of church bells, and bystanders were everywhere on the look-out for

known faces. There were twenty-three different communities or divisions, and the alternate bodies chanted the alternate verses of the Litany, so far as my ear could catch. The effect was simple and solemn.

I employed my eyes on the faces and figures. The Orphans led. They looked handsome, intelligent, and good, up to ten or eleven years. As in most lower-class schools, there was a falling off beyond that age. The orders of Penitents, one would hope, at least deserved their name. The Capuchins struck me as very sad and mortified, as also the Minor Conventuals or Cordeliers. They must be starving, watching, and praying themselves to death. The Grand Augustines were grave, solemn people, as also the Carmelites. There were comparatively few (and they persons of the lowest class, who would be in a union house or a prison at home) that looked decidedly bad, though a good many looked dull, disappointed, heavy men. The Seculars, of course, looked more men of the world, and not so much men cast in a mould. The Regulars looked as if they had emerged into daylight and were out of place, but I am sure that some hundreds of them, most likely nearly all, are existing on a diet and with rules that our Parliament would never tolerate for a thrice-convicted garrotter. However, they seemed bearing it all to the bitter end, and praying to the Saints for the good of their souls.

The sun was very hot, and it was a comfort to see that they did not come right across the Piazza of St. Peter, but under the Colonnade. They were received by the whole Chapter of the Basilica, at the great bronze doors, with holy water, incense, and an oration

read from a pulpit, as they passed on. They went in two detachments to the Chapel of the Sacrament, where they sang a hymn with as grand a mass of sound as I ever heard. Then they all formed round the tomb of St. Peter, had a service, and received a benediction from the altar. When all was over, they went off pell-mell towards the sacristy. A bishop—I think, the Vicegerent of the Vicar-General—had the post of honour in the procession. It was a great deal to get over by 10 o'clock in the morning ; but this is an early people.

In the afternoon the Pope and his Court received two or three hundred 'Volunteers' in the Vatican garden, gave them medals, and made them pretty speeches. It was pronounced a charming sight by the very select few that had been told of it. All that I saw of it was a handful of orange blossom from the trees in full bloom there now.

For the evening a most hospitable Australian friend had invited me to a 'Roman dinner'—equivalent to a whitebait dinner at home, with some notable points. The associations and topics were Australian, the nationality chiefly Irish, and the fare rigorously the produce of the Campagna of Rome, its rivers, and its shores. The bill of fare on these occasions recognises no limit to time, appetite, or digestion. It includes unheard-of fish, cuttlefish, polypuses, things with legs and arms, snails, frogs, porcupines, tortoises, wild boar, goat, jackdaws, magpies, and everything that a closely besieged town tries at least to allay hunger with. However, there is always an ample reserve of more usual and nutritious food. This was at the Falcone, the great place for 'Roman dinners,' between the Minerva and the Pantheon.

The company were : their Graces of Armagh and Tuam ; seven Australian bishops, with Irish names ; my good friend the Knight of Malta ; the rector of the Irish College here ; an Irish parish priest ; and a distinguished Australian colonist and statesman, whose heart was at Eton—at least his talk was of it. There were toasts and pretty speeches. We drank His Holiness and the Queen, and, I think, in substance, mutual charity and civil and religious liberty all over the world. Both the lay and clerical Australians were of opinion that we could not do better than do in England what has just been done in Ireland, and what answers very well in Australia. I suppose there is not much choice about it, and if a man must lose his leg, the sooner the better. As things are—and I do not the least quarrel with the fact—Italy and Ireland seem likely to supply bishops for the entire human race. Of the former one must know little ; but the latter is doing the work honestly and well. By the by—excuse the break—I have had the following question put in writing to an Irish ‘Father’ here :—‘How often in the year is the Athanasian Creed recited by the congregation of a Catholic parish church ?’ The answer is ‘Never.’

I must revert to the public Session of Sunday. Whatever may be said as to the necessity or the wisdom of secrecy in the processes of deliberation, it is a thousand pities that what is intended to be public should lose so much of the desired publicity by mere structural difficulties. Where I stood we were meant to see and hear, and did our best ; but sadly failed. As for opera-glasses, the good Fathers themselves use opera-glasses in the Council Hall itself, simply because they want to

see, and seeing helps them to hear and understand. There was much done that I grieve not to have been able to catch with eye or ear. Thus, in the course of the Litany the Pope rose to his feet and intoned the invocations, which successively implored the Omnipotent to deign to bless, rule, and preserve the Synod and the hierarchy of the Church, and while so doing made the sign of the Cross six times over the whole assembly. The gospel chanted by Cardinal Borromeo was the closing words of St. Matthew's gospel. The Pope himself chanted the first verse of the *Veni Creator* and the *Te Deum*. After the invocation of the Spirit, according to the ceremonial, all the persons who had no part in the Council were to have gone outside the entrance, and in that case would have utterly prevented the little company I have described, and of which I was one, from seeing anything more. The Pope himself, seeing this, most considerately gave orders that they should remain at their places in the hall.

The Secretary of the Council then advanced to the throne, and asked the Pope, in a loud and distinct voice, whether the decrees and canons contained in that constitution pleased him. The Pope answered, declaring his pleasure, and handed the document to Valenziani, who then read it from the pulpit. Upon the suffrages being collected and taken to the throne, the Pope sanctioned the decrees and canons 'on his supreme authority.' He then made a short address. We could recognise the voice, but the tone, though emphatic, was subdued, and almost conversational. The Pope was then asked to order the making of various instruments, or records of all that had happened in the Council. Then

followed the *Te Deum*, the first verses intoned by the Pope ; the Apostolical Benediction, and the ' publication of an indulgence ' by the Cardinal Assistant. I did not give you the few words which were all that reached us of the Pope's brief allocution, expecting to hear more, but more has not come, so here is the little all :—' How beautiful is concord ! How great the blessing of peace ! As our Saviour, in the words you have heard to-day, gave the Apostles His peace, so I, His unworthy vicar, wish to give my peace to you. May all the Churches labour towards unity, trying to walk together with mutual charity, shutting their ears to unwise talk, dwelling as they do in the midst of impiety.' This is from a careful listener who stood a few yards from the throne.

I had rather more chance of reporting the only words which I heard so as to understand that day, in my own immediate neighbourhood, but my memory now fails to recall the Council in a nutshell. My impression is that the fair convert drove her logic rather too hard, and that her opponent equally erred in the readiness with which she accepted conclusions. ' How can you ever have conviction if you are to be always inquiring ? ' ' But I don't want conviction if I cannot have it. If it comes to me, that's another matter.' ' But how can you ever have peace without a conviction ? ' ' I do not know what you call peace, but if it puts an end to thought, I must do without it.' Then there followed on the other side a very gentle allusion to Heaven and Hell, as points upon which it was as well to be without anxiety. The opponent's answer was that if her conscience told her she was rightly employed, or in a right way, she might dismiss

anxiety as to what was beyond her powers of apprehension. I confess myself a bad reporter, but I do my best. All the time a severe-looking gentleman in black, with a very large silver chain, was looking at me imploringly, as if it was in my power to close the discussion. It was not '*convenable*,' he said between his teeth, and turning round looked hard, first at the *Papalina*, and then at her antagonist; but, poor man, the fire had gone from his eye, and his mien was not majestic, so they looked at him and went on.

The reader will possibly have observed that there was nothing very new in the little controversy I have ventured to report. But neither was anything new enunciated within the Council Hall that day. Nothing was then declared that has not been proclaimed for centuries from some thousand British pulpits, too often indeed and too fiercely for the patience and improvement of ordinary congregations.

CHAPTER CXX

SOME RECOLLECTIONS

THE date of my last letter was my last day at Rome, for we left early on April 28. The reader will have observed that I had much to say, but also had much to omit.

A 'Roman dinner' is an event in any life, if it recall ever so little the days of Horace or of Lucullus; but this was a banquet shared with many Fathers of a Christian Council, making, it is true, no great figure there, but pillars of the Church in their countries and at their homes. I find I have said but little of it, the truth being that there was so much to say.

Having nothing else to do in the afternoon, and wishing to prepare myself with a restful occupation, I walked through Porta Pia to S. Agnese and a mile beyond, where the Prehistoric folks were making great finds. S. Agnese itself goes deep into earth, and into history. What now passes for it is a conspicuous and picturesque group of buildings that catches your eye as soon as you are outside Porta Pia. But under the more modern church is the church said to have been built by a daughter of Constantine, from the pillars and other material of Pagan temples, and from that ancient church you again descend to the Catacombs. This

readily accounts for the disaster which so nearly cut short the long reign of Pio Nono. I was now pressed for time, and pushed on to some extensive gravel pits, the gravel itself under many feet of a light friable soil. If I had had any plan in my expedition, or any method in my explorations, I should have been aware of treading on sacred ground. A mile or so beyond S. Agnese I crossed the Anio, by what is now called the Ponte Lamentano, near the famous *Mons Sacer*, and is a region of burial-places, as Salmon informs me. A by-road, through an uninhabited district, led to the gravel pits, where a few men were at work. At a lone spot my eye caught sight of some large square bricks or tiles in a recent cutting. Upon further investigation with the aid of my umbrella I found this was a grave, no doubt of historic date, made entirely of these tiles, flat and upright, and arranged at the top in roof fashion. The soil had found its way into the slight tenement and filled it. I made an attempt to extricate the skeleton, and soon found it was neither easy nor pious. Then what could I do with my prize? So I left the spot and wandered, leaving my handsome London umbrella hanging on a gate. My watch soon told me I must return. When I had walked a few hundred yards I perceived that I had left behind me the instrument of my attempted sacrilege. As a respectable-looking peasant, in a good trap, had just passed that way, I had my misgivings. They were realised. My umbrella was gone, and I felt increased reverence and respect for the occupant of the desecrated tomb. I lingered long in the neighbourhood, unwilling to tear myself from a region full of historical associations, for

it is more in the country about Rome than in the city itself that its history is to be read. At last I had to set my face towards the city. The sun was very low when I found myself in the narrow streets leading to my hotel. I felt my head throbbing, and I lay down for twenty minutes. This was a bad preparation for a conflict of civilities with a dozen Fathers of the Council.

I was punctual. Ascending an external flight of stone steps I found myself in a spacious, slightly furnished room, with a rather leonine figure, his Grace of Tuam, before me. I had no reason to fear, or shun his presence. He had long had the run of the *Times*, as regards the admission of his letters; though with an occasional comment. I had recently heard much of him in his own neighbourhood: I had found myself late one night in the very lowly hovel in which, in his boyhood, he had served for two years as a cowherd. On the present occasion he was rather grim and taciturn, and did not seem quite at home with anybody. The company dropped in:—Quinn, of Brisbane; Goold of Melbourne; Shield, of Adelaide; Brady, of Perth; O'Mahony, of Armidale; Lanigan of Goulbourne; MacGettingan, preconised Archbishop of Armagh the previous March 21; Leahy, of Cashell, and Dr. Kirby of the Irish College. The Archbishop of Westminster had been expected, but made no appearance. The Amphitryon of the evening was a wealthy and hospitable proprietor of extensive sheepruns in Queensland, who thought it very hard, indeed a positive injustice, that while the British public helped, as good customers, to shear Australian sheep, they would not eat them also. I sat by Quinn, who

had been on intimate terms with Newman at Dublin, and who had a world of interesting Australian experiences.

At all the Colonial stations it is the rule to give a hospitable reception to the ministers of all the churches, and to help them to the next station; the ministers taking care to provide themselves with introductory letters. Bishop Quinn arrived at an out-of-the-way station late one evening, and was glad to see the occupant standing at his door. Mr. Mackenzie opened the letter, read it, and, looking up, said, 'Pass on.' The Bishop asked, 'Have you read the letter?' Again the answer was 'Pass on.' 'You see what Mr. — says,' exclaimed the Bishop. 'Pass on,' was all he could extract, and he had to pass on, at nightfall, to a station ten miles off, in a rough uninhabited country.

Upon nearing another station the Bishop saw some body-linen hanging on the bush, and soon got a cue to the owner. It was marked 'Hogan.' In a minute he found the man at his door. 'How do you do, Hogan?' he exclaimed. The man stared. 'How do you know my name?' 'Oh, nobody could mistake a Hogan,' the Bishop said; 'I know all your relations.' 'That's impossible,' the man said, 'I was born in a workhouse at Liverpool. My mother died the day I was born, and nobody knew who was my father.' 'He was a Cork man,' the Bishop said, naming the quarter where the Hogans abounded. 'They are all like one another, and you are just one of them.' The man had heard that his parents came from Cork. Of course the Bishop had a good welcome.

Quinn, I daresay, would give a good account of me,

but I don't think I made a good presentation of myself at this banquet. I felt the fever in me, and took two or three glasses of the very insidious wines of the country, which are an essential part of a Roman dinner. I had to drink healths and respond to a toast. I am always a bad hand at titles and dignities, and I fear I mixed up Graces, and Lordships, and plain Mist'ers in a way only to be excused by the suggestion just offered. After the Pope's health, they drank their newly-elected Primate, a remarkably fine, dignified figure, with the gentlest of manners, and the kindest of expressions. He replied that he scarcely knew how to accept their compliments when there were those present who so much better deserved them, and whom he would have preferred to see in his place. But he must take what they said as expressing what they wished him to be, and what he would do his best to be.

I had been introduced to the Irish Primate before this—I cannot remember when and where. On the evening of Easter Day, as I have stated above, I went, with half Rome, to the Pincian to see from that point the illumination of St. Peter's. I lingered there long, and as the crowd thinned I at last found myself almost alone by the side of the handsome carriage which the piety of his countrymen had found for the Irish Primate. We had a long conversation, so long indeed that the custodian of the garden came several times to tell the Archbishop it was contrary to rule for a carriage to be there at that hour. All the time we were talking I was observing the Sword of Orion suspended over the Cross of St. Peter's, and it was all I could do to withhold myself from calling his Grace's

attention to the fact. 'Well, what of that?' some will say. 'The Sword of Orion must hang over the cross of St. Peter's every day of the year.' I can only reply that I describe what I saw, thought, and felt, and what returned to my memory with much force a few months after.

The *Journal Officiel* of yesterday publishes the following despatch received by the Minister for Foreign Affairs from the Marquis de Banneville, the French Ambassador at Rome :—

Rome : April 28, 1870.

Sir,—Separated from their dioceses by the obligations which detain them in Rome, the greater number of our bishops have expressed to me their regrets at being prevented from fulfilling the duties which are imposed upon all Frenchmen by the Emperor's appeal to the nation. In their patriotic solicitude for the greatness and the prosperity of our country they would have felt happy in giving their assistance to the Emperor's Government among the people of their dioceses by contributing the authority of their co-operation and the example of their confidence and devotion. They desire at least to give expression to the feelings by which they are animated on this solemn occasion, and they have requested me to be the interpreter of their feelings and their wishes to his Majesty and the Government. I have also, in conformity with a request made to me by many of the French bishops, to inquire of your Excellency whether their votes and those of the ecclesiastics who have accompanied them to Rome would be received at the Embassy here. In the event of the law permitting such a course, would your Excellency be pleased to point out in what manner the votes shall be collected and how they shall be transmitted?

Rome : May 5.

The French Government thanks the bishops but cannot accede to their request, the law not authorising it.

CHAPTER CXXI

THE FRENCH EMPEROR'S PLÉBISCITE

Paris : May 8.

I HAPPEN to be at Paris on the day of the *Plébiscite*. It is an operation which will, perhaps, be universal and customary a thousand years hence, but which to us is novel and unique. Every Frenchman is asked to say before 6 o'clock whether or not he approves of a general policy and a series of constitutional changes pursued during the last ten years. Nine years before that period he had been invited to accept an Emperor. He is now invited to accept the limitations which that Emperor has found it wise to impose on himself and his successors. Oddly enough, this is the exact reverse of the change now in progress, or, at least, in contemplation, at Rome, where the spiritual chief invites his subjects to release him from the conditions and appeals alleged to qualify his personal authority. Paris made no sign on Friday or even yesterday. On my arrival I looked to the newspaper shops and stands for tokens of the coming *Plébiscite*. But, as I heard last night that four newspapers had been seized, only half the tale could be told by the Press. The only illustrations to be seen were grotesque figures dropping *Oui* and *Non* into a ballot-box, and a page of imaginary portraits, which, in the

interest of fair play, the Democrats might have commended to the notice of the Censor. They were the portraits of the Ministry and King of the future, and were of the most savage Republican type.

Yesterday I asked which was likely to be the most crowded polling place. One informant said there would be nothing of a crowd anywhere, French elections always being the quietest and dullest affairs. Another suggested the Bourse. So I walked thither after an early breakfast this morning. Something was going on at the chief entrance of the Italian Opera as I passed — perhaps taking places for a performance, I thought. I walked round the Bourse, and returned to the small door where the *Plébiscite* might possibly be. Ten or a dozen men were standing about it with bundles of small papers, and the steps, as well as the pavement under the pillars, even at that early hour, were thickly littered with the same. Looking down, I read a hundred or two ‘*Ouïs*.’ These were, therefore, the polling papers, or bulletins, and they were pressed upon me by a dozen men who might be porters, the sort of people who undertake to find a carriage for you, in the hope of half a franc. Inside the door was a desk at which a man had charge of papers, and looked as if expecting I might want one. These papers I afterwards heard were the official vouchers of your identity, and are called ‘*cartes électorales*.’ If you had not already obtained one, you might repair the omission to-day. In an inner room or large lobby, a temporary table, made with boards and trestles, stood on a dirty piece of matting. Upon it was a plain box. Behind the table sat four men, of whom the biggest best looking, and best

dressed, sat directly behind the box, with a cap that looked rather official, but that anybody might wear.

I stood at the door. Shortly a working man passed me, bareheaded, and took his station before the box, with his voucher or *carte* in one hand, and his 'bulletin' in the other; but seemed not quite to know what to do with either. He was invited by a gesture to present the *carte* first, and, after a glance at it, was invited to do something with the bulletin. While he was fumbling it, the official with the cap took it out of his hand, completed the folding, and dropped it into the box. He then did something with the *carte*—tore off a corner, I believe, and gave it back to the voter, who took it not very readily, as if he had wished to be quit of it. He went off dangling it as if waiting for a chance to dispose of it quietly. Four or five working men, one with an apron, went through much the same process, but they came up slowly. An elderly man, with the look of a gentleman, walked up without taking off his hat, exhibited his *carte*, dropped his bulletin, already folded, and walked out, as if it were a purely mechanical operation. On coming out I stooped down to pick up one or two clean bulletins. The little group I have mentioned immediately surrounded me, each man offering one from his bundle. I took two. Here is one of them:—

‘PLÉBISCITE DU 8 MAI.

‘BULLETIN DE VOTE.

‘OUI.’

Thinking it possible they might be private speculators, I tendered coppers, which were declined with a civil smile. A simple fellow came up, and was also

pressed. By the time he had taken half a dozen bulletins the men all laughed in his face ; and he rather slowly saw that one was enough. I have since learnt that the ' Yes ' and ' No ' bulletins are respectively issued by two committees, the former employing twice or thrice as many distributors as the other. You will catch probably sooner than I did that the immense quantity of ' Yes ' bulletins strewing the ground indicated not only the number distributed, but also the number rejected by voters who polled ' Noes.'

A notice posted on the railings of the Bourse informed me that the arrondissement was divided into twelve sections for the present purpose, and that the Mairie and the Italian Opera were the polling places for two of them. I proceeded to the Mairie. As before, there were a dozen men tendering bulletins. Under the entrance and in the courtyard were a good many National Guards and Sergents de Ville. Inside were several stands of piled arms. Over a door on my left was *Justice de Paix* ; inside were the said National Guard, packed rather closely. Ascending a staircase on my right, I found much the same apparatus, the same sort of persons, and the same process as before, a rather better class voting, but coming up very slowly.

Thence I went to the Italian Opera. Here, as before, ten men were offering bulletins, but in one respect the dignity of the *Plébiscite* was better maintained than either at the Bourse or at the Mairie. On the threshold stood a stout, good-looking man, with a tricolour scarf round his arm. He had an attendant in a sort of livery, who stood a little in the background. The official seemed, in a pleasant, genial way, to invite the public to

enter. Everybody who advanced to the door he addressed, and, having received a brief reply, motioned to pass within. Not being in a condition to make a pertinent reply, I held back. By-and-by, no one coming up, the official looked at his attendant, who looked at him, and they went off together to a wine-shop over the way. The coast being clear, I walked in, and to my surprise found not less than fifty well-dressed persons standing in a corridor, quite silent, pair behind pair, waiting patiently their turn to vote. It appeared to me the last arrivals would have to wait half an hour or more. This was the only place where I saw anybody waiting. As I came out, the man with the scarf round his arm returned, rubbing his hands, and with his attendant resumed his place at the door.

I afterwards came upon two other polling places—one a communal school not far from the English Embassy, and the other a primary communal school in the ninth arrondissement. At the former I waited some time, soon after 4 P.M., and nobody came, though there were a dozen men ready to supply bulletins. At the latter, which I came upon at 5.30, half an hour before closing time, there were the dozen men as before; and the whole pavement as well as the passages of the school was thickly littered with bulletins. Looking down, I saw that many of the bulletins were negative, though I had not noticed even one at the other places. I send you one:—

‘PLÉBISCITE DU 8 MAI.

‘BULLETIN DE VOTE.

‘NON.’

I have since heard how things went on at various

other polling places, one of them the Ministry of Finance in this quarter, and from all I hear the same—a tameness quite shocking to British notions. The operation itself is not one to leave an opening for noisy results. This morning I heard that there might be a disturbance—at least that it was anticipated by those who wanted it—in the Faubourg St. Antoine; but the only suspicious symptom I have myself seen is the employment of a dozen fellows in the way I have described at the polling places. They do look a little as if paid to be on the right side, and quite capable of taking the other side, but for the retaining fee. People still say there may be disturbance either to-morrow evening or when the result is declared, but that there is an overpowering force stowed away nobody can say where, that the army is safe, and that wherever it shows itself it is in possession of the ground.

No stranger, without being told it, could have the least idea that anything was going on out of the usual course. There must be more than two hundred polling places, employing altogether more than a thousand officials, and several thousand other persons. The operation itself may or may not prove of any value. Paris, within the Faubourgs, is no more moved by it than it is by the daily collection of rates and taxes, or by any other affair requiring the services of officials and the attendance of the public. To-morrow, I suppose, we shall hear whether the *Plébiscite* has done either good or harm at Paris. The stars have been fighting for either one side or the other, for never was there a more brilliant or enjoyable day. The entire population was out walking, or sitting in the bits of garden now

made wherever there is a chance. These broad streets and boulevards are as good for promenades as military men say they are for artillery and musketry, should the occasion ever arise ; but certainly it is the peaceful aspect of Paris I have been seeing to-day.

The following, according to the *Augsburg Gazette*, is the text of the despatch concerning the Œcumenical Council sent to the Marquis de Banneville at Rome by M. Emile Ollivier when acting as Minister of Foreign Affairs *ad interim* :—

Paris : May 12, 1870.

Monsieur l'Ambassadeur,—The Emperor's Government has not had itself represented at the Council, although the right of doing so belongs to it in its quality of mandatary of the laics in the Church. To prevent ultra opinions from becoming dogmas, it reckoned on the moderation of the bishops and on the prudence of the Holy Father ; and to defend our civil and political laws against the encroachments of the theocracy, it counted on public reason, on the patriotism of the French Catholics, and on the ordinary means of sanction which it can dispose of. In consequence, it only paid attention to the august character of a meeting of prelates assembled to decide on great interests of the faith and of salvation, and merely imposed on itself one mission—to assure and protect the entire liberty of the Council. Warned by the rumours current in Europe of the dangers which certain imprudent propositions would entail on the Church, desirous of not finding the aggressive forces organised against religious belief receive any additional strength, it departed for an instant from its attitude of reserve to offer suggestions and give advice. The Sovereign Pontiff did not think fit to listen to the former or to act on the latter. We do not insist upon them, and resume our previous position of abstention.

You will not call forth nor enter into any conversation henceforward either with the Pope or with Cardinal Antonelli relative to the affairs of the Council. You will confine yourself to learning and noting down all the facts, all the feelings which prepared them, and all the impressions which succeed each event. Have the goodness to inform the French prelates that our holding aloof does not betoken indifference, but is for them a sign of respect, and, above all, of confidence. Their defeat would be exceedingly bitter if the civil power, by its intervention, had not prevented it ; and their triumph will be all the more precious if they owe it only to their own efforts and the force of truth.—Accept, Sir, &c., EMILE OLLIVIER.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Rome : May 14.

The discussion of the primacy and infallibility of the Pope commenced in to-day's General Congregation of the Council, which will sit henceforward nearly every day. Great confidence and enthusiasm prevail among the Ultramontane party, and it is believed that the discussion will terminate within a month. Many Fathers sitting in the centre of the Council have asked for leave of absence. About 100 Fathers have inscribed their names to oppose more or less radically the proposed Dogmatic definition.

Rome : May 16.

The French bishops have ordered a *Te Deum* in their respective cathedrals next Sunday in celebration of the result of the *Plébiscite*. A *Te Deum* will also be celebrated at the French Embassy, in the presence of the Bishops. The Council did not meet either to day or yesterday. It is expected that the Archbishop of Paris will speak to-morrow against the proposed definition of Infallibility. Papal troops have been sent to the province of Viterbo to prevent the bands which have been dispersed in Tuscany from crossing the Roman frontier. The Ecclesiastical Exhibition closes at the end of the month.

CHAPTER CXXII

The 'TIMES,' June 8

THE British public have some reason to regret that the pressure of subjects nearer home, and more directly concerning this country, has put their interest in the (Ecumenical Council somewhat in abeyance. A great event is at hand. There can no longer be any doubt that at the approaching Feast of St. Peter and St. Paul the 29th inst., the priceless blessing of Papal Infallibility will be vouchsafed to the world. The day is the Feast of St. Peter in our Calendar, and it is usually called St. Peter's Day at Rome, the Apostle to the Gentiles having been associated only to disappear. The day is on this occasion to be observed as a day of days, and the era of a new revelation. Fireworks, illuminations, transparencies, triumphal arches, and all that taste and money can do to demonstrate and delight, are already in hand, and, whoever the guests, the marriage feast is in preparation.

Before our readers break out into any natural indignation at what they may think a strange mixture of ideas, and a profanation of all that is holy, however regarded, we must say a word for Rome. No doubt, this is not the way in which she would most of all have wished the thing to be done. If we do not say that she has suffered an absolute disappointment, it is because she

has had before her all along, from the very first conception of this pageant, an abundant variety of possible alternatives. She had resolved only that the thing should be done one way or the other, at one season or the other, and, above all, under Pius IX. How much personal character stands for in the most momentous national questions we may see on the merest glance at our own history, under a Constitution expressly designed to subordinate this element. But even in theory a Pope is a good deal more than a 'limited' Monarch, and his personal qualities become of proportionate importance. If, then, this world-saving Dogma was to be defined and declared at all risks, it was not safe to put it off to a future year, and careful observers saw from the first that this object was ever foremost in Roman vision. Without 'Papal Infallibility' all else was unsafe. What is a Council? It may call itself Œcumenical, but how small are its claims to the high-sounding title is nowhere better known or more felt than at Rome. It invites scrutiny and cannot stand it. To analyse it is to pull it to pieces. At best its decisions are those of a majority the moral weight of which is in the inverse ratio of its number. The Pope himself only recognises it to declare it his own creation, his own Council, and the mode in which he acts when it so pleases him. It is a thing of the past. It can be laid by, as it has been laid by. To appeal to it has long been heresy. There is no break in the Papal prescription; but it is three centuries since the assemblage of a Council. Whatever was to be done must be in the name of the Pope, the Council doing its part as best it could. Now, therefore, was the time, if ever,

when a controversy was to be set at rest, as far as it could be. The next Pope will have to make his character, for there exists no probable successor equal to this high function. The Cardinals are learned, industrious, acute men, long versed in the management of ecclesiastical affairs. But there is not one of them to whom even a Council would like to present the high gift of Infallibility. Meanwhile, Prussia, Austria, and France have shown an increasing determination to protest to the uttermost against any new accession to an authority in which the spiritual and temporal elements are not even ostensibly distinguished. As was seen from the beginning, the Opposition in the Council has been steadily consolidated. The Continental Governments held back or hesitated, in order that the dissentient or remonstrant Fathers might do their part; but they have not the less done their own, and at this moment Rome has to confront an amount of political and controversial opposition which might well deter a less obstinate Power. But the deed must be done, and 'what thou doest do quickly.' It is vain now to ask whether it would have answered to press the fell issue months ago as it was then thought any day possible. It must be done now. Rome would else lose name, authority, and even honour. It must be done. It will not be done in the way Rome would have chosen; but she is equal to the occasion, and will do what is best under the circumstances.

On St. Peter's Day Rome will have in attendance four hundred men as ready then to assent to anything she proposes as they were on the opening day. They represent Rome herself, her schools and colleges, her

missions, her Oriental Churches, Italy and Spain. They are men whom Rome has taught, and who are ready to live or die for her. There will also be two hundred men whose birth, education, and careers have associated them rather with this world that we live in—the world that changes, increases, and improves—the world that differs and tolerates differences—the world that is content with the social in default of a higher unity. These two hundred men will vote, either conditionally or altogether, against the Dogma, yet with the confessed certainty that they will have to accept the decision, and enforce it as far as their own Governments will allow. Rome will have, as is variously estimated, two-thirds, or three-fourths, or even four-fifths, on her side. The minority will be fearfully preponderant in moral and intellectual weight, and in the populations and States represented. Rome, however, is doing her best. The summer heats have come. The Council is thinning. The Fathers are called home, and most anxious to respond to the call. Known opponents are allowed to leave quietly. Others are given to understand that they may go, if they will leave their proxies, which will not count, indeed, in the voting, but will be reckoned in the calculation of moral strength which is sure to follow. Even so, however, the Council will have the ill look of a company hardly held together against its will, worn out, and reduced to terms. The grandest act of the whole performance will have to be performed to empty benches. Rome is usually deserted by the end of this month. None are left but the most seasoned inhabitants or that strange class of tourists which knows not times and seasons, and thinks one place like another. So an extraordinary effort is to

be made. Rome is to excel herself in her mimic meteors, her artistic transfigurations, her new heavens and new earths, her angelic radiance, her divine glories, and infernal horrors. If the Council has been chary of its utterances and coy in its appearances, that will be made up by explosions and spectacles of a more intelligible character. We can promise that it will be worth many miles of excursion trains to go and see. The Campagna will be deserted that all the Pope's temporal lieges may be there in their picturesque costumes. They and the astonished strangers will there see with their own eyes the Pope of Rome, the actual successor of St. Peter, invested with absolute authority over all souls, hearts, and minds. They will see him welcoming the faithful 'Placets,' and consigning the 'Non-Placets' to the flames of a Tartarean abyss. They will see hideous forms, snakes, dragons, hydras, centipedes, toads, and nondescript monsters under the feet, or the lance, or the thunderbolt of conquering Rome, and they will not fail to recognise in them the Church of England, the Protestant communities, and the German philosophers. It will be a grand day, and great things will be done on the 29th of June. We will not believe it possible that a single mishap will disturb the sacred programme—that the lightnings may miss their aim or the Powers of Darkness prevail. We cannot doubt all will go off well, for the simple reason that all is ready and forecasted, down to the very Dogma. Artists of surpassing skill and taste are working hard on the upholstery of the Divine manifestation, not knowing whether to think it a blasphemy or a good joke. It is their poverty, and not their will, that consents to the task. As we see the

illuminations expiring, the Roman candles lost in smoke, and the exhibitors taking the old properties back to the vast magazines of Rome, we cannot help thinking of the poor Fathers put off with glare and noise in place of conviction or peace of mind. Think of poor Mac-Hale exhausting in vain his logic, his learning, and his powerful style, and taking back to his poor flock on the Atlantic shore a strange story of Chinese lanterns, fiery bouquets, showers of gold, and transparencies more striking even than the illustrations of our prophetic almanacs. Was it for this he left his post and resided at the cost of his flock seven months at Rome? What must their reflections be? Is it not just possible that some of them may darkly suspect that such, so artificial, so illusory, so really nothing at all, were the things they read of in the Sacred Legend? Nay, what should we think, if we had the least reason to suspect that the heavenly appearances in Holy Writ had been got up in this fashion?

Archbishop Manning quoted the greater part of this article in his Pastoral Letter published that year. He particularly calls attention to the fact that as regards the date announced, and the general character of the intended celebrations, the forecast was a failure. The writer certainly did fail to foresee with infallible accuracy that at midday the Infallibility of the Pope would be proclaimed in thunder, lightning and rain, and by the extemporised light of candles, and that instead of Peace on Earth to men of good will, the supposed heavenly announcement would be immediately followed by one

of the most tremendous wars history can tell of, by the fall of the Church's Eldest Son, and the extinction of the Pope's own Temporal Power.

However, the Archbishop must be credited with the courage of his convictions. At the date of his Pastoral, the Translation of King Edward the Confessor, Oct. 13, he had seen—it is evident, with unshaken confidence—Rome occupied by Victor Emmanuel, the Papal States declaring by *Plébiscite* for union with Italy; France everywhere and utterly defeated, and overrun; republicans, communists, and military adventurers contending for the carcass, and the hated German everywhere ascendant. With justice he appealed to all history for the fact that Rome, Papal as well as Pagan, has often suffered what seemed to be the end of all things as far as she was concerned, and has then been marvellously and amply reinstated. But what is the lesson? Surely to think less of earthly dreams, and more of the Divine commission.

CHAPTER CXXIII

The 'TIMES,' July 7

AFTER seven months spent in a long agony, the pangs and perils of which can hardly be estimated in this calmer region, all that Rome allows to transpire is that the Council has approved the Preamble and the first two chapters of the *Schema* on the Primacy and Infallibility of the Pope. It is well known that the Preamble, at least, has been severely criticised; and it is now admitted that the great struggle is still to come. The discussion continues on the Third Chapter; the Ultramontanes demand that it shall be closed, and should it be found necessary to resist their entreaties, the discussion may go far into the dog-days, nowhere more terrible than at Rome. So vast a preparation, so long a delay, such a force of resistance, and such a body of actual protest, might well warn Rome that the work itself transcends human power, and that the object is unattainable in the existing state of sublunary affairs. But it is the pride of that people and that State to take no warning, to retrace no steps, and only to look at that which is far before. Pius IX. and his advisers would think it a sin to entertain the least doubt that they can infinitely surpass the highest flights of human policy, science, and invention. While common men are

only too proud if they can make history, or bring philosophy down from the stars, or reduce the subtle elements into mechanical subjection, Rome believes that a company of men endowed for the purpose with Divine power and intelligence, can ascertain and open to practical use a way to and from the mystery of the Infinite. That which fills all space, is for all eternity, and is the cause and end of all things, is, they maintain, to be seen, heard, read—nay, touched and handled, in the City of Rome. Here, in these benighted regions, we are supposed to wander in a wilderness of speculation, making faint guesses and still feeblér efforts at truth, and uttering the incoherent cries of a doubting faith and a spasmodic religion ; while a few surviving traditions, such as the Bible and a form of prayer, testify rather to what we have not than to what we can be really said to retain. At Rome, however, a perfect faith is to be rewarded with a perfect fruition, and men are to know what they may believe. They cannot fail, for they have an infallible guide. Such a purpose, to be sure of it, and to accomplish it, is worth any effort and any sacrifice. If to a coarse apprehension the long labour may seem out of all proportion to the measurable result, we have to consider that Heaven itself was to be besieged, and its Sovereign brought down to earth. The battle was to be conclusive ; the toil and pains once for all. Henceforth there was to be no labour of thought, no impatient longings after truth ; all was to be assured absolutely and for ever. Compared with this, the long struggles and supreme agonies of nations for liberty and independence are but as the passing squabbles of children. That there was a cause for some such effort,

and that it is the world which has challenged Rome latterly as much as that Rome has challenged the world, we must all admit; and we must admit, too, that a mutual challenge involves mutual respect. On both sides, however, it is a battle for existence, and so far as we are concerned, the simple issue is whether or not Rome shall be everything, and we nothing at all. There can be no compromise when that is the question, and, however much we may respect the spirit of Universal Empire still haunting the Seven Hills and still conjuring up, for that one great end, the oracles of every past age, we can come to no terms with the Power which boasts not to be satisfied with anything short of absolute mastery.

The form of words actually obtained, or to be obtained, from the distracted and recalcitrant Fathers, we shall know in a few weeks. No doubt a good deal has to be given up in order to obtain the greatest possible number of suffrages, especially where the suffrages stand for population and power, and for moral and intellectual weight. But this is a point on which we may be deceived, as even the most vigilant and subtle Fathers of the Council may find themselves deceived. It was well known at the opening of the Council, as, indeed, was evident from the previous and, so to speak, preliminary discussions, that Rome had an inexhaustible treasury of alternative phrases, and had weighed every word that ever had been or ever could be imported into the controversy. It was impossible that outsiders, including all who had put themselves into an attitude of hostility, should be as well acquainted with the vocabulary and grammar of Primacy and Infallibility as they who be-

lieved themselves to be actually possessing and exercising the sublime gifts. It was almost vain to examine and to sift when the most searching scrutiny would only result in leaving the work still to be done, on another arrangement of words. What Rome hoped to accomplish, by one formula or another, was that the Bishop of Rome should be invested with all that possession of the truth which theologians of all schools have believed to reside in the Church, whatever their notion of the Church might be. The universal doctrine of the Church is that the Holy Spirit imparts the truth. On this point the Vatican, the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster, and the village Chapel, are fully agreed. As the diversity of results compels an inquiry into the several ways by which they have been respectively attained, the doctrine requires to be largely qualified, and each denomination qualifies it accordingly in a sense of its own. But within each denomination—certainly within the Church of Rome—there are many schools of thought, leading to controversy within as well as without the gates. How, by what modes, and in what act and form, does the successor of St. Peter, if such he be, arrive at the end of a controversy, and declare it with an authority never to be gainsaid or doubted? It is admitted that the Pope must declare the truth when he declares it with authority and intention, and, for that purpose, with the recognised forms. Several phrases, such as '*ex cathedra*,' have been largely used, as if they would save at once Rome and the Christian world. But the painful and undeniable fact is that Rome, more true to her Pagan than to her Christian precedents, labours, as she always has laboured, to distinguish between

herself and the rest of the world in all that relates to origination, decision, action, government, and dominion. She is to speak, and the rest of the world to hear. She is to teach, and the rest of the world to believe. She is to command, and the rest of the world to obey. She is to interpret, and the rest of the world to assent. She is to lead, and the rest of the world to follow. This is to make herself the only real, active, manly, and energetic existence in the world, all the rest being shadowy, passive, feminine, and inert, in comparison with her more noble and Divine quality. What, then, is this terrible Power? Is it the Bishop of Rome, the man who occupies the See of Rome, with his Roman Court, his Roman servants, his Roman advisers, his numerous Roman establishments, and, above all, his College of chiefly Italian Cardinals, or is it the elective head of the great Spiritual Commonwealth, the chief officer—nay, the Emperor, if it be wished—of the great Christian State? Rome has not allowed any but one answer to this question. She has made the Italian element preponderating and supreme in her organisation. It is the Blood Royal in the Kingdom of Heaven. In effect, Rome claims for Italians that peculiar spiritual discernment, that special insight into Divine mysteries, that national proclivity to all that is good in word and in deed, and that conquering determination to seek the good which constitute them the true lords of the creation. As man has dominion over the beasts, so has Rome over other men. If she has bowed now and then to brute force, Providence, or a miracle, has intervened to break her bonds, and she has emerged greater stronger, and more courageous. But if there is one

thing less to be found in Holy Writ than another, it is the pre-eminence—nay, the absolute dominion—of one Church over another, one race over another, one State over another, one Bishop or Apostle over another, in the Church of Christ. What Rome attempts to-day is not the settlement of any question that might naturally and properly arise in the Christian Church, but simply the stout assertion of the privilege of a locality and the supremacy of a race, with the consequent right to possess and govern the whole world.

As the Council has now been engaged for seven months upon words, and for two months upon the words necessary to define Papal Infallibility, and as, during the progress of the dark and gloomy discussion, it is evident these questions of words have led to violent antagonisms, the words must be of some importance. There are those who protest, those who remonstrate, those who flag, those who keep silence and wait for the moment of action, and there are even those upon whom the discussion would seem to have worked changes. A good proportion of these men are ready to make any personal sacrifice for their preference of one form of decree to another. In the face of this, it sounds very paradoxical to be told that words cannot signify at all in the matter, inasmuch as no words can possibly be used which cannot be made to signify anything, everything, or nothing, as may be desired. All sides in the Council started fair and abreast with the common admission that the Pope is infallible. It was the old and universal doctrine, and it certainly is the doctrine of the Romanist Catechism in use in these islands. Two sides, however, argued differently from this common

admission. Since the Pope is infallible, said one party, there is no need to make him infallible, nor can it be done, for what has been done cannot remain to be done. Nor can an absolute truth be dependent on the majority of votes in a Council. On the other side, it has been rather violently demanded that if indeed the Pope be infallible, what possible objection can there be to a Council adding its testimony to the great truth? Thus much for the existing belief and tradition of the Church. But precisely the same is said, and repeated, as to the inefficacy of any new words to bind the future. It will always be impossible to say what given words exactly mean, or to explain them, except by reference to existing practice and opinions. Make the Pope what you please, it is said, and it will still be open to doubt whether he has said or done anything in the very fulness of his power and authority, and in a way to compel assent. It is impossible to provide by any form of words that the assent of the Church shall not be the necessary condition of a dogma. If that assent be only partial, or imperfect, or qualified, or incomplete by reason of political difficulties and objections, it will so far not be accomplished, and the dogma so far will not even be declared. One of the last pieces of gossip from Rome was that the Cardinal Archbishop of Bologna, an old ally of the Pope, had ventured to argue, first in Council and then with his Holiness, that infallibility was in the act—that is, the official act—and that the act required the concurrence of the Church. The story adds that the Pope told him it was not in Bellarmine and was only the poor man's own speculative idea. That is, however, a doctrine so universally and so re-

spectably maintained that Rome herself will never be able to discountenance it. Rome herself has largely availed herself of the doctrine of universal assent in order to establish the personal infallibility, particularly of late years. It is universal assent which Rome cites to prove that her declaration of the 'Immaculate Conception' made it an article of faith. It is universal assent and submission which she rests on to prove the continuity and completeness of her own authority, as apart from General Councils. Common sense itself says that no teaching, whatever it be, can acquire an actual existence, impose responsibility, or be depended on for suitable results, without a certain degree of participation in the persons taught. That, it seems, is the question now opened, and likely to disturb Rome. She has prepared her doctrine ; she has more to prepare ; it is, indeed, her policy to be always a little ahead of even the strongest believer. But she will have to encounter deaf ears. Not only learned men, but whole Churches and States will bind themselves no further than their understandings can go with them.

CHAPTER CXXIV

FOURTH OPEN SESSION

Rome : July 19.

A GREAT event may command attention from its very failure of success, just as a spectacle announced with a flourish of trumpets may from the very absence of all the attractions expected create a far greater sensation than if it had been clothed with all that constitutes the grandiose. So it was with the ceremony of the proclamation of the first Dogma of the Church in the Council Hall of St. Peter's yesterday morning. For two years that Dogma has agitated the whole Christian world, awakening passions that were anything but Christian. For nearly four months its definition has been waited for with breathless anxiety, and its proclamation, it was thought, would give rise to one of the grandest spectacles which the Roman Church had ever witnessed. The direct reverse has been the case. As a spectacle it was meagre in the extreme, everything was poor and devoid of feeling, none of those effects were attempted which Rome knows so well how to get up, and those who went to gaze must have been miserably disappointed.

So much for what strikes the eye ; but yet more deplorable were the moral aspects of the scene. The unity of the Church—where was it yesterday ? It was

seen to be divided against itself. Some of the Fathers were flying in all directions of the compass as fast as steam-power could carry them. Others were making their preparations for leaving, while those resolved on working that marvellous miracle of investing a man with the powers of God assembled in their Hall depressed and thoughtful. Division was evident in the unoccupied seats of the Fathers, and there were many such; and if after this the unity of the Church is affirmed, it must be at the expense of all honesty. Truth and hypocrisy will have become interchangeable terms. There is a schism in Rome, and that was the most striking feature in the moral aspects of the scene I witnessed yesterday. Still, the festa was great from its very littleness, and I must now show this by entering more into details.

Let me begin with the vigil of the fête. It thundered and lightened all night, and it rained in the morning. When I went down to St. Peter's on December 8 last, the very doors of Heaven seemed to have been opened, and we were nearly washed out of our carriages. Yesterday, too, instead of a bright Roman sky and brilliant, burning sun, we had what may be called the storm of the season. Thus, the opening and the closing of the Council—the closing, at least, for the present—were marked by a violent revolution of the elements. The doors were not opened before half-past 7 o'clock, and as I drove down at that hour the streets were comparatively empty. A solitary cab or two were rambling in the same direction—a few priests and students were hurrying on through the rain, and the gallant Guards, who let us pass unheeded, sat indolently on their horses,

having no occasion to make a display. From four small houses I observed strips of crimson tapestry hanging outside the windows, and this was all the decoration to be seen from the centre of the city to the gates of St. Peter.

There was scarcely any person in the church—no curious strangers, no fussy *camerieri d'onore*, no soldiers even, and a cannon might have been fired from one end to the other without inflicting any harm, and so it might have been for two hours after. A double line of troops was soon formed, and between them, steadily or jauntily as the case might be, walked the Fathers, each going to the Hall, and taking his seat as he arrived. The laity, for whom all the blessings of the day were specially designed, looked over the shoulders of the soldiers to observe the bishops. It reminded me of one of the earlier Congregations, when the curious world* came down to look at the gentleman in red and green, or at the one in the blue dress, or at another whose robes were photographed all over with saints and flowers. There was amusement for the passing hour, and the spectators took care not to lose it, but there was no procession, and scarcely anyone knew that the Pope had taken his seat until the shrill notes of the Vatican Choir informed them of it.

I looked around me and contrasted the appearance of this stupendous edifice, comparatively empty now, with that which it presented on December 8 last, when the multitude surged in like an ocean wave and cries arose from persons who were being nearly crushed to death. I looked into the Hall and saw the Royal box occupied by only one or two ladies and a decayed

officer with, it might be, the great order of San Januario across his bosom. The Diplomatic box, too, was nearly empty. I had been told on the previous evening, that both these privileged tribunes would be 'cleared,' for Royalty had abandoned Rome for the season, and the representatives of all the Great Powers had been instructed not to appear or illuminate. Many of the seats of the Fathers also were vacant, certainly nearly 250, 130 or 140 prelates having absented themselves only for the day. So both within and without the aspect was chilling and discouraging to the zealous.

His Holiness, I am told by his friends, on entering was agitated, and trembled when he knelt to say his prayers, but this passed off, his voice was as firm and clear as I have ever heard it, and his appearance became bright and cheerful. The Mass was short, giving promise of an early closing, and then came those beautiful hymns of the Roman Catholic Church, sung at intervals, and never sung more effectively. First the Litany of the Saints was chanted by the choir, taken up by the Fathers, and carried as it were out of the Hall until it was lifted on high by the swelling voices of several thousands of persons who clustered round the tomb of St. Peter. So it was with the *Veni Creator*. Apart from the essentially sweet and plaintive character of the music, the body of sound satisfied all one's desires, giving the assurance of something like sincerity and depth of feeling.

Now there was a lull, broken at last by the shrill voice of the secretary reading the Dogma. The real business of the day had commenced, and the crowd about the door and around the *baldacchino* became more dense. It consisted of the strictest sect of the Infalli-

bilists, and it is no exaggeration to say that more than two-thirds of those present were priests, monks, Sisters of Mercy, and the pupils of various schools, male and female, with not a few of those most uncharitable women called in Italy *Pinzochere*, or devout, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle. No wonder, therefore, that the music had been good where all joined, and that there was a rush towards the door of the Hall to watch the operation of the coming miracle. The reading of the Dogma was followed by the roll-call of the Fathers, and *Placet* after *Placet* followed, though not in very quick succession. They were uttered in louder and bolder tones than on former occasions, either that the echo was greater from the comparative emptiness of the church or that the Fathers were pleased at being shorn, and amid their utterances there was a loud peal of thunder.

The storm, which had been threatening all the morning, burst now with the utmost violence, and to many a superstitious mind might have conveyed the idea that it was the expression of Divine wrath, as 'no doubt it will be interpreted by numbers,' said one officer of the Palatine Guard. And so the *Placets* of the Fathers struggled through the storm, while the thunder pealed above and the lightning flashed in at every window and down through the dome and every smaller cupola, dividing if not absorbing the attention of the crowd. *Placet*, shouted his Eminence or his Grace, and a loud clap of thunder followed in response, and then the lightning darted about the baldacchino and every part of the church and Conciliar Hall, as if announcing the response. So it continued for nearly one hour and a half, during which time the roll was being called, and a

more effective scene I never witnessed. Had all the decorators and all the getters-up of ceremonies in Rome been employed, nothing approaching to the solemn splendour of that storm could have been prepared, and never will those who saw it and felt it forget the promulgation of the first Dogma of the Church.

The *façade* of the Hall had not been removed as on former occasions, only the great door was opened, so that it could be scarcely called an open Session, and people could get a glimpse of what was going on only by struggling fiercely and peering over one another's shoulders, or by standing at a distance and looking through a glass. I chose this last and better part. The storm was at its height when the result of the voting was taken up to the Pope, and the darkness was so thick that a huge taper was necessarily brought and placed by his side as he read the words which invested him with Divine powers, 'Nosque, sacro approbante Concilio, illa ita decernimus, statuimus atque sancimus ut lecta sunt.' And again the lightning flickered around the Hall, and the thunder pealed.

I was standing at this moment in the south transept trying to penetrate the darkness which surrounded the Pope, when the sound as of a mighty rushing something, I could not tell what, caused me to start violently, and look about me and above me. It might be a storm of hail. Such for an instant was my impression ; and it grew and swelled, and then the whole mystery was revealed by a cloud of white handkerchiefs waving before me. The signal had been given by the Fathers themselves with clapping of hands. This was my imaginary hailstorm ; and it was taken up by the crowd outside

the Hall, and so the storm grew in violence until at length it came to where I stood : *Viva il Papa Infallibile ! Viva il trionfo dei Cattolici !* shouted the zealots. Ah ! you foolish, fat old monk, you do not know what you are shouting about. You little think that you are rejoicing at a probable schism in the Church. But again the storm rose with greater violence than before, and I thought that, according to English custom, we were to have three times three.

The *Te Deum* and the Benedictions, however, put a stop to it ; the entire crowd fell on their knees as I have never seen a crowd do before in St. Peter's, and the Pope blessed them in those clear sweet tones distinguishable among a thousand. A third and fainter attempt was made to get up another cheer, but it died away, and then priests and priestlings, monks and holy women, rushed down the nave to get, perchance, another peep at the Pope as he passed through the chapels, but the doors were closed and the Infallible was hidden from mortal view.

Thus closed the Session of the Œcumenical Vatican Council for the present, not prorogued nor suspended, to meet again on November 11. A *résumé* of what has been done by it since December 8 last would be misplaced in this letter, and all is unimportant in comparison with the fact that the Pope has protheosised himself—permit the word. His apotheosis will undoubtedly come hereafter. In spite of the rejoicings of yesterday, it should be known that no decrees have as yet any force, as they have not been signed by the Fathers. Every one of them may be reconsidered and I take for granted, annulled, for the signatures of the

Fathers are affixed at the breaking up of the Council, and these signatures alone can give them value.

The relative numbers of the votes given yesterday were as follows:—Two certainly were *Non-Placet*, Monsignor Ricio, Bishop of Cajazzo, in Southern Italy, and the Bishop of Little Rock (American); the *Placets* are stated by an Infallibilist archbishop to have been 533; and those who abstained, or who were not present, certainly amounted to 130 or 140. Before leaving, as most have done, the recusant Fathers signed a letter to the Pope, which was drawn up at Cardinal Rauscher's on Saturday night. This you will find annexed to my letter. It was to have been presented to his Holiness yesterday, and the 533 Fathers, many of whom are bishops *in partibus*, many mere official bishops, were perfectly satisfied to be shorn. Yet the world will hear that upwards of a hundred of the highest dignitaries of the Church, including at least three cardinals, men eminent for their rank, talents, and learning, refused to attend the Council, and by their last act and deed withheld their sanction of a dogma at which their consciences revolted. In the words of the prelates themselves, then, the Council is not Œcumenical, and the dogma promulgated yesterday is not worth the paper on which it is written.

It was an interesting scene at the station last evening when the Austrian ambassador and a host of the Fathers left—so many, indeed, that the train was detained three-quarters of an hour behind its time. Most of the Diplomatic Body had come up to take leave of their bishops, and there were pleasant interchanges of friendship between those diplomatists whose country-

men will soon be cutting each other's throats. In the city the fancy lamps were lit instead of the ordinary gas lights, and a few houses had paper lights, but very few. There was, in fact, no illumination, and the band which played in the Piazza Colonna attracted but a small crowd. The Romans, I believe, abstained from going. The *façade* of St. Peter's was illuminated, but that was only a family affair. There were no flags, no salutes fired, no symptoms of rejoicing, either private or public, and the Roman world was as indifferent as if your correspondent had been declared infallible instead of Pius IX.

The French and Prussian ambassadors, who were preparing to leave, have both received instructions to remain, and so also has the Bavarian minister. The Zouaves have been refused permission to leave, though I have heard that the Antibes officers who are also attached to the French army will be permitted to do so. Orders, I am told, have been prepared to get ready quarters for 5,000 more French, who are to be stationed at Cività Vecchia and Viterbo, but none in Rome. The French and Germans in the barracks here have already come to loggerheads, and some difficulty will be experienced in maintaining order. The Prussians and Bavarians are applying for leave of absence, but that which is denied to the French can scarcely be accorded to them.

Beatissime Pater,—In congregatione generali die 13 hujus mensis habita dedimus suffragia nostra super schemata primæ constitutionis dogmaticæ de Ecclesia Christi.

Notum est Sanctitati Vestræ 88 Patres fuisse qui conscientia urgente et amore Sanctæ Ecclesiæ permoti suffragium

suum per verba 'non placet' emiserunt ; 62 alios qui suffragati sunt per verba 'placet juxta modum' ; denique 70 circiter qui a congregatione abfuerunt atque a suffragio emittendo abstinuerunt.

His accedunt et alii qui infirmitatibus aut aliis gravioribus rationibus ducti ad suas dioceses reversi sunt.

Hac ratione Sanctitati Vestræ et toto mundo suffragia nostra nota atque manifestata fuere, patuitque quam multis Episcopis sententia nostra probatur atque hoc modo munus officiumque quod nobis incumbit persolvimus.

Ab eo inde tempore nihil prorsus evenit quod sententiam nostram mutaret, quin imo multa eaque gravissima acciderunt, quæ nos in proposito confirmaverunt.

Atque ideo nostra jam edita suffragia nos renovare ac confirmare declaramus.

Confirmantes itaque per hanc scripturam suffragia nostra a sessione publica die 18 hujus mensis habenda ut abesse liceat constituimus.

Pietas enim filialis ac reverentia quæ missos nostros nuperrime ad pedes Sanctitatis Vestræ adduxerunt non sinunt nos in causa Sanctitatis Vestræ personam adeo proxime concernente palam et in facie patris dicere 'non placet.'

Et aliunde suffragia in solemnī sessione edenda repeterent dumtaxat suffragia in generali congregatione deprompta. Redimus itaque sine mora ad greges nostros, quibus post tam longam absentiam ob belli timorēs atque præsentiſſimas eorum spirituales indigentias summopere necessarii sumus, dolentes quod ob tristia in quibus versamur rerum adjuncta etiam conscientiarum pacem et tranquillitatem turbatam inter fideles nostros reperturi sumus.

Interea ecclesiam Dei et Sanctitatem vestram, cui intermeratam fidem et obedientiam profiteamur, Domini Nostri Jesu Christi gratiæ et præsidio toto corde commendantes sumus Sanctitatis vestræ devotissimi et obedientissimi.

Translation.

Most Blessed Father,—In the General Congregation held on the 13th inst. we gave our votes on the *Schemata* of the first Dogmatic Constitution concerning the Church of Christ.

Your Holiness is aware that 88 Fathers, urged by conscience and love of Holy Church, gave their vote in the words '*non placet*'; 62 in the words '*placet juxta modum*'; finally about 70 were absent and gave no vote.

Others returned to their dioceses on account of illness or more serious reasons.

Thus our votes are known to your Holiness and manifest to the whole world, and it is notorious how many bishops agree with us, and with the manner in which we have discharged the office and duty laid upon us.

Nothing has happened since to change our opinion, nay rather there have been many and very serious events of a nature to confirm us in it.

We therefore declare that we renew and confirm the votes already given.

Confirming therefore our votes by this present document, we have decided to ask leave of absence from the public session on the 18th inst.

For the filial piety and reverence which very recently brought our representatives to the feet of your Holiness do not allow us in a cause so closely concerning your Holiness to say '*non placet*' openly and to the face of the Father.

Moreover, the votes to be given in Solemn Session would only repeat those already delivered in General Congregation. We return, therefore, without delay to our flocks, to whom, after so long an absence, the apprehensions of war, and their most urgent spiritual wants render us necessary to the utmost of our power, grieving, as we do, that in the present gloomy state of public affairs, we shall find the faithful troubled in conscience and no longer at peace with one another.

Meanwhile, with our whole heart, we commend the Church of God and your Holiness, to whom we avow our unaltered

faith and obedience, to the grace and protection of our Lord Jesus Christ, and are your

Most devoted and obedient.

The Dogma defined and declared to be divinely revealed is as follows :—

‘Therefore faithfully adhering to the tradition received from the beginning of the Christian faith, for the glory of God our Saviour, the exaltation of the Catholic Religion, and the salvation of Christian people, the Sacred Council approving, We teach and define that it is a dogma divinely revealed : that the Roman Pontiff, when he speaks *ex cathedra*, that is, when in discharge of the office of Pastor and Doctor of all Christians, by virtue of his supreme Apostolic authority he defines a doctrine regarding faith or morals to be held by the Universal Church, by the divine assistance promised to him in blessed Peter, is possessed of that infallibility with which the divine Redeemer willed that His Church should be endowed for defining doctrine regarding faith or morals : and that therefore such definitions of the Roman Pontiff are irreformable of themselves, and not from the consent of the Church.

‘But if anyone—which may God avert—presume to contradict this Our definition, let him be anathema.’¹

¹ This final form of the Dogma was claimed as a victory by both sides. The reader will find slightly different translations of the first form offered to the Council in Chapters lxxxvii. and xci.

THE END

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MOZLEY, T. (THOMAS),
1806-1893.

LETTERS FROM ROME ON THE
OCCASION OF THE
AKD-6581 (MCFM)



